

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 571.—Vol. XXII.

OFFICE · 190 · STRAND · LONDON.

Price Sixpence.

CADBURY'S PURE, SOLUBLE, CADBURY'S PARIS DEPOT: COCOA REFRESHING. 90, FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ. MAKERS TO THE QUEEN. ESSENCE.

The reason why so many are unable to take Cocoa is, that varieties commonly sold are mixed with Starch, under the plea of rendering them soluble, while really making them *thick, heavy, and indigestible*. This may be easily detected, *for if Cocoa thickens in the cup it proves the addition of Starch*. CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE is genuine; it is, therefore, three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

LIBERTY & CO.	INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN MERCHANTS, 218, Regent St., London, W. PATTERNS POST FREE.	INDIA GOODS.
UMRITZUR.	NAGPORE	RUM-CHUNDER
"The fashionable material for autumn wear."— <i>Court Journal</i> . "The best costume material of the present season."— <i>Court Circular</i> . "The latest novelty in art fabric."— <i>The Artist</i> . Nine 21s. and 25s. per piece of 9 yards, 27 in. wide.	SILK for ARTISTIC GOWNS, in rare and artistic colours, 25s. per piece of about 7 yds., 34 in. wide. Sample hemmed squares, suitable for neckchiefs, &c., 5s. 6d. each. MYSORE Gold Printed SILK for EVENING ROBES, from 35s. per piece of about 7 yds., 34 in. wide.	SILK FOR RECEPTION TOILETTES, Thick Soft Ivory White, from 30s. to 70s. per piece of about 7 yards, 34 in. wide. MADRAS MUSLIN, 25s. per piece of 12 yds., 5 in. wide.
<p>The <i>British Architect</i>: "For artistic draperies and costumes these soft pliant silks are invaluable." <i>Magazine</i>: "These silks make ideal dresses, so exquisitely soft is the fabric, so perfect the colouring." <i>Mayfair</i>: "These soft silks are 'all sincere.'" <i>Gazette of Fashion</i>: "Silks evidently lineal descendants of those mentioned in the 'Arabian Nights.'"</p>		
<p>The softness, lightness, and warmth of Indian Cashmere is combined with the warmth of European fabrics. <i>The Queen</i>: "Pay a visit to Messrs. Liberty and Co.'s, where there is a wealth of Oriental fabrics."</p>		

EGERTON BURNETT'S IMPERIAL PATENT FAST PILE VELVETEEN

IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE COLOURS. MANUFACTURED ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PROCESS, MAKING THE PILE THOROUGHLY SECURE. THE DYE IS SAID BY competent judges to be the most permanent ever brought out. The surface to the touch as well as the eye is that of the best Velvet. Ladies must see that my name is branded on the back, without which none are guaranteed. Carriage paid to any Railway Station in England, Ireland, or Scotland, and to Dublin, Cork, or Belfast on orders over 4s. PATTERNS POST FREE. ANY LENGTH CUT. Address simply:—

EGERTON BURNETT, Wellington, Somerset.
 SPECIAL NOTICE.—NO AGENTS. All Orders are executed and sent direct from E. B.'s Warehouse.

NOTE.—The pretension of another Corn Flour to be "the best" is entirely groundless, and the imperfect quotation from the *Lancet* which is being used in support of this pretension does not convey the opinion of that journal. — Vide *Lancet*, Nov. 13, 1875.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.

Tradesmen who supply and recommend BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, as nearly all do, do so, not because it yields them a larger profit than others, but because it is unequalled for uniformly superior quality, and always gives satisfaction to their customers.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION—Twelve International Medals awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT

Guaranteed pure Cocoa only, deprived of its superfluous Oil.

"Than which, if properly prepared, there is no nicer or more wholesome preparation of Cocoa."
 ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., London.

"It is strictly pure, and well-manufactured in every way."—W. W. STODDART, City and County Analyst, Bristol.

Purchasers should also ask for "FRY'S CARACAS COCOA," a choice preparation.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE CURIOS

The most varied collection in London of OLD AND MODERN PORCELAIN, BRONZES, ENAMELS, IVORIES, &c., including a large number of INEXPENSIVE CABINET SPECIMENS. Every article marked in plain figures, at the Lowest Price for Cash.

ORIENTAL CARPETS AND RUGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

JACKSON and GRAHAM, Oriental Department, 30 to 38, Oxford Street, W.

CHADWICK'S SEWING COTTON

Is unrivalled for smoothness, elasticity, and strength, and does not twist and curl up during use.

Ask your Draper for the "SUPER" quality with triangle ticket. Ladies will be repaid by giving it a trial.

SALTER & WHITER'S GUARANTEED BLACK SILKS

THE ONLY PURELY DYED BLACK SILKS, of which every DRESS is WARRANTED not to crack, split, nor wear greasy.

HIGHEST PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

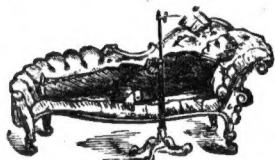
These Silks are to be obtained of all Drapers throughout the Kingdom. Every Purchaser is insured against any loss through bad Wear, as SALTER and WHITER, in case of Complaint, will give full compensation. Awarded the highest PRIZE MEDAL at the PARIS EXHIBITION of 1878, the only SILKS sold with this unusual GUARANTEE, and differ from ordinary makes through their great wearing qualities, brilliancy, mellowness, purity of dye. To prevent imitations the name SALTER and WHITER is woven on the shew end of every piece, without which all should be refused.

DRAPERS supplied direct from the Manufacturers—
 SALTER & WHITER, 8, MILK STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. Established 1838.

CARTER'S

PATENT
LITERARY MACHINE.

For holding a book or writing-desk, lamp, &c., in any position, over an easy chair, bed, or sofa, obviating the fatigue and inconvenience of incessant stooping while reading or writing. Invaluable to invalids and students. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful gift. Prices from £1 1s.

CARTER'S PATENT
EXERCISING CHAIR.

With Horse or Abdominal Action for Indigestion, quickly circulates the blood, stimulates the action of the liver, bowels, and heart, expands the chest, and develops the whole muscular system. Is a preventive and remedy for spinal curvature. Invaluable to ladies and growing children. Prices and Drawings Post Free.



BREAKFAST IN BED.

CARTER'S PATENT
REVOLVING BED - TABLE,
Adjustable to any height or inclination, for
reading or writing. Prices from £2 5s.



INVALID FURNITURE.

Invalid Adjustable Couches and Beds,
from £5 10s.; Wicker Bath Chairs, £2 2s.;
Carrying Chairs, £2 16s. 6d.; Reclining
Boards, £1 5s.; Trapped Commodes, £1 5s.;
Perambulators, £1 5s.; Leg Rests, £1 10s.;
Back Rests, 12s. 6d.; Self-propelling Chairs,
£6 10s.; Bed Tables, from 15s. each, &c.



J. CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, London, W.

Trade Mark on

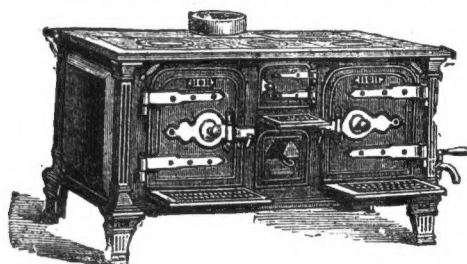


every Casting.

Macfarlane's Castings,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL.

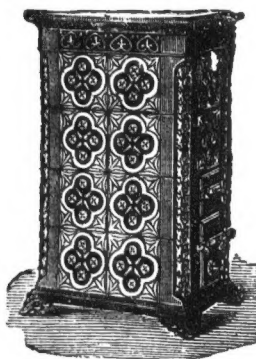
ILLUSTRATED catalogue, price list, and estimates on application.

WALTER MACFARLANE & CO., GLASGOW
CONTRACTORS by appointment to Her Majesty's War Department.

50 PER CENT. LESS FUEL
BURNT.

PERFECTION AND ECONOMY IN
COOKERY
BY USING THE
PATENT TREASURE
COOKING RANGE.

May be placed anywhere. Cannot get out
of order.
Illustrated Price Books post free.
T. J. CONSTANTINE, 61, Fleet St., E.C.
N.B.—The cheapest Coal most suitable.



DOULTON'S LAMBETH RADIATING TILE STOVES

No Cleaning. No Sweeping. No Smell.
No Fixing. No Attention. No Waste.
No Danger. No Dust. No Dirt.

For Studios. For Surgeries. For Schoolrooms.
For Halls. For Conservatories For Waiting Rooms.

BURN FOR 12 HOURS WITH 5 POUNDS OF COAL.

DOULTON & Co., Lambeth Pottery, London, S.E.

May be had of the principal Ironmongers.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT

CAUTION.—In consequence
of numerous inferior and
low-priced substitutes
being in the market (some-
times accompanied by mis-
leading chemical analyses)
purchasers must insist on
being supplied with the
Company's Extract, which
for fine flavour and perfect
clearness is pronounced by
all competent authorities
to be the best.

** In use in most households throughout the kingdom.
N.B.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron
Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.
ASK for Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and see that no
other is substituted for it.
An invaluable and palatable tonic for Invalids.

Gold Medal Paris Exhibition, 1878.

PURE, MILD, and MELLOW.
DELICIOUS and MOST WHOLESOME.
THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.
Dr. HASSALL says—"Soft and Mellow, Pure, well Matured,
and of very Excellent Quality."

The Gold Medal Dublin Exhibition, 1865.

20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

KINAHAN'S
LL
WHISKY.

SUMMERS' SODA WATER.
SUMMERS' POTASS WATER.
SUMMERS' SELTZER WATER.
SUMMERS' LITHIA WATER.
SUMMERS' QUININE WATER.
SUMMERS' LEMONADE.
SUMMERS' GINGER ALE.

Pronounced by the Faculty and Connoisseurs

"THE BEST MINERAL WATERS SOLD."

W. M. SUMMERS & CO.'S
BRISTOL
MINERAL AND OTHER
WATERS

OF ABSOLUTE PURITY AND UNEXCELLED QUALITY.

UNSURPASSED for PURITY and
GENERAL EXCELLENCE by any
HOME or FOREIGN WATERS.

ALL PROTECTED by TRADE MARK.

MANUFACTURERS FOR MORE THAN HALF-A-CENTURY.

Copies of OPINIONS of PRESS, ANALYSES,
and other information as to the ABSOLUTE
PURITY of these WATERS may be obtained from
W. S. and CO., or of their AGENTS, on application.
W. S. and CO.'S WATERS may be obtained of
LAVERY and CO., at their several Bodegas in Lon-
don, Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birming-
ham, Bristol, Brighton, and Portsmouth, and of
NASH and LIENARD, Viaduct Vaults, Farringdon
Street, and Wm. WICKHAM, 30, Goswell Road,
London; and of R. and H. FAIR, Wine Merchants,
Dale Street, Liverpool; and generally throughout the
Kingdom of all respectable Wine Merchants, Hou-
sekeepers, and Chemists, and Wholesale from the
Manufacturers at Bristol.

TONGA,
A SPECIFIC FOR
NEURALGIA.

TONGA is the name given to a remedy for NEURALGIA, which was
first introduced to us during the summer of 1879. On submitting it to a trial,
it was at once found by competent medical authorities to possess most remarkable power in
relieving Neuralgic pains. The following brief extracts from Papers in the *Lancet*, written
by eminent medical men, will sufficiently testify to the great value of this remedy:—

"A woman, aged twenty-three, had suffered for fourteen days from severe neuralgia.
Many of her teeth were bad. Three doses cured her."

"A woman suffered from neuralgia of the left great occipital nerve. Four half-drachms
cured her."

"A man, aged twenty-five, had suffered for a fortnight from severe bilateral neuralgia in
the temples, in the eyes, and under the eyes. Half-a-drachm dose thrice daily cured him in
three days."

"A woman, aged twenty, for ten days had suffered from severe neuralgia in the first and
third branch of the fifth nerve. She had daily about five paroxysms, each lasting from one to
two hours. A drachm thrice daily cured her in three days."

"A girl, aged eighteen, suffered from toothache and severe neuralgia along the lower
jaw, and in front and behind the ear. Half-a-drachm cured the neuralgia in twenty-four
hours."

"This remedy, whilst apparently highly useful in neuralgia, produces no toxic symptoms."
—From a Paper by SYDNEY RINGER, M.D., and WILLIAM MURRELL, M.D., M.R.C.P., in
the *Lancet*, March 6, 1880.

"The results obtained from Tonga by Drs. Ringer and Murrell fully coincide with mine.
I have notes of cases of brain and kidney disease in which Tonga alone succeeded in removing
pain. All cases of neuralgia (*supra* and *infra* orbital branches of the fifth nerve), were
benefited."—From a Paper by C. BADER, Ophthalmic Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, in the
Lancet, March 20, 1880.

"W. H.—, aged thirty-one, had been suffering from most severe neuralgia for nearly
ten days, the neuralgic pains darting over the lower eyelid, the cheek, the upper lip, and
side of the nose. The teeth in both the upper and lower jaw were in a very decayed condition.
One teaspoonful was ordered to be taken in half a wineglass of water every six hours until the
pain was relieved. The paroxysms entirely ceased after the fourth dose."

"A woman, aged twenty-nine, had suffered from supra-orbital neuralgia for six or seven
days. She was ordered one teaspoonful three times a day. The paroxysms ceased, and did
not return, after the fifth dose had been taken."

"Wm. P.—, aged thirty-two, had suffered greatly from neuralgia for nearly two years.
He was ordered one teaspoonful in water three times a day. The pain very much decreased
after the fourth dose, and entirely ceased after the sixth dose had been taken. Note on April 15
on this case:—'Had another bad attack, though less severe than the last. The neuralgic pain
entirely disappeared after the third dose.'"—from a Paper by W. J. H. LUSH, M.D.,
F.R.C.P.Ed., M.R.C.S.E., &c., the *Lancet*, May 29, 1880.

We have also had abundant private testimony of the remarkable efficacy of TONGA. We cite
the following extract from a letter from Captain H. PADDON, Hounslow, to—, Esq., Bickley:—
"Some time ago you very kindly gave me a remedy for neuralgia (Tonga), and I have
intended to write to you as to its value, and now do so. It stopped an attack of neuralgia, to
my astonishment, when in full progress, and is the only remedy I have ever tried that would
do it."
(Signed) H. PADDON.

TONGA is sold only in Bottles, at 4s. 6d. and 11s. each, and may be obtained through
any Chemist, or from us,

ALLEN & HANBURY'S

PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

AGENTS for INDIA:—SMITH, STANISTRUT & CO., CALCUTTA.
" " CANADA:—H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., MONTREAL.
" " UNITED STATES:—W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK.
" " GERMANY AND AUSTRIA:—E. MERCK & CO., DARMSTADT.

BENT WOOD FURNITURE.
THONET BROTHERS,
VIENNA,ORIGINAL INVENTORS AND
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ABOVE.

London Depot: 417, OXFORD ST., W.

PRIZE MEDALS Awarded: London, 1851, 1862; Paris, 1855,
1867; Stettin, 1865; Hamburg, 1862; Cassel, 1870, &c., &c.
JURORS—EXHIBITIONS—Vienna, 1873; Philadelphia, 1876.

PARIS,
THE LEGION OF HONOUR
and
TWO GOLD MEDALS
have been awarded for excellence and perfection of their Invention
and Manufacture.
Book of Designs and Price List free per post.



MAPPIN & WEBB.

STERLING
SILVER.ELECTRO
SILVER.FINE
CUTLERY.20,000
PRESENTS.Illustrated Cata-
logues Free.

OXFORD STREET (76, 77, & 78), W., &
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY. LONDON.

EXTRACT FROM "THE LANCET."

COMBINED CORSET AND
ABDOMINAL PAD.

"THE Corsets of
Madame Cavé are the best
we have ever seen, and
will give perfect support.
Ladies inclined to embon-
point may derive benefit
from them, the belt keep-
ing the figure down to its
proper proportion, at the
same time ensuring great
comfort, as it cannot by
any chance slip out of its
place, as so many belts do,
causing great inconveni-
ence and sometimes pain."
These Corsets are manu-
factured by E. IZOD and
SON, and may be had of
all respectable Drapers
through the Wholesale
Houses, or by letter, with
P.O.O. of MADAME A. CAVE, Harris's, 159, Piccadilly,
London.



White, 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s.
31s. 6d. Black or Scarlet,
22s. 9d., 18s., 25s. White for
Nursing, 17s. 9d. Black
Satin, 42s.
The Belt only, Best quality,
White, 9s. 3d., Black, 10s. 6d.

H. T. MILES,
17, PICCADILLY.CEDAR PENCIL CASES
IN SILVER AND GOLD,

From 7s. 6d. in Silver, From 35s. in Gold.
POST FREE.

Cases for Pen and Cedar Pencil combined, from
17s. 6d.; Cedar Pencils (for refilling), of every size and
of finest quality, 2s. per dozen.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS POST FREE.

H. T. MILES, 17, Piccadilly, W.

COMFORT FOR COLD HANDS.

HILDER AND GODBOLD'S



Fur-Top and Lined Gloves

are Fitted with the New
PATENT ANTI-FRICTION SPRING,
which combines greater strength and freedom of action
than any other, with the additional advantage
of not rusting.

SAMPLE PAIR, POST FREE, AS FOLLOWS:
LADIES' 1st Quality, 3s. 1d.; Best, 4s. 7d.
Best Quality, with Real Beaver Cuff, 5s. 7d.
GENTS' Ditto, 4s. 8d. and 5s. 8d.
CHILDREN'S, all Sizes, 2s. 8d.
Address: SIDNEY PLACE, PICCADILLY, W.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

A LADY HAVING A RECIPE of a
most simple nature that will at once safely
REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS, preventing their
appearance, will have pleasure in forwarding it upon
application to Mrs. GRACE NEWTON, Verwood
Villas, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

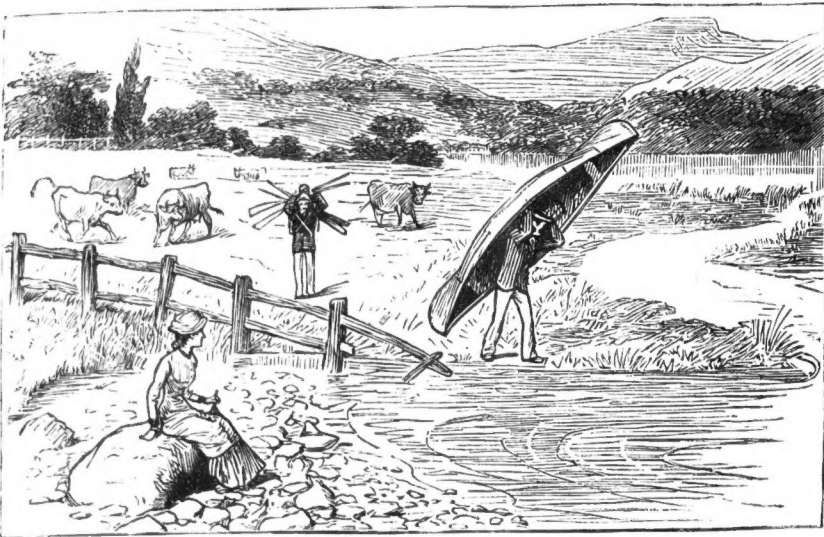
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 571.—VOL. XXII.
Registered at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880

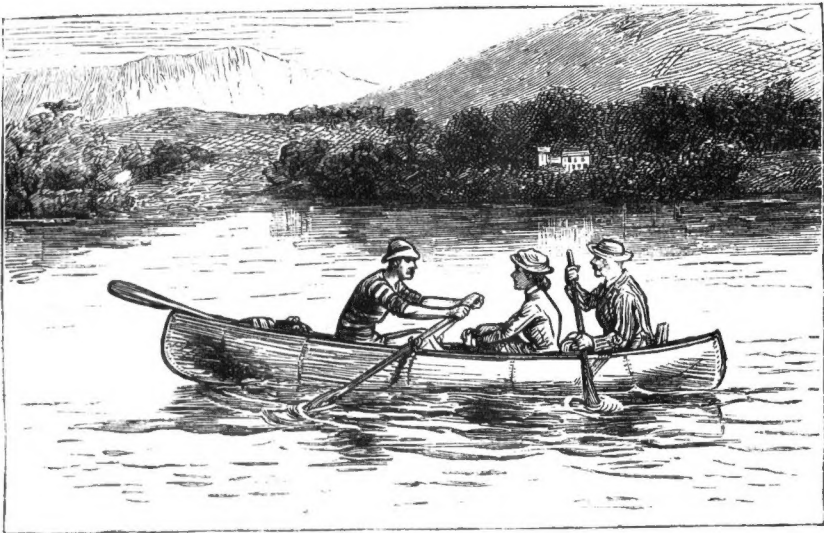
ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



THE EMBARKATION AT LLANNWCHLYN



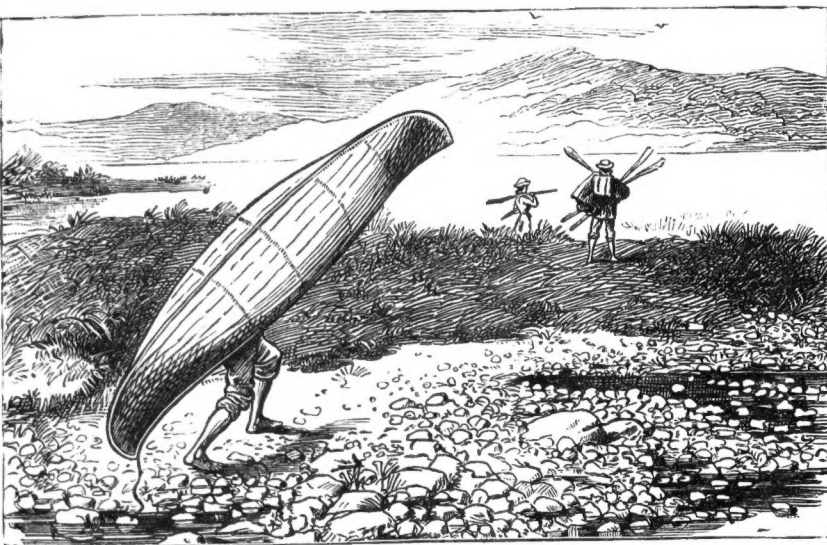
A CORACLE



BALA LAKE—"FULL SPEED AHEAD"



"HAVING LIGHTENED THE SHIP WE PROCEED"—"THE ROB ROY MANOEUVRE"



A "PORTAGE" BECOMES NECESSARY



"SHELTER"



"SHALLOW"



"SHALLOWER STILL"

FROM BALA LAKE TO CHESTER IN A CANOE

Topics of the Week

PROSECUTION OF THE LAND LEAGUERS.—The decision of the Government is now made public, and fourteen of the principal agitators are to be brought to trial. The main point to be considered is whether these proceedings will restore peace to Ireland. It is quite true that during the persistent agitation of the last few months there have been fewer assassinations than during many former periods of excitement; but, on the other hand, the ordinary relations between man and man, which are based on respect for the law and belief in its power, has never been so thoroughly set at naught as now. The chief reason for this is that previous agitations have usually been conducted with some religious or political aim, and have therefore possessed for the bulk of the people a sentimental rather than an actual interest; whereas in the present crusade everybody who has rent to receive or rent to pay, or who hopes to become an occupier of land, is vitally concerned. As a set-off against the gratifying fact that there have been fewer murders of landowners and bailiffs, it is undeniable that many thousands of people have been and still are kept in a state of insecurity and terror, because an organisation has arisen which perpetually intervenes between landlord and tenant, forbidding men to fulfil the contracts which but for the dread inspired by this organisation they would in most instances fulfil willingly. This is the monster against which the Government have rather tardily taken up arms. Is their plan the best plan for crushing it? Arguments drawn from the prosecution of O'Connell are likely to mislead. O'Connell was usually most careful to keep on the right side of the law, and when he overstepped it, the Government saw their opportunity. But his agitation was, at any rate in its professed aims, of a perfectly innocuous character compared with the teachings of the Land League. There is no more treason in demanding the Repeal of the Union than in demanding that Free Trade should be replaced by Protection. It is simply a claim that a former state of things should be restored. The mischief of the Land League does not consist in the changes which they demand, for such changes, however revolutionary they may appear to some, are in themselves legitimate subjects of public discussion. The real wrong to society done by the Land Leaguers is that they have endeavoured to hurry on their schemes by inciting the occupiers of the land to various illegal acts, such as holding back their rents and crops. These recommendations, logically carried out, would reduce society to a state of chaos, and have already produced much inconvenience and alarm. For such teachings, therefore, they deserve to be prosecuted; but we are not very hopeful either that the chief offenders will meet with their deserts, or that the agitation will subside, unless other and more stringent measures are concurrently adopted.

ENGLAND'S ISOLATION.—The members of the present Government when in opposition were continually accusing their rivals of having isolated the country in Europe. Concert, it was said, was the object at which they ought to have aimed; and Concert we were to have as soon as Mr. Gladstone displaced Lord Beaconsfield. Well, the experiment has been made; and it seems very likely to result in such an isolation of England as has not been known during the present century. We seem to retain the good will of Russia and Italy; but even these countries have little inclination to manifest their good will in actual co-operation with our Government. As for France, Austria, and Germany, they let it be known in the most unmistakeable manner that they look with suspicion on every important proposal which proceeds from London. A suggestion which the British Government recently made with regard to Greece was immediately rejected by Austria; and Germany and France are understood to have accepted her guidance in the matter without hesitation. It is not pleasant for Englishmen to find their country in this position; but it can hardly excite their surprise. No one, we suppose, either in England or elsewhere, calls in question the generous motives of Mr. Gladstone. He acts from a pure sentiment of humanity, and it is to this aspect of his character alone that his British admirers turn their attention. In foreign countries observers think less of his fine aspirations than of his impulsiveness and rashness. We all remember the vehement talk in which he used to indulge respecting oppressed nationalities, and respecting the wickedness of politicians who had a word to say in favour of the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire. Austrians, Frenchmen, and Germans see clearly that if this talk were acted upon their interests would be endangered; so they hold aloof from a statesman who, with the best intentions, might bring them into serious trouble. Unfortunately the isolation of England might put her at a disadvantage in protecting her own interests; it will certainly diminish her power of acting for the welfare of other States.

TURKEY AND EGYPT CONTRASTED.—Since the disestablishment of her spendthrift ruler, Ismail, Egypt appears to be thriving under her new Khedive. Her credit stands higher than it has stood for some years; and, what is still more important, the condition of her peasantry—that is to say, of the mass of the Egyptian people—has materially

improved. The grievous military conscription of old days, and the system of forced labour, have both been lightened; while the land tax, though heavy, is now collected with some regard to Western ideas of fairness and convenience. Meanwhile Turkey, the nominal mistress of Egypt, is financially going from bad to worse. The overtures made to the bondholders, though plausible at first sight, prove upon examination to have little to recommend them; the patience and the purses even of the Galata bankers appear to be nearly exhausted; and as the Porte is stopped by treaties with various Powers from levying adequate Customs' duties, it is compelled to raise the bulk of its revenue by internal taxation. Now for the practical lesson which is afforded by the contrasted condition of these two countries. If Ismail Pasha had been left to his own devices, he would have sunk Egypt in a slough of wretchedness and bankruptcy. She is now prosperous because England and France have taken into their own hands the control of the national purse. Both Powers are traditionally interested in the country, and to England especially her welfare is of vital importance. Instead of quarrelling over her, they have wisely determined to administer her affairs as joint trustees. Now cannot a similar scheme be devised for Turkey? Surely, the Turks of the higher ranks are not all such greedy, self-seeking, unscrupulous creatures as the advisers of the Sultan are sometimes represented to be. If the Sultan were to consult his own interests he would reassemble the Turkish Parliament, and ascertain the real wishes of the nation concerning this matter. That the former Parliament was so summarily dismissed was a great calamity for Turkey. The members were honest and outspoken, and if their services had been retained during the war with Russia the treachery and incapacity in high places, which neutralised the valour of the soldiery, might have been exposed and prevented. If the Turks thus assembled in national council were to offer to submit their finances to European control, the proposal would probably be accepted, even although one or more of the Powers might be loth to do anything which should tend to make Turkish dominion permanent. But under such a system all the alleged evils of Turkish dominion would probably disappear: both Christians and Mussulmans would learn to respect a Government which treated them fairly and considerately; while the frontier difficulties, which now threaten a strife which may spread extensively, would, without doubt, be amicably settled on the give-and-take principle. Surely this is better than that the Turks should be driven out of Europe after a series of bloody conflicts, which, in their turn, would leave other wars as their legacies.

M. GAMBETTA'S PROSPECTS.—There has been a good deal of discussion this week as to the real character of M. Gambetta's motives in delaying for so long a time the assumption of the office of Prime Minister. The question was started afresh by M. Clemenceau, who in his speech at Marseilles could find nothing better to say of M. Gambetta than that he is actuated in his whole public life by an unbounded and reckless ambition. The *République Française*, on the contrary, maintains that M. Gambetta has had no object but the welfare of France, and that the only reason why he has not become Premier is that he has never hitherto been sure of a majority. This is probably the true explanation. In the present Chamber he might on most occasions have obtained adequate support; but defeat would not have been impossible, and defeat would have meant the using-up of his vast influence. Probably, therefore, he has acted wisely in refusing to snatch at power precipitately. Within a few months the new Chamber will be elected; and it is a question of urgent importance whether it is likely to place him in a more favourable position for the development of his plans. On the whole the chances are that he will greatly profit by a General Election. For a time he seemed to have weakened his authority by the course he adopted with respect to M. de Freycinet; but if so he has already made good his loss. The fascination of his "personality" is without parallel in recent French history. He may be attacked and calumniated; but he apparently has only to exert himself a little to put his most powerful enemies to flight. Of the use which, if he were Prime Minister, he would make of his opportunities, no one can speak with confidence; but it must, at any rate, be hoped that he does not, as his opponents assert, dream of acquiring fame as the inspirer and controller of "the war of revenge."

ARMY ORGANISATION.—Important changes were made in our military system some years ago, and sufficient time has now elapsed to show whether some of these changes may not be capable of further modification. The Committee now sitting at the War Office is engaged in elaborating measures which will be submitted next Session to Parliament, and we propose here to say a few words concerning one or two of the various topics which have been brought under their notice. The short-service system has on the whole been a success. Men are fairly willing to enter the Army under a term of service which is only eight years in the cavalry and artillery, and only six years in the infantry. The annual quota of recruits is about 27,000; and the system, moreover, furnishes an efficient Reserve of about 20,000 men. But the plan has its drawbacks. Transporting troops to India and back is an expensive process, and it is therefore suggested that for such service the term of enlistment might be appropriately lengthened, especially as in these days of steam-travelling there is no need to endanger the health of European soldiers by keeping them grilling in the plains for many months in

succession. The other great objection to the short-service system is that it does not produce an adequate supply of efficient non-commissioned officers. Good sergeants and corporals form the very backbone of the British Army. Unlike poets, however, they are not born—they are made, and time is required for their properly matured growth. But under the short service system all the best men are snapped up for civilian employment as soon as their term of enlistment is completed. A veteran non-commissioned officer is therefore a rarity, and yet these are just the men who are wanted to superintend and control young soldiers. A solution of the difficulty is not easy, for if, by improved pensions and other advantages, we persuade non-commissioned officers to remain longer with the colours, we have fewer vacancies to be filled, and consequently make the attainment of the "stripes" more difficult for recruits. Now it is the double attraction of the short term, together with a reasonable prospect of becoming a "non-com." which induces many of our best men to enlist. This attractive power, however, would still be retained, even although a man's chances of the "stripes" were lessened, provided he felt a reasonable certainty that upon leaving the army as a non-commissioned officer with a good character he would obtain a Government appointment outside the Army. To induce a man to stay in the Army till middle age is approaching, which is just when, as a sergeant, he is most valuable, he ought to be assured of subsequent permanent employment.

THE INTENTIONS OF GREECE.—It is still uncertain whether the Greeks propose to force the hand of Europe by trying to execute the decisions of the Berlin Conference. The new Prime Minister talks in a rather warlike tone, and the country has unquestionably made preparations which threaten to bring it to the verge of bankruptcy. On the other hand, we hear of the Turks occupying the frontier with a far more powerful army than Greece can ever hope to muster; and the mere possibility of the Powers allowing her to contend single-handed with so great a force should induce her to reflect before plunging into what would in any case be a prolonged struggle. Probably, too, England and France are counselling patience, and there would be an obvious advantage in waiting until M. Gambetta is Prime Minister, if he really intends to become Prime Minister after the next French elections. He might not be in favour of going to war for the sake of Greece; but he would do much more on her behalf than is likely to be done with the sanction of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. On the whole, the Hellenic Kingdom has good reason to complain of the position in which it now finds itself. It can neither advance nor stand still without danger. If it stands still it incurs a risk of financial ruin; if it advances, it may rush upon disaster and humiliation. Some Greeks must be beginning to think that, after all, the wicked Tories whom they were so fond of denouncing were not such dreadful people as they supposed. Lord Beaconsfield at least did not encourage extravagant hopes. He shaped his policy in accordance with facts, and it is not impossible that if he had been allowed to pursue it to the end he might have obtained for Greece some portion of the coveted territory.

GARFIELD AS PRESIDENT.—Though not a man of conspicuous ability, President Hayes, by his straightforwardness and honesty of purpose, has won considerable popularity during his tenure of office, and that popularity has not been lessened by the fact that commercial dulness and distress have been succeeded by activity and prosperity since his reign began. Nevertheless, politically, President Hayes was weighted by two serious disadvantages. First, the contest at the time of his election was so close that fervent Democrats declared, and still maintain, that there was a flaw in his title, and that he was a usurper, standing in the shoes that were meant for Tilden. Secondly, as the American Constitution, unlike our own, makes no provision that the Executive shall be in harmony with the representatives of the nation assembled in Parliament, President Hayes's Ministers were, throughout his career, thwarted by a Democratic majority in Congress. All this has been changed by the new election. The "solid North," New Jersey excepted, has voted for the Republican candidate, and even should the Pacific States (whose returns are not completed at the time we write) "go Democratic," which is not very likely, Garfield would still have an incontestable majority. His Government, too, will have the assistance of a Congress favourable to the Republican party. As we have already had occasion to remark, now that the slavery question has been laid to rest, there does not appear to a foreign observer to be much difference at the present time between the Democratic and the Republican creeds. It may be presumed, however, that the Republicans have won the day, partly because they are sounder on the subject of Protection than their opponents, but far more, because, the country having been tranquil and prosperous under Hayes, there seems no need for "swapping horses." As for the effect of the election on ourselves, either candidate would have been equally acceptable to Englishmen, since personally both are respectable and honourable men; but, on the whole, it cannot be denied that we have got on best with our American cousins when the Republicans have been in power. During the long series of Democratic Presidents who preceded Lincoln the two nations were often at loggerheads, and sometimes on the verge of war, whereas since 1860 the only two serious difficulties which have arisen (the *Trent* and the *Alabama* questions) have been settled

amicably, and on the whole a more friendly feeling prevails between England and her elder daughter than at any time before since the young lady set up housekeeping for herself.

FRANCE AND THE POPE.——The Pope's letter to the Archbishop of Paris is one of the wisest and most dignified he has hitherto written. Its tone is without a touch of virulence ; and the principles set forth in it are more truly Liberal than those of the political party against which it is directed. No one would, of course, dispute that if the Religious Orders could be proved to have intrigued against the Republican Government, or if there was even a strong probability of their intriguing against it at the first favourable opportunity, the State would be justified in protecting itself. In the days of the Monarchy French Kings never hesitated to deal severely with the Jesuits ; and in our own time Prince Bismarck has banished them from Germany. But the Republican authorities have not taken the trouble to try to convince the world that they were in the slightest degree threatened either by the Jesuits or any other Congregation. The Religious Orders protest that they do not interest themselves in politics, and that they consider themselves bound, like other citizens, to submit to any form of Government which it pleases the nation to establish. Their declarations on this subject are confirmed by Pope Leo XIII., who insists that the Church finds it as easy to act with a Republic as with a Monarchy or an Empire. He dilates on the magnificent services which the Congregations have conferred on France ; but it is not necessary to accept all he says in their praise to be convinced of the truth of his main argument. If, as he contends, the Religious Orders limit themselves strictly to religious duties, the French Government is guilty of mere persecution in driving them from their homes. Its spirit is that of the Inquisition, only applied in a new way.

PREVENTION OF FLOODS AND WATER SUPPLY.—In discussing this subject we are always confronted with two apparent contradictions ; we have at the same time, or at all events within a few days of the same time, too much and too little water. The floods of the last two years have been peculiarly disastrous, and some of the low-lying districts of the Midlands have been overflowed several times in succession. Not only is immense damage done to crops and other property by these inundations, but low fevers are bred by the subsequent exhalations, especially when, as during the last summer, a period of rain was succeeded by a period of heat. On the other hand, our great cities, which are continually growing bigger, and, we may add, our small towns and villages also, are very rarely supplied with as much wholesome water as they want. It has been very properly pointed out that to provide permanently for such an aggregation of living creatures as occupy London we ought to take the probable needs, not merely of the year 1880, but of the year 1930 into account. All over the country, too, except in a few hilly districts, there is a great lack of ponds and reservoirs. Yet they would be most useful as sources of irrigation during periods of drought, and at all times for fish-breeding, for bathing, for boating, and (in winter) for skating. Now, cannot these apparently contradictory needs be harmoniously adjusted together? The floods are more destructive than they used to be ; both because the modern drainage-system carries the rainfall more swiftly into the rivers, and because the rivers themselves are gradually being silted up with the *débris*. We want a Conservancy Board, or series of Boards, on a comprehensive scale, so that one district should not suffer by the improvements effected in another, and so that every district should pay its equitable quota. After the Board had been at work for some years, an extra fall of rain would be welcomed rather than dreaded, because there would be so many ponds, tanks, and reservoirs all ready to be filled up to the top.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC *this week* consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to ILLUSTRATIONS relating to MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, with descriptive Letterpress. For binding, the Melbourne sheet must be placed after page 448.

Post Office Orders or Cheques payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 100, Strand, London.

dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate addressed "To the Manager of *The Graphic*, 199, Strand, W.C.," and marked "Drawings for Competition."

MR. ALDERMAN MCARTHUR, M.P., the Lord Mayor Elect, descended from a Scotch family settled in the North of Ireland, being the eldest son of the late Rev. J. McArthur, a Wesleyan Minister, and brother of Mr. Alexander McArthur, M.P. for Leicester. He commenced business in the town of Londonderry where he became a member of the Corporation, and served on various local boards and institutions. In 1857 he came to London and since then his business has so prospered that he is now well known, not only as one of the merchant princes of the metropolis but also as a great philanthropist, and an earnest and energetic politician. In 1867 he served as one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and in the following year first entered Parliament as one of the members for the borough of Lambeth, having some three years earlier unsuccessfully contested Pontefract, in the Liberal interest, and was again returned at the general elections of 1874 and this year. His politics are of the advanced order, he takes great interest in the welfare of the working classes, is a supporter of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill, and an active member of the



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF WATERLOW

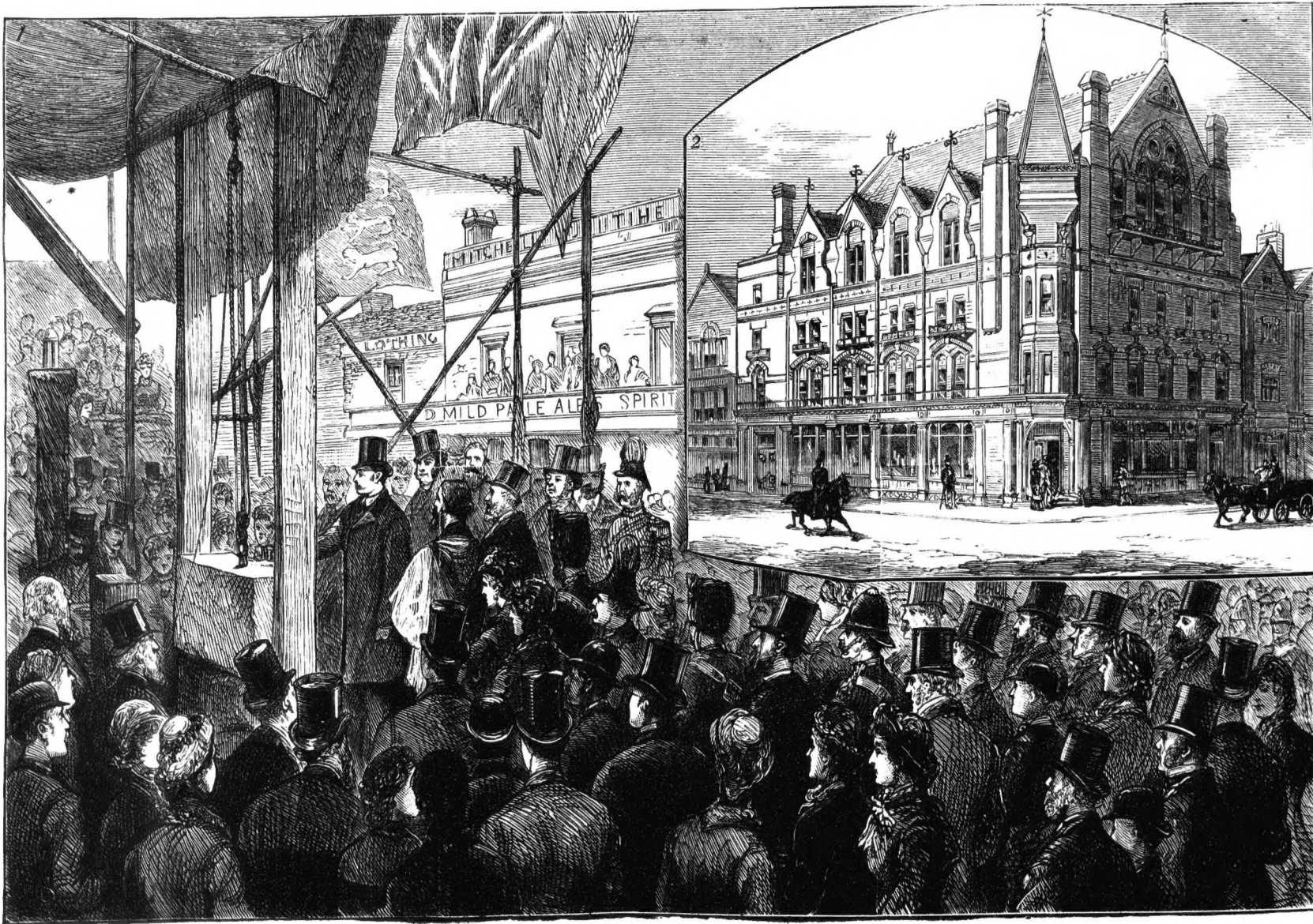


MR. ALDERMAN M'ARTHUR, M.P., LORD MAYOR ELECT



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF FOWLER, M.P.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS



1. The Ceremony.—2. The "Duke of Connaught" as it will be when completed.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE NEW COFFEE TAVERN AND PUBLIC HALL AT WOOLWICH



MR. CHARLES PARKER HILLIER (CHARLES HARCOURT)
Died Oct. 28, aged 42



LIEUT. WALTER R. OLIVEY, 66TH REGIMENT
Killed in Action at Kushki-Nakud, July 27, aged 20



Earl of Lathom (Deputy Grand Master) H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (Most Worshipful Grand Master) Lord Mayor Sir F. Truscott (Junior Grand Warden)
H.H. Prince John of Glücksburg (Pro-Grand Master of Denmark, Past Grand Warden of England) Mr. Harker (Treasurer) H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (Past Grand Warden)
Sir Albert Woods, Garter (Grand Director of Ceremonies) Mr. F. Richardson (Senior Grand Deacon) Mr. Alderman Stone (Past Junior Grand Warden)

THE MASONIC BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE — THE PRINCE OF WALES PROPOSING THE LORD MAYOR'S HEALTH

Aborigines' Protection Society. He is also a member of the Reform and City Liberal Clubs, and it is in a great measure to his efforts that Londoners are indebted for the freeing of the Thames bridges from toll. He has also paid much attention to Colonial questions, and in 1878, when he paid a lengthy visit to Australia, he was received there with every demonstration of welcome. Besides being an Alderman of London and Commissioner of Lieutenancy, he is a Magistrate of Surrey, chairman of the Star Assurance Society, and a director of the City Bank, of the Bank of Australasia, and of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, and treasurer of the Surrey Dispensary.

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF FOWLER, M.P., was born at Tottenham in 1828, and educated at University College, London, of which he is a Fellow, and also a member of the Senate. He is a partner in the banking house of Dimsdale, Fowler, and Co., of Cornhill, is married, and has one son and nine daughters living. In politics he is a Conservative, and he first entered Parliament in 1868 as member for Penryn and Falmouth, which he continued to represent until February, 1874, when he was defeated. At the last General Election he became one of the representatives of the City of London. He is a member of the Spectacle Makers' Company, and of the Loriners' and the Salters'; a Governor of St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals; an Alderman and Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London, and a Magistrate for Wiltshire, Middlesex, and the City. He is the author of "A Tour in Japan, China, and India."

MR. SHERIFF WATERLOW is the son of Mr. Alfred James Waterlow, C.C., is a member of the firm of Waterlow Bros. and Layton, of Birch Lane, Lime Street, and Wilson Street, Finsbury, and a member of the Court of Assistants of the Hon. Artillery Company. He was born in 1846, educated at Leatherhead and in Paris, and married in 1872 the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Hill, banker. He commenced his business career by acquiring a practical knowledge of paper in the mills of Messrs. T. H. Saunders and Co., of the Dartford, Darenth, and Hawley Mills, in which his father was largely interested.

Our portraits are from photographs:—The Lord Mayor Elect, by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Sheriff Fowler, by A. J. Melhuish, 12, York Place, Portman Square; and Mr. Sheriff Waterlow, by G. and R. Lavis, 71 and 73, Terminus Road, Eastbourne.

THE NEW COFFEE TAVERN AND PUBLIC HALL AT WOOLWICH

ON Saturday the Duke of Connaught laid the memorial stone of a new Coffee Tavern and Public Hall at Woolwich, which is now being erected, at a cost of 8,000*l.*, adjacent to the principal entrance of the Royal Arsenal. The funds for its erection have been provided by a local company, whose shareholders are mostly of the working classes. The building occupies a prominent corner of two streets, and when completed will be eminently conspicuous with its handsome gables and minarets. The interior is designed to afford mental and bodily refreshment (intoxicants, of course, excepted) of every kind to the public, and there will be dining-rooms, recreation and reading-rooms, a library, rooms for the meetings of clubs and friendly societies, and a hall large enough to accommodate a thousand persons will occupy the whole of the upper floor. The Duke of Connaught was received on his arrival at the station by the directors and a guard of honour of the 3rd Kent Artillery Volunteers, and after luncheon with General Turner, the Commandant of the District, proceeded to the site of the coffee-tavern. Here, after Mr. Jolly, J.P., had explained the objects of the undertaking, and had asked permission to name the tavern after the Duke and the public hall the Royal Assembly Rooms, the Duke, assisted by the architect, Mr. W. Rickwood, and the builder, Mr. Lonergan, laid the memorial stone with a silver trowel, and made a brief speech, warmly wishing the enterprise all success, referring to his former connection with Woolwich, and thanking the Committee for the proposal to call the coffee-tavern by his name, "The Duke of Connaught." A vote of thanks to the Duke, proposed by Earl Sydney and seconded by General Sir John Adye, R.A., and General de Havilland, R.A., "the father of the undertaking," closed the proceedings.

LIEUTENANT OLIVEY

LIEUTENANT WALTER R. OLIVEY, of the 66th Regiment of Foot, who was one of the victims of the disastrous affair at Kushki-Nakud in July last, was son of Major R. Olivey, of the Army Pay Department. He was only twenty years of age, and was gazetted to his regiment in December last, having passed with great credit out of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, which he had entered in the previous February. He went out to Afghanistan in March last, and was killed in the battle of Kushki-Nakud whilst carrying the colours.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Haes and Vandyk, 19, Westbourne Grove, W.

MR. CHARLES HARCOURT

THE circumstances which led to the death of this well-known actor have been made the subject of a coroner's inquiry, from which it appears that no one connected with the theatre was to blame in the matter. He did not fall through a stage-trap, as was at first stated, but into a scene dock at the back of the stage. The accident occurred on the 18th ult., when Mr. Harcourt, who had been engaged to play Horatio to Mr. E. Booth's Hamlet at the Princess's Theatre, attended to take part in a rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, which had been lent for the purpose. The fall, though a serious one, especially for a man of Mr. Harcourt's physique, was not at first thought to be dangerous, though he had sustained injuries to the head, face, and arm. After some days, however, erysipelas set in, and he died in Charing Cross Hospital, whither he had been taken immediately after the accident. Mr. Harcourt—who was only forty-two years of age, made his first appearance in London at the St. James's Theatre in 1863 as David Audley in *Lady Audley's Secret*. After this he appeared as Captain Thornton in *Rob Roy* and as Count de Villetaneuve in *The Prisoner of Toulon*, and subsequently at the Royalty as Young Rapid in *A Cure for the Heartache*, and at the Charing Cross as Captain Absolute in *The Rivals*. Later still, after going through a round of characters at the Marylebone, of which he was for some time lessee, he fulfilled engagements at the Globe, Haymarket, Adelphi, and other houses, his list of characters including Pygmalion, Zerkel Homespun, the Count d'Aubeterre (in *Proof*), and Mercutio, of which he was perhaps the best representative on the English stage since the death of Mr. George Vining. His last impersonation was that of the outcast Bashford in *The World at Drury Lane*. Mr. Harcourt's untimely death deprives the London stage of an able, vigorous, and conscientious actor. His remains were interred on Tuesday last at Highgate Cemetery, the funeral being attended by a large number of professional and private friends. He leaves a widow and one child, a daughter, aged twelve, for whose benefit Mr. Walter Gooch has with praiseworthy liberality offered to give a special performance at the new Princess's Theatre.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

THE MASONIC BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE

ON Monday week the Lord Mayor, as Worshipful Master of No. 1 Lodge, and Junior Grand Warden of England, gave a banquet to the Prince of Wales as the Grand Master of England and a distinguished assemblage of Freemasons. The guests were all in full

"craft masonic clothing"—the Grand Officers and Provincial Grand Officer in purple and gold, the Grand Stewards and Past Grand Stewards in crimson and gold, and Worshipful Masters and Past Masters in blue and silver. The Prince of Wales arrived early with the Duke of Connaught (Past Grand Warden), and Prince John of Glücksburg, who before the proceedings commenced had been created a Past Grand Warden of England, and at once proceeded to the Drawing Room, where with untiring courtesy he received in State every brother invited. The reception over, the brethren marched to the Egyptian Hall, where the banquet was laid out. The Lord Mayor presided, the Prince of Wales being on his right and the Duke of Connaught on his left. Behind him were the mace and sword of the City, and on the pillars the Royal arms and the arms of the Grand Lodge of England, with its motto, "Audi, Vide, Tace." After the banquet the Hall was "tyled," and then the speeches were inaugurated by the Lord Mayor, who proposed the first toast of English Freemasons, "The Queen and the Craft," and followed by proposing the health of the Grand Master of England, the Prince of Wales. To this the Prince replied in an appropriate speech, alluding to the fact that English Masonry in no way meddled with politics, to the laying of the foundation stone with Masonic ceremonies of Truro Cathedral (the first time such a ceremony has been performed in the history of English Freemasonry), and to the increasing popularity of English Masonry. In 1844 there were only 500 Lodges, now there are 1,900, in which 10,000 Freemasons are annually made, and whose members support the three great charities of the craft at the cost of 40,000*l.* a year. The Prince then mentioned the fact of Prince John of Glücksburg being a relation of the Princess of Wales, and reminded his hearers that it was in Sweden that he himself had been initiated into Freemasonry, that he had been first received into a Lodge in Denmark, and that consequently he should look upon his connection with Freemasonry as being a binding link between Sweden, Denmark, and England. The healths of the Duke of Connaught, Prince John of Glücksburg, and the Lord Mayor were then drunk, as those preceding, with the honours peculiar to the craft, all waiters and others in attendance who were non-Masons being rigidly excluded.—Our engraving is from a sketch by our artist, Mr. T. P. Collings, W.M., No. 22.

GREEK VOLUNTEERS LEAVING ROUMANIA FOR GREECE

"OVER 500 Greek volunteers," says our artist, "left this port and Braila, a few days since, for Greece, for service in the army, in the event of hostilities breaking out between that country and Turkey. Another reinforcement of about 400 was expected to sail this morning; and a large number of them paraded the town yesterday, headed by a band and two large standards—one of Greece and one of Roumania. At the head of either pole was a good-sized cross and a large wreath of green-stuff. Many of the crowd also carried branches of acacia, which is the principal tree of Galatz. During the afternoon they remained on the Quay, and large numbers are expected to embark on the steamer which lies alongside, with the Greek ensign at the stern, and the favourite key pattern round her funnel. She was gaily decorated with bunting, and appeared to have already embarked some of the well-to-do members of her human freight."

"When I saw the crowd, there were at least a thousand persons present, and the neighbouring balconies and windows were filled with ladies and children. The crowd was most orderly, following the standards and band slowly up and down the Quay, in and out amongst the bullock carts, and piles of discharged goods, coals, machines, &c. In the evening there was a little singing, and a few rockets were let off."

"The Greeks here are not, as a rule, very anxious for war, as they prefer money-making to fighting. It was one of the Roumanian regimental bands that accompanied the procession; but as they can be hired by any one on payment of three or four Napoleons, no sympathetic reason is necessary to explain its appearance at the head of a semi-political procession."

FALCONRY IN ENGLAND

THOUGH there is still a functionary styled Hereditary Grand Falconer, he exercises no very substantial rule, and the present revival of the art of falconry is in no way due to his patronage.

The heron, in the past and in the present equally, was and is esteemed the best and noblest quarry for the peregrine (which has been fitly called the Prince of Falcons), for the height to which it rises in the air when pursued, together with the powerful weapon of defence it carries, tries to the utmost the courage and endurance of the boldest hawk. No hawk will attack its prey when on the wing from any other position than above; therefore, on discovering a heron, the hawk mounts well above it, and when rightly placed in mid-air, suddenly, nearly closing its wings, shoots down like an arrow on the long-shanked one. An open country is the best for heron-hawking, the flatter the better, as the flights can then be seen to advantage.

For game-hawking, dogs are wanted as well as cleverly-trained falcons. The dogs do the finding, and when they point, the falcon is unhooded and "thrown up," and allowed to get well up in the air before the birds are flushed, and when at last the right height is gained, the game is made to rise, down the falcon swoops, always fixing on one bird, and never deviating a hair's breadth, catching it before it has time to reach the friendly shelter of the hedgerow. Death is, as a rule, instantaneous; for the force with which the falcon strikes is amazing—a "tiercel" has been actually known to sever the head from the body of a partridge at its first "stoop."

The falcons are either carried by the sportsmen on their gloved hands, or else are brought to the field by an attendant. A recent writer has pointed out that it is from this attendant that we derive our word "cad," a vulgar person; for the stand on which the birds were carried was called a "cadge," and the bearer was called consequently a "cadger." Hawking is decidedly becoming year by year more popular, and clubs are now formed of gentlemen "hawkers" in London and elsewhere, who have regular "meet days," and whose aim is to foster hawking, and to place it in its high place as a national sport as in the days of yore.

WRECK OF THE "SORATA"

THE Orient Line Steamer *Sorata*, from Plymouth, after touching at Adelaide, left at 5 P.M. on September 3rd for Melbourne. She had on board a crew of a hundred, and two hundred and five passengers, among whom were the Duke of Manchester and Sir Herbert Sandford, the Royal Commissioners for the Melbourne Exhibition. The route of the *Sorata* lay through the narrow strait, which is known as Backstairs Passage, between Kangaroo Island and the mainland. The weather was calm but rather hazy, when about 8.30 P.M. the vessel ran aground off Cape Jervis. The boats were ordered out at once, and preparations were made for removing the passengers, who were afterwards sent on board the coaling steamer *Woonona*. The *Woonona* attempted to pull the *Sorata* off, but unsuccessfully. Similar endeavours were made on the following day by two tugs which came from Adelaide. They swung her round, but probably did harm rather than good, as before she was lying in an oblique position to the shore, whereas now she was resting at right angles across the shoal, with her stern and stern in much deeper water. The passengers were forwarded to Melbourne, where they arrived safely. A large portion of the *Sorata*'s cargo was discharged; but after a while a violent gale began to blow, and when the *Chimborazo* (a vessel of the same line) left, all hopes of

getting her off the rock had been abandoned. Subsequent news informs us that her back is broken, and that she is expected to go to pieces in the next severe gale. The *Sorata* was uninsured, and was valued at 100,000*l.*

THE SEVERN TUNNEL WORKS

THIS tunnel is to unite the Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire sides of the Severn by a subfluvial line of the Great Western Railway, about a mile below the New Passage (where there is now a steam ferry), under what is known as the "Shoots." The tunnel is intended to shorten the route between South Wales and Bristol and the West of England. The width of the Severn is two miles and a-half at this point. The Great Western Company had opened a heading and made considerable progress with the works on the Monmouthshire side, having driven nearly two miles under the river, when on October 17th, 1879, the water broke into the workings, and the tunnel and approaches on that side were inundated. During 1880 pits have been sunk and pumping engines erected to clear the tunnel, and an engine of enormous size and power is now at work at the pits on the bank of the Severn, and another at a pit on the gradient known as the "Five Mile Four." The great engine is the largest of its kind in England, throws 3,750 gallons of water a minute, and has been working satisfactorily for some weeks, so that it is hoped that the tunnel will be now speedily freed from water.

On the Gloucestershire side the tunnel is still being actively proceeded with, and a small portion of the masonry has been completed. As the tunnel will be the work of five or six years, Mr. Walker, the contractor, is making every preparation for the comfort and benefit of the men, and a mass of buildings are rising around the works. About 400 men are now employed, and that number will be augmented to 800 or more. Rows of comfortable workmen's houses are being built, and a large chapel and schoolhouse, where a missionary, formerly a "navy" himself, carries on a most useful work.

The steam ferry, by which the "New Passage" is now crossed, consists of two very long piers, down which the trains pass. Passengers alight on a windy height, and, if the tide be low, as shown in one of our illustrations, pass down a succession of chills, wet, and slippery plank stairs, embark on board a steamer, and after a voyage of twenty minutes, while the vessel threads an intricate combination of rocks and shoals, they disembark on a pontoon, and ascend the same kind of gradient to a train which is in waiting. All this will be saved by the new tunnel.

Our second illustration depicts a diver just preparing to descend in the inundated portion of the tunnel to rectify the machinery. He has had already to descend 135 feet. The air-pipe is filled by the machine at the surface, 100 feet above the part of the pit represented. No. 3 shows the construction of the tunnel on the Gloucestershire side, and the system of timbering. The lower opening is a drift way. The timbered semi-circular opening above is the beginning of the tunnel itself, which is excavated gradually downwards. As a length is excavated, the masonry is laid from below, the arch being eight bricks thick. The men in the cage are going to the surface, 120 feet above. The last sketch takes us back to the Monmouthshire side, and depicts a scene at the pumping shaft in the Five Mile Four Pit, and the system of timbering the drift. The roof and sides are continually streaming with water.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

THE Submarine Tunnel, intended to connect England and the Continent by means of a railway underrunning the Straits of Dover, has long been before the public, but owing to the comparative inaccessibility of the places where the preliminary experiments have been carried on, it has not received adequate attention.

The three views which we engrave, from drawings taken by Mr. V. I. Vaillant, show the three points, Sangatte, St. Margaret's Bay, and Abbot's Cliff, where geologists and engineers have been at work in order to solve the problem of the practicability of this grand undertaking.

Sangatte is a village lying some six miles west of Calais, upon a sandy beach at high water mark, at the foot of Cape Blanc Nez. There a shaft has been sunk to about 140 yards; it is now being enlarged to a diameter of six feet, brick-cased; this is complete down to about eighty yards below high-water mark. The water, which in the original shaft ran in to almost unlimited quantities, has now been reduced to two litres per minute. When this shaft has reached a depth of 140 yards, a heading will be run under the bed of the Channel for two miles, so as to test the permeability of the chalk to water. The works, now under the direction of Mr. Ludovic Breton, are carried on in the shed shown on the right of the church.

At St. Margaret's Bay, a picturesque little cove about a mile east of the South Foreland lighthouses, no work has been done since Sir John Hawkshaw sank an experimental shaft at the foot of Ness Point. The only record left is a pump much resorted to by the neighbourhood.

A spot on the east side of the line connecting Folkestone and Dover, close to the Abbot's Cliff Tunnel, has been selected as a favourable point for carrying out the very important experiment of testing the practicability of driving a heading under the sea, or, in other words, of constructing the Submarine Tunnel. There the grey chalk, a most compact, homogeneous, and water-tight mass, lies unbroken. Through this chalk from Abbot's Cliff to Dover, a distance of three miles, it is proposed to drive a tunnel. Powerful machinery has been fixed, and drives an atmospheric drill, seven feet in diameter, designed by Colonel Beaumont and Captain English, of the Royal Engineers; this has just begun cutting through the grey chalk which overlies the gault. A shaft, ninety feet deep, has been sunk, at the bottom of which the drill has been set to work in order to drive a heading to Dover under the line of railway, the heading at Dover to be 300 feet deep from the face of the ground. This heading is, like that at Sangatte, for the purpose of testing whether the grey chalk is sufficiently non-porous to keep back the water. Should the experiment prove successful, the Channel Tunnel will then be commenced simultaneously on the French and English shores. A grant of 6,000*l.* has been made for the purpose by the South-Eastern Railway Company upon the motion of the chairman, Sir E. W. Watkin, M.P.

"A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS"

A STORY in Four Parts, by Julian Hawthorne, is commenced on page 445.

MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 450, 451.



VACATION ORATORY is now in full flood. Amongst the many speeches which have been delivered during the past week the following are perhaps the most notable. Lord Northbrook, speaking at Birmingham on Saturday, referred to Lord Salisbury's recent speech at Taunton, and said that such attacks served only to remind Mr. Gladstone's friends of the triumphant answer which had been given to them by the people at the last election. His language with regard to Russia could do nothing but irritate two high spirited nations against each other, and it came particularly badly from Lord

Salisbury, who had himself done all that he could to increase the danger against which, if he really believed in it, he ought to wish to protect us. The present Government had not acted at the dictation of one Power, but in the interests of all Europe. Mr. Chamberlain also spoke at the same gathering. He said that the Government were advised that the law had been broken, and as nobody pretended that the Irish leaders would not have a fair trial, he thought that they had a right to look for a little more generosity from their friends. On Wednesday, Lord John Manners, addressing the members of the Edinburgh Working Men's Conservative Association, declared his belief that the people of England and Europe were heartily sick of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, and said that the anarchy in Ireland was due to the mingled blindness and obstinacy of the present Government.

MR. ADAM, who is soon to leave this country, having accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of Madras, was on Tuesday entertained at a farewell banquet at Edinburgh. The Earl of Rosebery presided, and, in proposing his health, reviewed his career as the Liberal Whip and his great services to the party. Mr. Adam in reply said, that the last election was won by the uprising of the nation against the home and especially the foreign policy of the late Government, as exposed by the matchless eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, and the Conservatives had been blinded and misled by the false prophecies of the London Press. He was certain that the country both understood and approved of the foreign policy of the present Government, and equally so that that policy would be successfully carried out. As to Afghanistan, he counselled negotiations with Russia as to some line of demarcation.—On Wednesday Mr. Adam received deputations in Edinburgh on the subjects of Education in India and the Madras Christian College, both of which he promised to carefully consider.

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE MEETINGS, held on Sunday and during the week, have been more than usually numerous, and we have not space for a tithe of the fervid oratory which is reported. Mr. Parnell and other better known speakers have been more moderate in their language than of yore, though it is still sufficiently exciting and suggestive. Some of the minor lights have, however, blazed up with alarming fierceness; Mr. Redpath, the American, for example, who dares to speak of the Queen as "a woman for whom he has little respect," and whose remarks about the late Lord Mountnorris are declared by the reporters to be "unfit for publication;" and a Mr. Nally, who, at Shrule, in Mayo, recommended dynamite and gun-cotton as means for the extermination of landlords.

THE CROWN PROSECUTIONS were formally commenced on Tuesday, when voluminous "informations" were lodged at the Crown Offices, Dublin, against fourteen of the leaders of the Land League, including five members of Parliament, Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Sullivan, and Sexton. There are nineteen counts in the indictments; the charges being generally of conspiracy to defeat payment of rents, to prevent letting of farms, and to excite ill-will amongst Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. Most of the writs were served on Wednesday, a curious blunder being made in the Christian name of Mr. O'Sullivan, who, however, agreed to accept service. Four days will be allowed for the traversers to plead, but the trials are not expected to come on for some time. Eminent counsel have already been engaged by the Government and also by the Land League, but it is said that Messrs. Sexton and Sullivan will conduct their own defence. The *Irish Times* says it is stated to be the intention of the traversers to organise their defence so as to make it a grand Land Commission. They will examine Mr. Gladstone in reference to his Midlothian speeches, Mr. Bright upon his Manchester speeches, and Mr. Forster upon his writings and observations in the House of Commons. Among the witnesses whom the League will call will be, it is said, the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Kenmare, and Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P.—Messrs. Walsh and Healy were on Monday examined by the Bantry magistrates on the charge of intimidating the farmer Manning, and both were committed, but liberated on bail. Mr. Walsh's name also appears in the list of alleged conspirators above alluded to.

THE RADICAL CLUBS OF LONDON held a meeting on Saturday at the Cannon Street Hotel, at which a resolution was passed condemning the impending prosecution of the Irish Land Leaguers. Mr. Labouchere, who had been invited to attend, wrote a very sensible letter in reply, pointing out that prosecution is not coercion; that those who have not broken the law have nothing to fear; and that though he considers the course pursued by the Government in initiating the prosecutions is perhaps a matter of doubtful expediency, and he should not complain if the Irish tenant farmers were subjected by the League to a certain amount of moral pressure, he is not prepared to regard every landlord who disputes Sir Richard Griffith's valuation as a social criminal.

COST OF PARTY PROCESSIONS IN IRELAND.—A Parliamentary return, just issued, shows that the total cost to Ireland for the movement of the military and police rendered necessary by party processions in that country, since 1872, has been 58,553*l.* Nearly the whole of the amount was expended in Ulster. Belfast cost 78,815*l.*, Armagh 12,143*l.*, Londonderry 10,296*l.*, Down 6,493*l.*, Tyrone 4,222*l.*, and smaller sums were expended in other towns.

IRISH AND ENGLISH LAND LEGISLATION.—Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Bowyer have been in correspondence on this topic. Sir George complains that he cannot let his vacant farms because the farmers expect that the Government is about to “do something for them,” and “that other ideas float in their minds suggested by Irish Tenant Right and the Irish Disturbance Bill, which violated immutable doctrines and rules of jurisprudence.” The Premier simply replies that he has been for many long years struck with the fact that the English occupier has raised no inferences in his own favour from the case of Ireland, and that he does not believe he is so unreasonable as to do so at the present juncture.

MR. BRADLAUGH, on Tuesday, addressing a large meeting at Brighton, detailed the objects of the Land Law Reform League, and proceeded to say that these objects were to be obtained by constitutional means. Force decided nothing, and revolution was a crime. The man who suggested to an ignorant and excited people the use of force for the attainment of these ends, either did not know the meaning of the words he used, or was a wicked traitor. The Gladstone Government was doing its best to reform the law in the face of a strong landed opposition, and it required the aid of every patriotic citizen.

PERPETUAL PENSIONS.—A petition to Parliament is now in course of signature throughout the country in support of the motion which Mr. Bradlaugh intends to bring forward early next Session. The document recites that several pensions have been paid for 200 years, that in some instances their origin has been entirely unconnected with any public service, and that in others the original grants are utterly indefensible on the ground of public policy. The petitioners therefore pray for a careful and thorough inquiry into the circumstances connected with each pension now paid, and that the House will, where needful, repeal any statute, and cease to pass any vote under which such pensions are payable.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS took place in the corporate towns on Monday. Many of the contests were fought on political principles, but the gains and losses seem to have been pretty equally distributed, although an evening contemporary maintains that an analysis of the returns shows that "Liberalism does not make progress," and that "a certain reaction has set in."

THE STORMS AND FLOODS.—The rains which prevailed during the early part of last week were common all over the country, and the consequent floods were of a very extensive and destructive character. The storm which our American cousins warned us to expect about the 27th inst. arrived punctually, and wrought great havoc amongst the shipping all around the coast. Reports of wrecks filled several columns of *The Times* for the next few days, and though in most cases the crews of the vessels were rescued by the gallant lifeboat men, the fatalities were more than usually numerous. One of the most distressing of these was the upsetting of a lifeboat itself off Wells, Norfolk—a disaster by which the lives of eleven brave fellows were sacrificed, two only of the gallant crew being saved. The crew of the vessel to whose assistance they went out subsequently walked ashore at low water. The eleven drowned men were all married, and had families, one of them as many as eight children. Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P. for North Norfolk, has made an appeal on behalf of the widows and orphans. Subscriptions may be sent to Messrs. Gurney and Co., bankers, of Wells, or to their London agents, Messrs. Barclay, of Lombard Street, E.C.

THE LORD RECTORSHIPS OF EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.—The nominations for the Lord Rectoryship of Edinburgh University were made on Saturday, Lord Rosebery, Sir Robert Christison, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Parnell being proposed. On a division, four voted for Mr. Bradlaugh, three for Mr. Parnell, and a majority for Sir Robert Christison as against Lord Rosebery. A poll was demanded, and the election was fixed for to-day (Saturday).—At Glasgow Mr. Ruskin has been nominated by the Independents and Conservatives, and Mr. Bright by the Liberals.

ELECTIONS TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Much indignation has been excited amongst the inhabitants of Clerkenwell by the conduct of the churchwardens and overseers of the parish in electing to a vacancy in Christ's Hospital, which is under their gift under a bequest dating from 1670, a boy whose mother has an income of nearly 100*l.* a year, and who is the nephew of one of the churchwardens, in preference to the son of a poor widow who has to support herself and a large family by laundry work. An indignation meeting was held on Tuesday, and a memorial against the presentation is to be presented to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, it being contended that the nominee is altogether ineligible under the terms of the donor's will.

A TEMPERANCE KIOSQUE has been opened in Bow Street by the "Kiosque Company," of which the Duke of Westminster is president. It will be open from 2 A.M. till 12.30. P.M., sleeping accommodation and all kinds of refreshments being supplied at a very cheap rate. The rooms are lit by electric lamps.

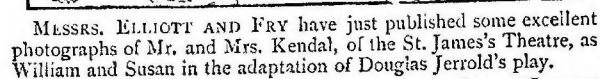
THE VOLUNTEER FORCE attained its majority on Monday last. THE BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS was on Monday presented with the Freedom of the Haberdashers' Company, and afterwards lunched with the Company at their hall. The privilege of admitting lady members was conferred on this company by Queen Elizabeth, and this is the first time that it has ever been exercised.

SIR THOMAS BOUCH, C.E., died on Saturday last, it is said of a broken heart resulting from the failure of the Tay Bridge, of which he was the designer and engineer. He was only fifty-eight years old.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY were on Wednesday entertained by the Lord Mayor at a banquet at the Mansion House. Sir F. Leighton, responding to the principal toast, spoke of the increasing love of Art in the metropolis, and of the encouragement given to artists generally by the Corporation; alluding especially to the projected sculptured adornment of Blackfriars Bridge, but carefully avoiding all reference to the Temple Bar Memorial which, by the way, was stripped of its canvas swathing early on Thursday morning; no attempt being made at any inaugural ceremony.

ACCIDENTS AT THEATRES.—It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the sad occurrence at the Haymarket Theatre which has deprived us of an admirable actor in the person of the late Mr. Charles Harcourt, happening at this season of the year, when preparations for the Christmas pantomimes are in full swing at almost all the theatres in the kingdom, may not be without some beneficial effect, if it puts managers and lessees on the *qui vive*, and leads them to adopt additional precautions against the manifold dangers to which those whom they employ, and those who patronise them, are constantly exposed. It is true that in this particular instance the parties immediately concerned have been judicially exonerated from all blame, although the jury added to their verdict a recommendation that the "scene dock" into which poor Harcourt stumbled should in future be guarded at all times by a sliding barrier or a red light. It is also true that, speaking generally, theatres, in this country at least, have for many years enjoyed a remarkable immunity from fatal accidents. But we cannot help thinking that this has rather been the result of extraordinary good fortune than of any special wisdom on the part of the management. All habitual playgoers must be aware that, except at a very few newly-built or recently-altered houses, the means of exit at our theatres, in case of fire, or of sudden panic amongst the audience resulting from a false alarm, are lamentably inadequate, especially when the highly inflammable nature of the interior fittings and scenery, and the lavish manner in which gas is used, are taken into consideration. These remarks apply with even greater force to most of our music halls and other places of entertainment, many of which are literally death traps, the approaches being out of all proportion to the number of persons which the buildings themselves are capable of holding. In too many instances there is but one entrance and exit, consisting of a long narrow passage, wherein dozens, if not hundreds, of people would inevitably be crushed to death, in the event of a sudden rush being made from the building. Few will deny that there is ample room for improvement in this respect, or that the public have a right to demand that some immediate reform should be made. Then, too, the safety of all those employed upon and about the stage should not be neglected. In these days of ardent competition, when each manager strives to outdo his rivals in the production of gorgeous and complicated "transformation scenes," it is, perhaps, too much to expect that any will voluntarily abandon the dangerous practice of suspending the "fairies" in mid-air upon supports which, however carefully constructed, may at any moment snap, crippling or killing the helpless wretches who are fastened thereto. There is, however, one very necessary precaution which all might easily adopt, and which would greatly lessen the danger to which these poor ballet girls—many of them mere children—are nightly exposed during the pantomime season. We mean the chemical preparation of their flimsy dresses, so as to render them unflammable; and we feel sure that should any manager undertake to do this at his own cost (for the meagre salaries of the dancers make it impossible for them to do it for themselves), and advertise the fact in his bills, he would not at the close of the season find himself a loser in consequence of it.

THE ANNUAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW in the Temple Gardens opened on Monday, and next week there will be a similar display in the Inner Temple Gardens. The flowers are this year above the average in beauty, but they will be seen to better advantage in a few days, for some of the blossoms have not reached maturity, while a considerable number have been damaged by some malicious person who got into the shed secretly on Saturday night. A Chrysanthemum Exhibition also is now being held in Finsbury Park, and includes over one thousand handsome specimens.



SOME INTERESTING FREE LECTURES ON THE SOLAR SYSTEM will be delivered at Gresham College, Basinghall Street, by the Rev. E. Ledger, at 6 P.M. on November 8, 10, 11, and 12. They will be illustrated by means of the limelight.

YORKSHIRE ANTIQUITIES.—Messrs. Goldie and Child, architects, while engaged in making additions to a convent in York, made a remarkable discovery. At six feet below the ground they came upon two Roman altars and a statue of sandstone nearly life-size, and perfect except the feet.

M. SARDOU intends to treat another burning topic of the day—divorce—in his forthcoming comedy at the Paris Palais Royal. *Divorçons*, however, will deal with the subject in a jocular manner, and may therefore be more successful than his sermon on civil marriage, *Daniel Rochat*.

THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION BUILDINGS are not to be pulled down, but will serve to contain a collection of copies of the artistic and architectural gems of Belgium and other countries, and a Museum of Inventions, more resembling the Washington Museum we trust than our much-neglected Patent Museum at South Kensington.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,521 deaths were registered against 1,518 during the previous seven days, an increase of 3, being 18 above the average, and at the rate of 21·7 per 1,000. There were 37 from measles (an increase of 15), 2 from small-pox (a decrease of 5), 88 from scarlet fever (an increase of 30), 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 24 from whooping-cough (a decline of 13), 21 from different forms of fever (a decrease of 3), and 28 from diarrhoea (a decline of 31). There were 2,490 births registered against 2,361 during the previous week, being 46 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42 deg., and 6·5 deg. below the average.

THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION has set vigorously to work for the winter session; and whilst another new centre has been formed in London, several have been opened in the provinces, where Major Duncan, the deputy-chairman, has been making a tour of inspection, and found the classes so appreciated that at Halifax he had an audience of nearly 4,000. A class for certificated female pupils is now being conducted at the Women's Hospital, Waterloo Bridge Road where, after each lecture, the students go into the wards and receive practical hints. Further, the Association are endeavouring to organise a system for employing deserving patients on their discharge from hospitals—a great boon to those who have lost situations through illness.

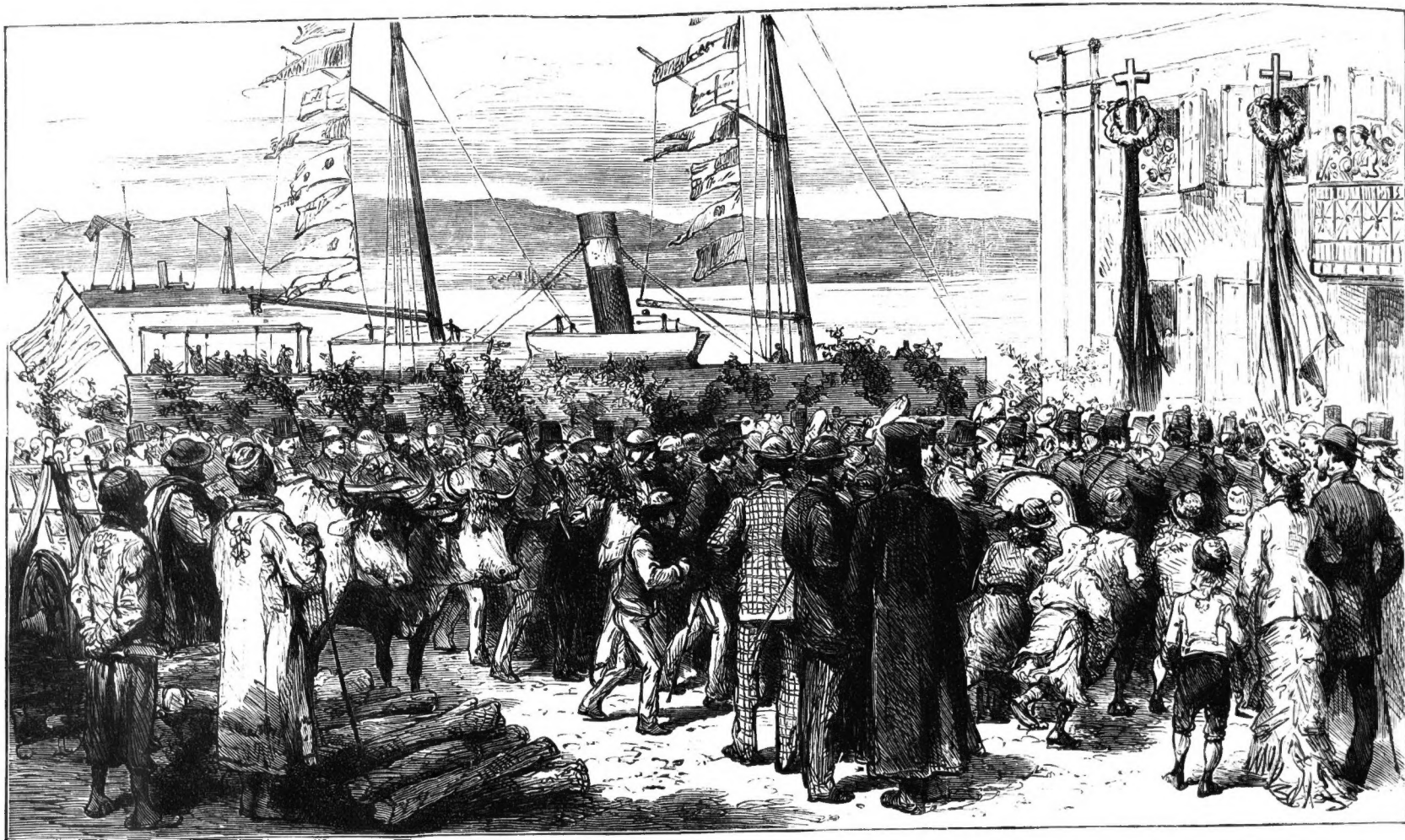
GOLD AND SILVER WORK IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM is to receive a valuable addition of copies, the fruit of a journey to Russia by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen and some of the officials, to inspect the collections in the Imperial Palaces, and the treasures of churches and monasteries. The contents of many of these are not shown to the ordinary public, but the Museum authorities have been allowed to obtain copies of about 250 interesting objects, ranging from goldsmiths' work of early Greek art exhumed at Kertch, through mediæval times, to English plate of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and pieces of French art of the Louis XV. period. These *fac-similes* are exceptionally valuable for provincial and branch museums, either as loans or purchases.

Kew Gardens last year were visited by fewer persons than at any time since 1872—the 569,134 visitors being 156,288 below those of the previous twelve months. This decrease was due partly to the wretched summer weather and partly to the disastrous hail-storm of Aug. 3, which necessitated the closing of most of the glass-houses. This storm caused unparalleled damage, eighteen tons of glass being broken by the hail-stones, which in many cases averaged 5 inches in circumference, and descended with such violence as completely to bury themselves in the ground. The Director complains greatly of the unconsumed smoke from the Brentford Gasworks and manufactories which causes great injury to the young plants. He thinks, by the way, that the earlier opening of the Gardens on Bank Holidays has not proved very successful.

LEICESTER SQUARE SOUP KITCHEN AND REFUGE.—This excellent charity during the year ending Oct. 31 gave away 149,824 meals to the destitute poor—over 20,000 more than in the preceding twelve months. This institution is the only one in London where food is daily distributed gratuitously during the year, and as the distribution is carried on mainly through the medium of tickets, the really deserving receive the benefit of assistance. Thus 95,310 meals of soup and bread were taken home, and 44,576 consumed in the kitchen, Christmas dinners were given to 1,080 families, 60 tons of coals were distributed between Jan. 1 and March 31, and 2,034 nights' lodgings, with suppers and breakfasts, were provided in the Refuge. Contributions are greatly needed, and will be received by the Secretary and Superintendent, Mr. W. Stevens, at the Refuge, Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, St. James's, W.

A QUANTITY OF OLD MASTERS, hidden away in the store-rooms of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, have lately been brought to light in order that competent judges may select any worthy to join the national collection. Few in such a worm-eaten ill-treated lot will attain the honour, a correspondent of the *Parisian* tells us. Some have utterly faded away, others have turned black, the best have been hopelessly repainted, while others have peeled off in inch patches, particularly those in *tempera*. The best of the collection is an "Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Botticelli. Four rooms are filled with portraits, some of the oils being fairly meritorious, while there are numerous pastels of the simpering Louis XV. beauties. Talking of Art in Florence, by the way, the first exhibition of the Donatello Society for the Promotion of Modern Italian Art has proved highly successful. Some very interesting native paintings have been shown, and exhibitions of *bric-à-brac* and Art applied to industry will follow.

HALLOWEEN SUPERSTITIONS are as general in France as in Scotland. Thus a child born on All Saints' Eve is supposed to have the gift of second-sight, while should you wish to know whether you will live long, you must light a huge fire and throw into it several white stones. If these stones are consumed by the next morning you will die within a year. A more cheerful custom consists in placing dishes on a table, one empty, one filled with plain water, one with coloured fluid. Girls and young men blindfolded dip their left hand at random into one of these dishes, and should they touch the empty vessel they will die unmarried, while the other two dishes signify respectively a happy marriage or death in widowhood. Italians pay more attention to All Souls' Eve. On that night in the Abruzzi not a spark of fire is left on the hearth—fire being the symbol of life; and in many places supper is spread for the souls of the departed—a custom followed in Russia. At Giola dei Massi, the first person entering the church at midnight is believed to gain the privilege of releasing a soul from purgatory; while at Perano the dead are supposed to reveal themselves in a basin of water flanked by two candles, the seer being an old woman holding a taper, who places her neck in the curve of a wooden pitchfork.

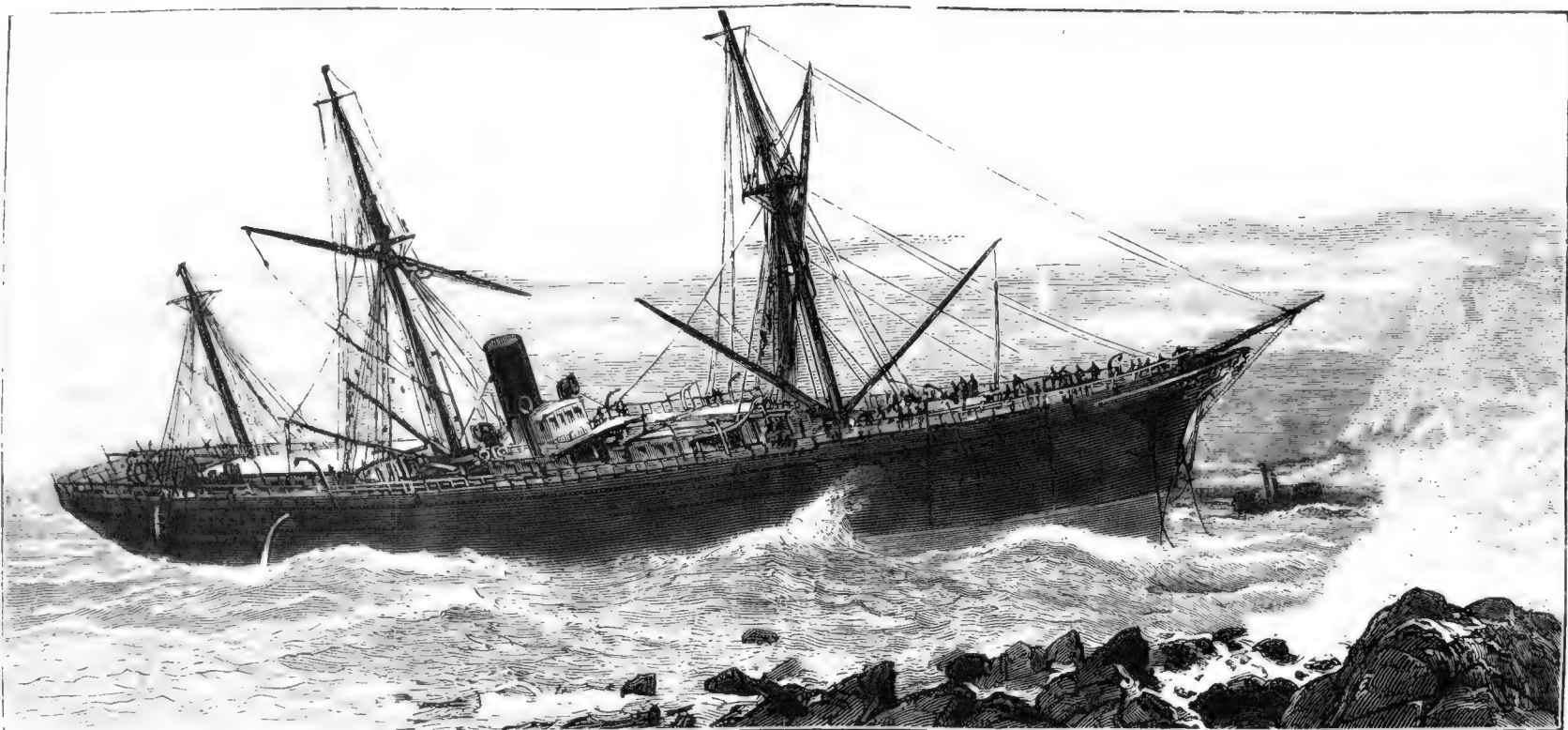


THE GREEK FRONTIER QUESTION — GREEK VOLUNTEERS LEAVING GALATZ FOR THEIR OWN COUNTRY

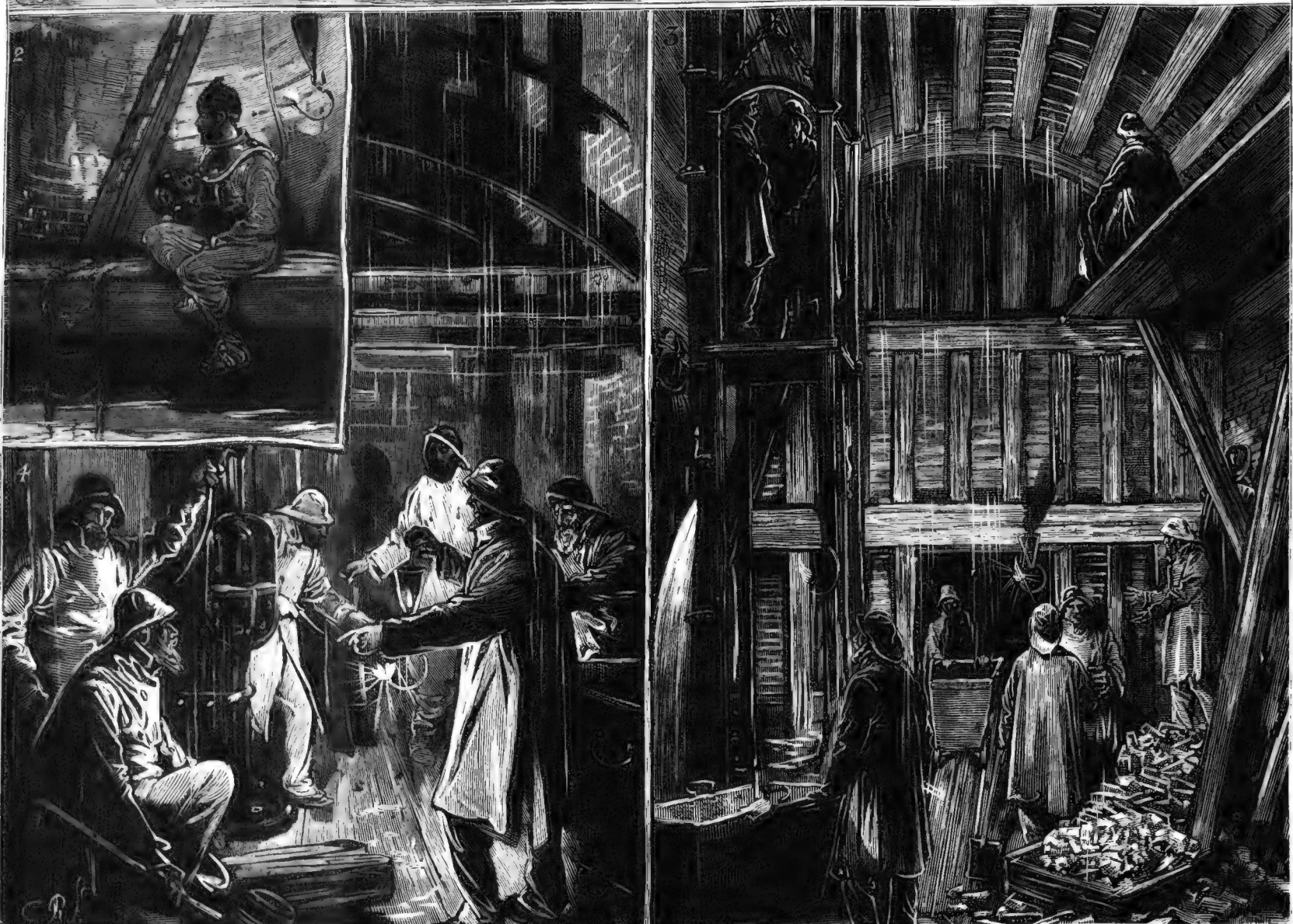


1. Heron Hawking.—2. Game Hawking.

FALCONRY IN ENGLAND



THE STRANDING OF THE ORIENT STEAMSHIP "SORATA" OFF JERVIS POINT, SOUTH AUSTRALIA



1. View of the Present Great Western Railway Steam Ferry, Monmouthshire Bank, Low Tide.—2. Diver in "Great Engine" Pit Preparing to Descend into the Inundated Portion to Rectify the Machinery, Monmouthshire Side.—3. Construction of the Tunnel on the Gloucestershire Side, Showing the System of Timbering.—4. Scene at the Pumping Shaft in Five Mile Four Pit, Monmouthshire Bank.

THE SEVERN TUNNEL WORKS



EASTERN AFFAIRS.—Dulcigno has not yet been surrendered, but the Porte now appears to be taking active steps to secure that the cession, when it does take place, shall not be interfered with by any hostility on the part of the Albanians. That the Albanians have not listened to Riza Pasha's arguments is manifest by the despatch of Dervish Pasha, with a strong body of reinforcements, to the scene of action, by his instructions to arrest the Albanian chiefs heading the party of resistance, and by Riza Pasha's sudden awakening to the necessity for adopting military measures to isolate Dulcigno and the surrounding district from Scutari. In the meantime the final negotiations between Bedri Pasha and his Montenegrin colleague have not been resumed, but General Petrovic, the Montenegrin commander, has gone to the camp at Sutorman, presumably to make the necessary arrangements with Riza Pasha. There is a prevailing feeling that the latter general has not been so prompt in the matter as he might have been, and that the Porte have acted wisely in sending Dervish Pasha—a man who is noted for his energetic action in handing over Batoum to the Russians despite the resistance of the Lazis—under circumstances very similar to those now existing round Dulcigno.

At Constantinople the Montenegrin question has been almost overshadowed by the much-discussed proposition that the Porte has made to the bondholders. The Porte suggests that its creditors should add to the 200 millions of funded debt another nine millions. It would then pay off the Galata bankers to whom it has pawned the revenues of the six indirect contributions (duties on tobacco, spirits, silks, salt, fisheries, and stamps), and hand over these revenues to the bondholders, and in addition the chimerical surplus revenues of Eastern Roumelia and the Bulgarian tribute money, together with the surplus revenue from Cyprus. These sums, the Porte declares, amount to two-and-a-half millions. As a matter of fact they only reach one-and-a-half millions, and moreover the Porte stipulates for the supreme control over them! The Porte, it appears, is very hard up just now, and the Galata bankers declare that all their money is locked up in their loan to the Government, and that they cannot lend more until they are repaid in some form or another. Thence probably the anxiety of the Porte to liquidate their claims.

In SERBIA the Ministerial crisis is at an end for the present, a new Cabinet having been formed under M. Pirotchunatch, one of the leaders of the new Conservative party, which has long been highly antagonistic to M. Ristic and his policy. The difficulties with Russia will now probably be speedily settled, particularly as Prince Milan is stated to be particularly desirous of smoothing away all difficulties between his powerful neighbour and his own little State.

In GREECE the feeling is growing more and more warlike, and M. Coumoundouros continues to give vent to the most bellicose sentiments, while the military preparations are being carried on. At present 36,000 recruits have been enrolled, and the Minister declares that the figure can be increased to 80,000. M. Coumoundouros, however, has qualified this statement by confessing that the recruiting has been done hastily, and that, consequently, the instruction is deficient, and that competent teachers are wanting. Moreover there is a great lack of the primary necessities of an army, such as equipment, clothing, shoes, and blankets. Thus the immediate execution of the "decision of Europe," which the Greek Premier had laid down as a leading feature of his programme, is likely to be still further delayed. Perhaps this is just as well for Greece, as her great friend, M. Gambetta, has declared his inability to help her at the present moment; while Austria and Germany are warning her to be tranquil and patient. Germany, indeed, has suddenly ordered Herr von Radowitz, one of her ablest diplomats, who has been acting for Prince Hohenlohe at Paris, to return to his post at Athens—a somewhat significant step at the present juncture.

FRANCE.—The excitement respecting the execution of the March Decrees, which the Government continues to enforce, has been heightened by the publication of the Pope's letter to the Archbishop of Paris on the subject. Leo XIII. begins by applauding the Archbishop's declaration that the Religious Orders reject or are inimical to no particular form of Government, and proceeds to point out the claims to public gratitude which the members of the Orders possess, the sanctity of their lives, their readiness to come forward when the recruiting of the regular clergy became difficult, their work in hospitals, asylums, in ambulances, and amid the horrors of war and the tumult of combat. The Pope then goes on to say that when the enforcement of the Decrees was announced the Orders began to fear that they were doomed to destruction—even were they to solicit the legal recognition; and so with one accord abstained from demanding the legalisation which the Cabinet requested them to solicit. On the Decrees being put into force against the Jesuits the Pope ordered his Nuncio to protest, and this having no effect, was on the point of raising "our Apostolic voice, as it was our right and duty to do," when it was represented that the Decrees might be stayed by a simple declaration of the Orders that "they stood aloof from political agitations and manoeuvres, and that neither their mode of life nor their acts had anything in common with party spirit." This offer, "spontaneously made by the rulers themselves," was accepted; but even this, it appears, had no effect upon the French Government, as "the remaining religious Orders have begun to be dispersed and devoted to destruction . . . and we cannot but raise our protest against the injury inflicted upon the Catholic Church." The Pope concludes by declaring his determination, with the assistance of the Bishops and clergy, of defending the institutions of the Church, and "with a courage equal to the peril the rights entrusted to our care." The document is interesting as it details what was not known before—the true history of the much discussed Clerical Declaration. Meanwhile, M. Constans is inflexibly enforcing the dispersion of the Orders, and it has been now the turn of the Capuchins, the Récollets, the Oblates, the Dominicans, the Marists, and various minor Orders. In most cases the doors have been forced open, and at Toulouse the windows of the Dominican monastery had to be scaled by the police with ladders. The Capuchin superior excommunicated the police officer, who, with grim humour, handed him a stamped receipt in acknowledgement. At the Passionist Church in Paris, however, the only place where English is preached and English confessions held, the doors were widely thrown open, and no intention of resistance manifested. The female Orders have as yet been left unmolested, and the Government is evidently in a quandary respecting them.

It is rather curious to read, in conjunction with the above measure, an accusation which M. Clemenceau has made against the Government in a lengthy indictment at Marseilles, that the Cabinet is rather declaring than waging war against the monks, "for, when it comes to acting, a compromise is effected." M. Clemenceau is very angry with the Government for its Clerical sympathies, and complains that three hundred and sixty millions of francs are spent in rendering the people fools, and only sixty on public instruction—alluding to the difference between the salaries of the clergy and those of lay teachers. M. Clemenceau, having done with Clericalism and the Clericals, then turned the torrent of his eloquence upon M. Gambetta, whom, and this time with no little justice, he accused of "wielding power without a counter-weight, without control, and

without responsibility, which prevents public opinion from acting on the real leader, as in all Government by opinion it ought to do. . . . You ask but one thing—that he should exercise the power he holds in the light of day, and under the control of public opinion."—The Ultra-Radical party is as energetic as ever in denunciation of the Government, and the Regicide section have given a *punch d'honneur* to M. Félix Pyat, at which the "revolver d'honneur" to be presented to Berezowski was exhibited. It bears the inscription, "*à Berezowski la France Regicide*." The speeches were ultra-revolutionary, and M. Pyat announced that the *Commune* would henceforth devote itself to organising a petition to the Municipal Council for the destruction of the Chapelle Expiatoire, "erected to the memory of a King"—Louis XVI. The Municipal Council have been discussing a proposal for making Paris practically independent, and governed by replacing the twenty existing mayors by one sole mayor, and abolishing the control of the Government over the police, education, and local taxation. This beginning of a Communal dismemberment of France will be probably passed by the Council, but will meet with very short shrift at the hands of any Cabinet, albeit M. Clemenceau himself be at the head of it.

PARIS has been dividing her attention between things spiritual and things theatrical. All Saints' and All Souls' Days were celebrated with all due religious fervour, and the cemeteries were thronged with people of all ranks and classes visiting and depositing mementoes on the graves of their friends, the stoutest Legitimist and the most ardent Irreconcilable or Regicide alike rendering their tribute to the dead. To turn to theatrical circles, there has been great excitement respecting a drama, *La Moabitte*, by M. Paul Déroulède, which was accepted by the Théâtre Français, and even prepared for rehearsal, when M. Perrin suddenly remitted its production to the Greek Kalends, owing, it is said, to a hint from the Ministry that the fervid religious opinions expressed in the piece might raise a disturbance. The author at once indignantly withdrew the play, and has now read it publicly in Madame Adolphe Adam's *salon* before the most distinguished *littérateurs* of Paris.—The Théâtre Français wound up its jubilee by a gratuitous performance, for which a long string of would-be spectators waited outside the doors from seven o'clock in the morning to past noon.—*Charlotte Corday*, in which Marat's murderess is glorified, has been revived at the Odéon, and Rossini's opera, *Le Comte Ory*, at the Opéra Comique; while poor Offenbach's last work, *La Belle Lurette*, has been produced with considerable success at the Renaissance.—A shocking balloon accident occurred at Neuilly on Sunday. A trapeze performer undertook for 2*l.* to ascend on a bar attached to a fire balloon. At the height of 700 yards he let go his hold, and fell to the earth a corpse.

GERMANY.—There has been an energetic discussion in the Press respecting the rumoured intention of Prince Bismarck to resign owing to a Court cabal. This has been suddenly brought to a close by the *North German Gazette* declaring that the Prince never entertained the idea of resigning.—The Prussian Parliament was opened last week, and the Clericals were repaid for their hostile attitude during the Cologne Cathedral festivities by having their candidate for the Chairmanship thrown out by a coalition of Conservatives and Liberals. There are three chairmen, who are usually divided between the three parties, but this time both Liberals and Conservatives felt that the Ultramontanes had gone beyond the range of party warfare, and had shown an eminent want of patriotism, and accordingly declined to re-elect the Clerical candidate.—The Budget was brought forward on Tuesday. A deficit of 250,000*l.* for the current year was announced, but the Deputies were comforted by the announcement that the financial equilibrium would be reached in from three to four years.

A statue to Field Marshal Wrangel has been unveiled with considerable ceremony at Berlin before the Emperor.—Adelina Patti is now starring in Germany, where she receives 450*l.* for each performance.—A Railway Exhibition is to be held at Berlin in 1882.

ITALY.—General Garibaldi arrived at Milan on Monday, being received with the utmost enthusiasm. The stations throughout the route were decorated with flowers, and bands of music and thousands of spectators assembled to greet the General as he passed. At Milan an enormous crowd awaited him, and drew his carriage, in which the General lay full length, to his hotel. Flowers rained upon him from the balconies lining the streets, and at the Hotel de Ville he was received by the members of fifty Masonic lodges, and by the Syndic, who welcomed him in the name of the Municipality. As the General was unable to go out on the balcony, Major Canzio returned thanks to the crowd outside. MM. Rochefort, Blauqui, and Pain also reached Milan on Tuesday evening, and at once had an interview with General Garibaldi; whose health, however, had suffered greatly from his journey.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The disquieting reports respecting disturbances in Cabul and the murder of the Ameer have happily proved to be false, and the latest news from the Afghan capital was eminently satisfactory. There is no news from Candahar, but the *pros* and *cons* of handing over that district to Abdurrahman are being warmly discussed by the Press.

UNITED STATES.—The Presidential election took place on Tuesday, the Republican candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, General Garfield and Mr. Chester A. Arthur, being elected by a large majority. As far as was known on Thursday morning, the numbers were 210 votes for the Republicans and 147 for the Democrats, with twelve doubtful votes; which, however, would probably be cast for the Republicans. The Northern States, with one exception, New Jersey, have voted the Republican ticket; while the "Solid South" have voted for the Democrats. It is said that the heaviest vote which has been known has been polled throughout the country. The day was observed as a general holiday, and passed remarkably quietly, and few disturbances were reported, a man being shot in a street fight in Philadelphia, and a negro being killed in a riot at Johnson, South Carolina. President Hayes went to his home in Fremont, Ohio, to vote.

Previous to the election there was considerable excitement respecting the trial of a journalist for forging a letter in the name of General Garfield, the Republican candidate, advocating Chinese labour. The effect of the feeling roused was an attack on the Chinese quarter of Denver, Colorado, in which all the Chinese houses were gutted, and two Chinamen killed.—At a Republican meeting at St. Louis, on Saturday, there was a riot between whites and negroes, in which one of the latter was killed.

SOUTH AFRICA.—The news from Basutoland does not improve, and the rebellion is widely spreading to the other tribes. Thus, according to the official telegram, all the Basutos on the east side of Drakensberg and both sections of the Pondomise tribe, under Umhlonho (it is elsewhere stated that they have murdered Mr. Ilope, the magistrate, and his two clerks, who had supplied them with arms and ammunition) and Umgitshwa, have joined the rebels, while the Pondo chief, Umquillo, is very doubtful, and Umquikela, the paramount Pondo chief, shows signs either way. Many of the minor chiefs in Tembuland are in open rebellion, while the country between Kei and Bashee and the magistrates at Tsolo and Gatherg are in imminent danger. The Colonial Government is raising irregular corps to meet the emergency, and the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, cabling on the 29th ult., states that in a fortnight's time there will be upwards of 7,000 men in the field, and that General Clarke was pushing ahead smartly with his forces.

THE KURDISH INSURRECTION.—The Kurdish chief, Sheikh Abdullah, after bombarding Urumiah, appears, as far as reports go, to have been repulsed, and to be retreating.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice are now the only members of the Royal Family in Scotland. At Balmoral the weather continues very cold, and Her Majesty and the Princess have been out sleighing several times, while on Sunday they did not go to Crathie Church, but were present at Divine Service in the Castle. The Rev. W. Tulloch officiated, and in the evening with the Rev. A. Campbell dined with the Queen. Hallow E'en—which is always kept with great ceremony at Balmoral—falling on Sunday night, the celebration was deferred till Monday evening, when the servants and tenants formed torchlight processions up to the Castle, and danced reels round a huge bonfire. Her Majesty and the Princess watched the proceedings throughout.—The Queen has sent 500*l.* towards the restoration of the ancient Abbey of Minster, in the Isle of Sheppey, and has commissioned M. de Neuville, the well-known French military artist, to paint a picture of the capture of Cetewayo by Colonel Marter.

The Prince of Wales returned to Marlborough House on Saturday from a visit to the Duke of Grafton, the Princess having visited the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park during his absence. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Prince John of Glücksburg went to Her Majesty's Theatre. On Sunday morning they attended Divine Service, and next day the Duke of Edinburgh lunched at Marlborough House, Prince John accompanying the Duke back to Eastwell Park on a visit. The Prince of Wales in the afternoon presented the Royal Humane Society's medal to Lieutenant Graham of the *Osborne* for saving life in Portsmouth Harbour; and in the evening the Prince and Princess were at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. On Tuesday the Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess, and Prince John of Glücksburg returned from Eastwell, and left again to stay with Prince Leopold at Claremont. The Prince of Wales inspected Mr. J. R. Herbert's "Judgment of Daniel" at his studio, and subsequently accompanied the Princess to St. James's Theatre. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess go to Sandringham to spend the Prince's coming birthday; and a week later the Prince will stay with Mr. Birkbeck, at Horstead Hall, near Norwich, for some shooting. During his visit he will go to Norwich to inspect the Fat Cattle Show on the 18th, luncheon afterwards with Mr. J. J. Colman; and in the following week he will stay with Lord Aveland to be present at the Oakham Fat Cattle Show.

Princess Louise will probably not return to Canada this winter. The Princess arrived in Edinburgh from Inverary on Saturday, and next day attended Divine Service at St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral in the morning, and at St. Cuthbert's Established Church in the evening. After inspecting Sir Noel Paton's pictures, she left Scotland on Monday night, reaching London early on Tuesday.—The Duke of Connaught on Saturday laid the memorial stone of a large Coffee Tavern at Woolwich, an account of which will be found elsewhere.

The Duchess of Cumberland, youngest sister of the Princess of Wales, has given birth to a son, her second child.—The Princess Olga, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Greece, is dead.



CONSECRATION OF THREE BISHOPS.—On Thursday last week, at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Primate, assisted by the Bishops of London and Winchester and Bishop Claughton, consecrated the Rev. G. Evans Moule, D.D., as Bishop in Mid-China; the Rev. C. Perry Scott, B.A., to the Bishopric in North China; and the Rev. E. Nuttall, D.D., as Bishop of Jamaica. The sermon was preached by the Venerable Thomas Thomason Perowne, D.D., Archdeacon of Norwich, who in speaking upon the condition of China severely condemned the opium traffic, which he said counteracted the good influences which the Church was trying to extend throughout that country.

REFRACTORY CLERGYMEN.—The Rev. T. P. Dale, of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, having entirely disregarded the inhibition issued against him in March last by Lord Penance, was on Saturday last arrested for "contempt," or, as his friends put it, "for conscience' sake," and is now lodged in Holloway Gaol, where he seems to be made as comfortable as the regulations will permit. The order was made on the previous Thursday by Lord Penance, who said that in his opinion he had no discretion in the matter, and remarked that Mr. Dale could at any time regain his liberty by submitting to the decree of the Court. Similar applications were made with regard to the Rev. R. W. Enraght, of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, Birmingham; and the Rev. S. F. Green, of St. John's, Miles Platting, Manchester; but in both these cases judgment was postponed until the 20th inst. The English Church Union and the Church of England Working Men's Society have already protested against Mr. Dale's incarceration, and the last-mentioned society are preparing for a monster indignation meeting, to be held next week. It is said that a writ of *habeas corpus* will be applied for, a law having been discovered in the writ of commitment. Amongst those who have written sympathising letters on the subject is Dr. Pusey, who says that it is not the law (which all Englishmen respect), but a misinterpretation of the law, which Mr. Dale has contravened; and suggests that the Queen should be petitioned to exercise the Royal prerogative on his behalf. Mr. Dale's relatives and a few friends are allowed to visit him, and supply him with provisions; but large numbers of sympathisers who have called at the gaol have been refused admission. The church is locked up, and the clergyman appointed by the Bishop to officiate during the inhibition could not obtain access to the building on Sunday last, it being announced by placard that no service will be held there until further notice.

THE BURIALS LAW.—On Tuesday the Rev. Dr. Pigou, vicar of Halifax, officiated at the funeral of the late Mr. William Foster in the unconsecrated cemetery of that town, and delivered a short address in the chapel, expressing his thankfulness that such relief had been granted to the clergy of the Church of England by the new Burials Act as to enable him to come and minister in that place. In contrast to this pleasing incident we have the refusal of a Welsh clergyman to permit the burial of a Dissenting Minister in the parish churchyard without the prepayment of the fees, though it was admitted that "voluntary offerings" had been the custom of the parish.

DISSENTERS' MARRIAGES.—The other day a wedding, which was to have been celebrated at Union Chapel, Blackpool, had to be postponed in consequence of the non-appearance of the registrar. The minister (the Rev. S. Pilling) "improved the occasion" by addressing the disappointed assembly. He was ready to proceed with the ceremony, and a thousand people were ready to witness it;

Nov. 6, 1880

and it was an insult to the minister, and a sore grievance to all those immediately concerned, that the service should be dependent upon the attendance of the registrar. There had doubtless been some misunderstanding, but their disappointment should fire them to do away with the possibility of such a circumstance, and to rest not until they enjoyed perfect religious liberty.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Rev. Frederick E. Wigram, incumbent of Highfield, Southampton, has accepted the office of Honorary Secretary to the above-mentioned Society. Mr. Wigram is a brother-in-law of the late secretary, Mr. Wright, and nephew of the late Bishop Wigram, of Rochester.

CHRIST CHURCH, CROWBOROUGH, KENT, which was built last year by Mrs. De Lannoy, has now been considerably enlarged at the expense of the same munificent lady. It was reopened on the 19th ult., when Bishop Newman, of Willesborough (Free Church of England), consecrated the new portion, and two special services were held.

THE LONDON CONGREGATIONAL UNION held its half-yearly meeting on Monday at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. The Rev. H. Batchelor, of Blackheath, read a paper on "The Aggressive Power of Congregationalism," which was followed by an animated discussion, in the course of which reference was made to the progress of Ritualism, Romanism, and Rationalism, and it was contended that all denominations were on the eve of a struggle the like of which was unknown to the pioneers of religious freedom.

AT A SALVATION ARMY MEETING at Beverley on Friday last, a blind woman who was amongst the congregation suddenly fell forward and died. At the inquest medical testimony was given to the effect that death resulted from disease of the heart, accelerated by excitement; and according to the report the coroner "passed some severe strictures on religionists in general and the Salvation Army in particular."



THE PRIX ROSSINI.—The legacy bequeathed by Rossini to the Paris Académie des Beaux Arts is, now that Madame Rossini has ceased to exist, being applied to the purposes for which it was intended. The first "Prix Rossini" has been awarded, the successful competitors being M. Paul Colin, author of a poem entitled *La Fille de Jaire*, and Madame de Grandval, who set it to music. The words accompanying the bequest of the great Italian composer are in these days significant:—"L'auteur de la composition lyrique ou religieuse devra s'attacher principalement à la mélodie." The successful work will be performed in 1882, either at the Conservatoire or at the Institut.

TWOPENNY CONCERTS.—The new Kensington Town Hall is likely to be of considerable service to art, as regards its promulgation among the poorer classes. All attempts in this direction are manifestly for good, and the "Twopenny Concerts," but recently set on foot, promise to rank among the best of them. Not only the Duke of Argyll (President), but several musicians of distinction, among whom it may suffice to name Herr Otto Goldschmidt and Professor Macfarren, lend them their countenance and support. The first concert gave general satisfaction to a large audience, and much credit is due to the artists, vocal and instrumental, who took part in it. Among these were Messrs. Ridley Prentice—for some years an able and zealous promoter of genuine music in our suburbs—and Mr. Fuller Maitland, pianists; Misses Lucy Riley and Florence Hemmings, respectively violinist and violoncellist (the multiplicity of lady pianists would seem to compel their sister aspirants to follow in the footsteps of Norman-Néruda, the Milanollo, the Fernis, and Cristianis); Miss Annie Sinclair and Mr. Frank Budd, with the aid of the "Lusitanian Glee Club," vocalists. It should be stated that Mr. Arthur Duke Coleridge, a distinguished amateur and translator of Von Kreussle's *Life of Schubert*, is a prominent member of the Executive Musical Committee, and that Ladies Benedict and Thompson take an active interest in the newly-formed enterprise. We may also call attention to the fact that, although the ordinary charge for admission to the concerts is twopenny, seats in the area are reserved for visitors at one shilling, while the balcony is exclusively destined for such amateurs as may be able and inclined to pay seven-and-sixpence for the proposed series of twelve. This is a manifest improvement on the universal "Penny Readings," which, for the most part, consisted of the exhibition of unpaid incompetency. It must, however, be borne in mind that labour unremunerated cannot eternally be regarded as labour of love, and that musicians are far too often called upon by more or less wealthy philanthropists to assist gratuitously in schemes, the carrying out of which entails upon the promoters little, if any pecuniary loss, their names and "patronage" seemingly answering all purposes. These matters should, in all reason, be adjusted according to the fitness of things. That for the humbler classes such an innocent and healthy recreation as that of hearing good musical performances is a benefit, can no more be questioned than the fact that some of those who oftenest and most disinterestedly contribute their aid, earn their living solely by the exercise of their profession. Knowing nothing whatever about the constitution of the "Twopenny Concerts," which, it is clear, are excellent of their kind, we should like to be informed as to whether professional artists who take part in them are to be remunerated for their services, or whether the philanthropic patrons place the burden of charity exclusively on the shoulders of people much less capable of bearing it than themselves. If the latter, the undertaking must slowly and surely collapse. Where none but amateurs exhibit their talents there can be little objection, because where only amateurs exhibit, only amateurs equally desirous of exhibiting would be likely to attend the performances. Until this matter is explained it is impossible to wish for the Twopenny Concerts all the success they may otherwise deserve—for those who work to live must live to work. Meanwhile, the second concert is announced for Tuesday next.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Mr. Arthur Chappell begins his twenty-third season in St. James's Hall on Monday night with a programme unusual in character, though, at the same time, full of interest. What makes it unusual is that there is no violinist, and, therefore, no quartet. In revenge, the always welcome Signor Piatti joins Mdlle. Janotha and Mr. Lazarus in Beethoven's too rarely heard trio (B flat, Op. XI.), for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello. Most inviting of all, however, is the delightful Serenade by Mozart, first of two written exclusively for wind-instruments (oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons)—an ottet, like its successor in C minor, subsequently arranged by the composer as a string quintet. That Beethoven, while not intentionally copying, strove more or less in his world-renowned Septet to emulate Mozart, cannot reasonably be questioned. The spirit of Mozart breathes all through the work of his illustrious successor, added to which the two compositions are not merely in the same key, but precisely in the same form, the only difference consisting in the fact that while Beethoven employs stringed instruments in his score Mozart employs none. The "Serenade" will be heard on Monday for the first time at the Popular, and a more practised company of performers on wind instruments to execute it could not possibly be found, at home or abroad, than Messrs. Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron.

The Saturday Popular Concerts also begin next week, with that excellent artist, Herr Straus, as leading violinist. We shall then have a quartet by Schumann.

WAIFS.—The revival of the *Comte Ory* at the Paris Grand Opéra has been eminently successful. It would be odd if that were not the case, seeing what refined, ingenious, and exhilarating music it contains. It is, indeed, throughout in Rossini's happiest vein.—Mdlle. Marie Vanzandt has made her *rentrée* at the Opéra, Paris, in the character of Mignon, with renewed success. The position of this interesting young artist is now fairly established.—Miss Helen Hopekirk, one of the most talented and rising of our pianists, has been earning golden opinions in Edinburgh by her performances at a concert in the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh. Judging by the local papers, her success was as great as we have reason to believe it must have been well merited. Miss Hopekirk played selections from various masters, including Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schubert, Liszt, and Scharwenka, to say nothing of smaller compositions by Pergolesi and Corelli—all from memory. The *Scotsman* especially, speaks of her ability in flattering terms, though not more flattering than can be readily endorsed by connoisseurs who have heard her in London. Miss Hopekirk's coadjutors were Mr. Carl Hamilton, who took part with her in Beethoven's famous A major sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, and Signor Bach, who gave songs by Beethoven and Handel.—Miss Emma Thursby has been singing with great success at Berlin.—Madame Montigny Rémaury has returned to Paris, after gathering fresh laurels at Liverpool and Manchester.—Mr. Mapleson has begun his new operatic season in New York with *Lucia*, Madame Etelka Gerster taking the part of the heroine. The house was crowded in every part.



THE success of the performance of M. Rosier Faassen's domestic drama of Dutch peasant life by the Rotterdam company at the IMPERIAL Theatre last summer was a fact in some respects unique in the history of our stage. It is not to be supposed that any considerable proportion of the spectators were acquainted with the language in which the piece was written, nor were they even provided with those translated books of the play which in such circumstances furnish a convenient aid. A brief synopsis, enabling the audience to know the general outline of the story, but at no point indicating the exact purport of the dialogue, was all the assistance that the company had been able to furnish. Yet the hearty welcome accorded to the efforts of the performers was assuredly not to be set down to fashion or caprice. The representation of *Anne Mie*, even under such serious disadvantages, did unquestionably yield real pleasure; and the reasons for this can have been no secret to any one who was present on those interesting occasions. Even through what M. Sarcey calls "the mists of a language very imperfectly understood;" even while the spectator was darkly guessing at the significance of some passionate outburst or sly interchange of what seemed to be tender utterances, there were to be noted certain qualities in the acting, excellent in themselves, and the more pleasing because they took us by surprise. Above all, there was the general picturesqueness of the play—a picturesqueness not of the startling or imposing kind, but full of a homely grace, and an honest fidelity to nature which had yet nothing in it of the prosaic literalness of the modern realistic school. It is not surprising that a performance in many ways so remarkable should attract the attention of English adaptors; and that an attempt should be made to reproduce *Anne Mie* in an English form. It is just to the management of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre to say that they have set about this task in a very careful, conscientious way. Not only is the scenery—the homely interiors, the Dutch houses, the little green with the village inn, with their numerous details and so forth—of a very picturesque and truthful kind; but the attire of the Dutch men and women struck the eye as quaint and characteristic; and we doubt not that the claim of the management to have given a faithful portraiture of the costumes of the time and the locality are fully justified. In all these respects, and also in the illustration of national customs, the representation of Monday evening gave manifest satisfaction to a distinguished audience, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales. The play itself, however, was unfortunately felt to be a little tedious—the dialogue being at times out of all proportion to the amount of action, and the incidents being presented with a degree of over-elaboration essentially undramatic. Four acts, occupying at least three hours and a half in representation, demand—at least in a romantic play—a more substantial story, and a greater power of sustaining curiosity and prolonging suspense than the author has here exhibited. The theme of *Anne Mie* is one of almost idyllic simplicity. Dirksen, a rich farmer of West Kapelle, stabs a young engineer in revenge for the betrayal of his daughter's honour, and is condemned to imprisonment. Eighteen years elapse; Anne Mie is living in retirement with her father in South Beveland, but her old wounds are reopened by the obstacle which her daughter's illegitimacy places in the way of her union with an honest young farmer, Koenraad Deel. This new sorrow really furnishes the whole object of the play after the end of the prologue. The mother prefers Koenraad to Jan Schurf, the evil genius of the piece; but she knows that his parents will not permit a marriage with her daughter under these circumstances. On the other hand, when Jan Schurf discovers her secret, and endeavours to use it to promote his object, she rises proudly indignant, and in a really fine scene defies his malice, and refuses to give him the hand of her daughter Lise. The *dénouement* is furnished by the return of the engineer, who has been absent all this time in India, and is now penitent; he offers to repair the wrong he has done, and the mother, for the daughter's sake, forgives and accepts him—thus, according to Dutch law, bestowing his name upon Lise, and, according to the curious pedantry of Dutch minds, removing all the previous objections of Koenraad's parents. It will be seen here that no very powerful human motives are at play. The old father—a part originally acted by the author of the piece, is represented with true power and pathos by Mr. Fernandez; but his life-long remorse strikes the spectator as an exaggerated exhibition of feeling regarding a hasty act which has produced no very serious consequences. An English audience, moreover, finds some difficulty in sympathising with the ardent lover who cannot forgive poor Lise for what is, after all, not her fault but her misfortune. Miss Gèneviève Ward sustains the part of Anne Mie with a good deal of pathetic power, but with less variety of expression than the situations demand. The Dutch lover, with his odd but not unpleasing mixture of humour and tenderness, is played in a very appropriate style by Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Lise finds a pretty and graceful representative in Miss Grahame, late of the Court and the St. James's Theatres. In the character of Jan Schurf the author has endeavoured to give a further illustration of the moral that sins of parents are visited on the children at least to the second generation; but his lamentations over his early sorrows are pitched in a vein of sentiment not much within the range of English sympathies. They awaken indeed something of the ludicrous associations of the complaint of Captain Marryat's hero, that he was deserted by his parents, and "flung on the tender

mercies of the wide wide world at the age of seven-and-twenty." They accord, moreover, but ill with his sour manner, and his habit of provoking the first comer to a deadly contest with the long knives which it appears that these simple-minded peasants carry about them rather ostentatiously. It was rather for those reasons than for want of skill in the actor that Mr. Flockton's performance in this character did not greatly impress. Mr. Edgar Bruce plays the thankless part of the civil engineer, who has been converted by the translator into an Englishman. Other characters are cleverly played by Mrs. Leigh Murray and Mr. De Lange.

The new nautical comic opera at the IMPERIAL Theatre is somewhat in the vein of Mr. Gilbert's *Engaged*, but there is also a considerable infusion of that sort of extravagant humour which characterises Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque of *Black Ey'd Susan*. The title is *Billee Taylor*, derived from the comic sea ballad familiar to a past generation; the author is Mr. Pottinger Stephens, in collaboration with Mr. Edward Solomon, who furnishes the music. As a piece of burlesque absurdity the piece is amusing, and the music of a tuneful and a lively kind. On Mr. Stoye and Mr. Arthur Williams devolves the task of maintaining the boisterous fun of the extravaganza; Mr. Fleming Norton and Miss Kathleen Corri following in the milder vein—the young lady's Phoebe is indeed a very winning performance. Aided by the efforts of these artists, and by the exertions of Mr. Frederick Rivers, Miss Emma Chambers, Miss Harriet Coveney, and other clever performers, and further enlivened by a ballet in which the D'Auban family and Mdlles. Luna and Stella take part, *Billee Taylor* is thoroughly successful in entertaining the audience.

Delilah, the dramatic version by Mr. Willing of "Ouida's" novel, "Held in Bondage," has been removed from the PARK Theatre, Camden Town, to the stage of the OLYMPIC. The play, of which we have lately given a full account, is not a dramatic work of a very high order; but it has many striking situations, and is on the whole rather above the average of recent productions on our stage. The most important change in the cast is the appearance of that clever and spirited actor Mr. Dacre in the part of Lord Tinsley. Miss Brereton, we are glad to announce, continues to play the part of the youthful heroine. The merits of her performance were very generally acknowledged at the time of the first production of the piece.

THE PRINCESS'S Theatre is to open this evening with *Hamlet*, when Mr. Edwin Booth will appear.—Mr. Florence, the American actor, is shortly to appear at the Gaiety as Captain Cuttle, in an American version of *Dombey and Son*.—A daughter of Mr. Sothorn and a son of Mr. Boucicault are to play the leading parts in the drama of *Andy Blake*, at a *matinée* at the Gaiety Theatre, on the 25th inst.—The new theatre which Mr. D'Oyly Carte is erecting in Beaufort Buildings is to open at Easter next with a comic opera by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.—The new Theatre Royal, Glasgow, has opened under Miss Litton's management. It is described as a large and handsome house.—Mr. Sothorn is, we regret to learn, still very ill.—The burlesque of the *Corsican Brothers* at the Gaiety, in which Mr. Royce parodies Mr. Irving's manner so cleverly, has proved to be a great attraction.

Mr. Creswick's reappearance at THE SURREY has been welcomed with all the enthusiasm that even an old favourite like himself could reasonably expect. *Virginius*, in which he first appeared, has now been replaced by *King Lear*, in which he sustains the *title rôle* in his old style, which, though a little stilted, is by no means lacking in power. There are some good names among his supporters, Messrs. Howard Russell, H. Vanderhoff, Mrs. Calvert, Mrs. Billington, and Miss Ellen Meyrick. The revival is well staged, with new scenery and appointments, and is well worth seeing. Mr. Creswick will play a round of his most celebrated characters before leaving this house; and Mr. Holland announces that the forthcoming pantomime, written by Mr. F. W. Green, will be entitled *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*.

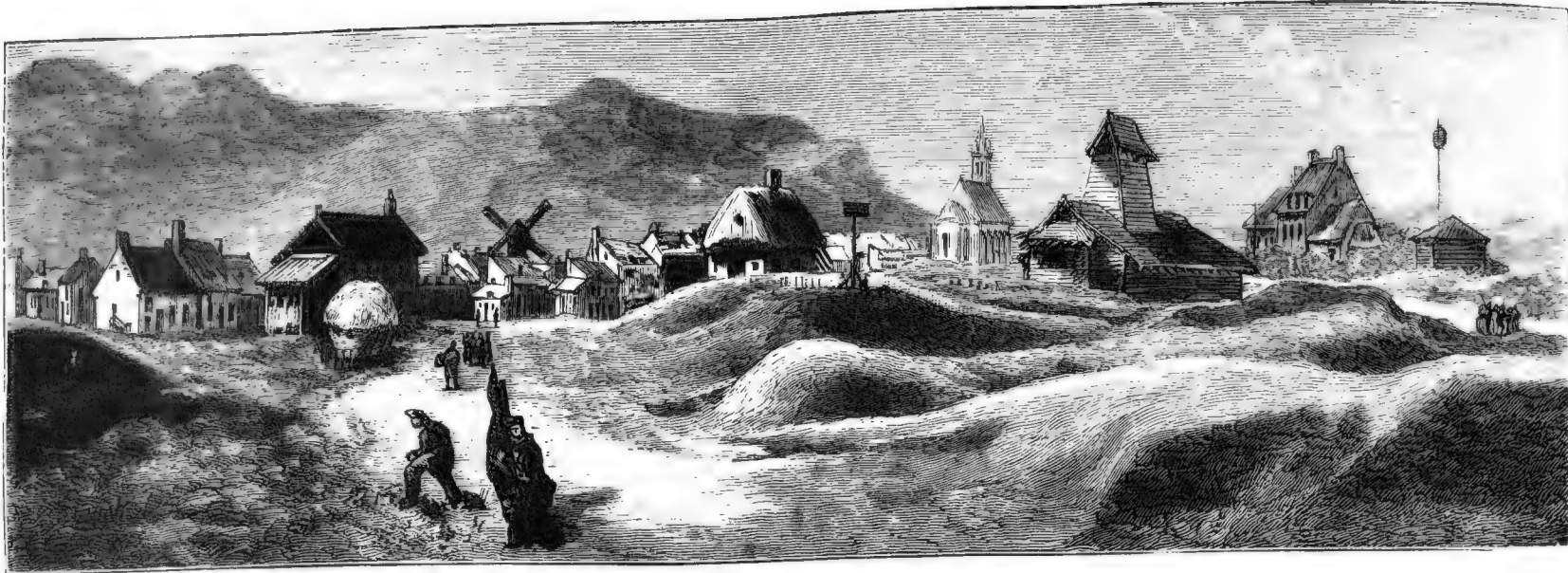


THE TURF.—Though it is said scores of times every year that it would be a good thing if the legitimate Turf season concluded with the end of October, caterers for racing men and racing men themselves seem each year keener than ever in utilising November, even with all the danger of rain, snow, and frost upsetting their plans. Already has the former interfered with the Worcester gathering by converting the Pythecroft into a lake; but there has been racing enough and to spare elsewhere, and its followers may altogether be fairly satisfied with the weather for the first week in the month of fogs. Brighton naturally enough holds an "autumn" meeting at the height of her season, and the racing is generally pretty good, though perhaps there was a little falling off this week. The Ovingdean Plate was won by the favourite Typhoon, who has so often this year disappointed his backers, and Euphrasie, who has a lot of winning brackets to her name, took the Nursery, though she was as little fancied as any one of the ten starters. Velleda, an 8 to 1 chance, won the Autumn Handicap, Lord Rosebery's veteran Rhidorroch, the favourite, cutting up badly, and having evidently become rather middling. Primrose, a pretty good performer over the "sticks," beat a field of seven in the Selling Hurdle Race. Wednesday's racing was no great improvement on Tuesday's, and the attendance was hardly up to the average. Prospectus improved on his form of yesterday, and won a Hurdle Race for Mr. Rymill, and Sloth for once in a way landed a Hunters' Flat Race for Mr. Yates. Red Wolf just managed to get home in front of the speedy but uncertain Chevrone in the Sussex Welter, and La Paume, after disappointing her stable more than once of late, took the Bevingdean Nursery. The useful and speedy Dunmow justified his favouritism by winning a Selling Welter, and War Paint carried the top weight to victory in the Bristol Nursery. The Lewes Meeting followed that of Brighton, and produced average sport, as also did Lincoln. Some little interest is felt in the Liverpool Cup, but a beggarly acceptance of nineteen is all that is left out of the 102 entries. Fernandez, the second in the Cambridgeshire, is now the top weight, but his impost has been raised to 8 st. 12 lbs., and the others in proportion. At the time of writing he, Victor Emanuel, Petronel, and Toastmaster all stand at 7 to 1, but, with a run, Fernandez is not unlikely to start a very hot favourite, and, what is more, emulate the deed of his sire Sterling, who won the Liverpool race in 1873, after running third for the Cesarewitch in that year.—Two good horses in Mandarin and Hackthorpe have been put to school for jumping purposes; and Koehampton has been sold to go to Russia, whereby he forfeited his Lincoln engagements.

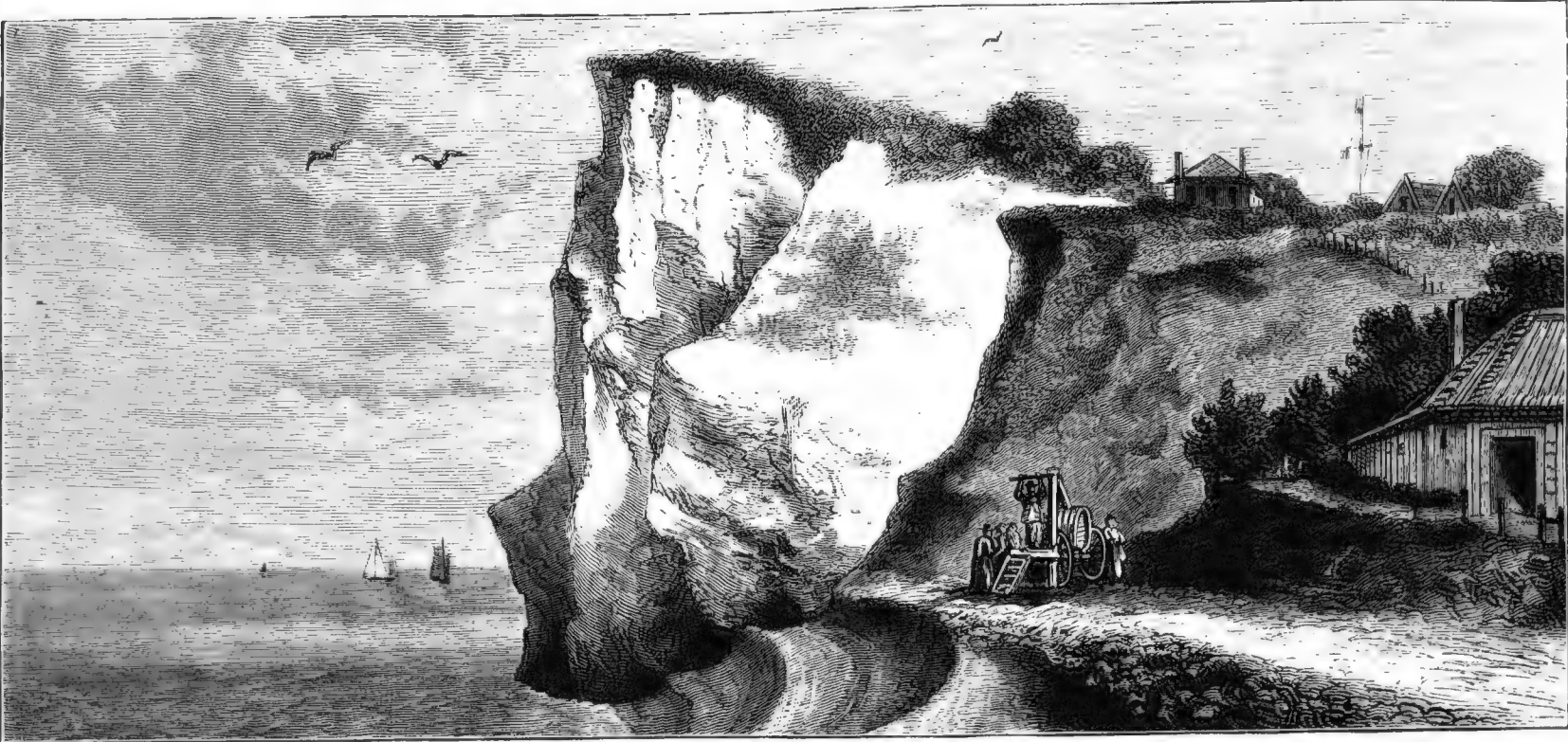
BICYCLING.—The Fifty Miles Amateur Championship was run for at Lillie Bridge on Saturday. The Cup presented by the *Sporting Life* was first run for in 1877, when it was won by H. Osborne, the time being 3 h. 11 min. 55 sec. Mr. C. C. Lilies, of the Temple B.C., won on Saturday in 3 h. 11 min. 47 sec.

FOOTBALL.—The annual contest for the Association Challenge Cup has commenced, and a few games have been decided, Sheffield having beaten Blackburn Olympic, Astley Bridge having got the better of Eagley, and the Blackburn Rovers, whose team included Mr. A. N. Hornby, having worsted Sheffield Providence.—At the Oval, on Saturday, the Old Etonians' and Foresters' Match ended

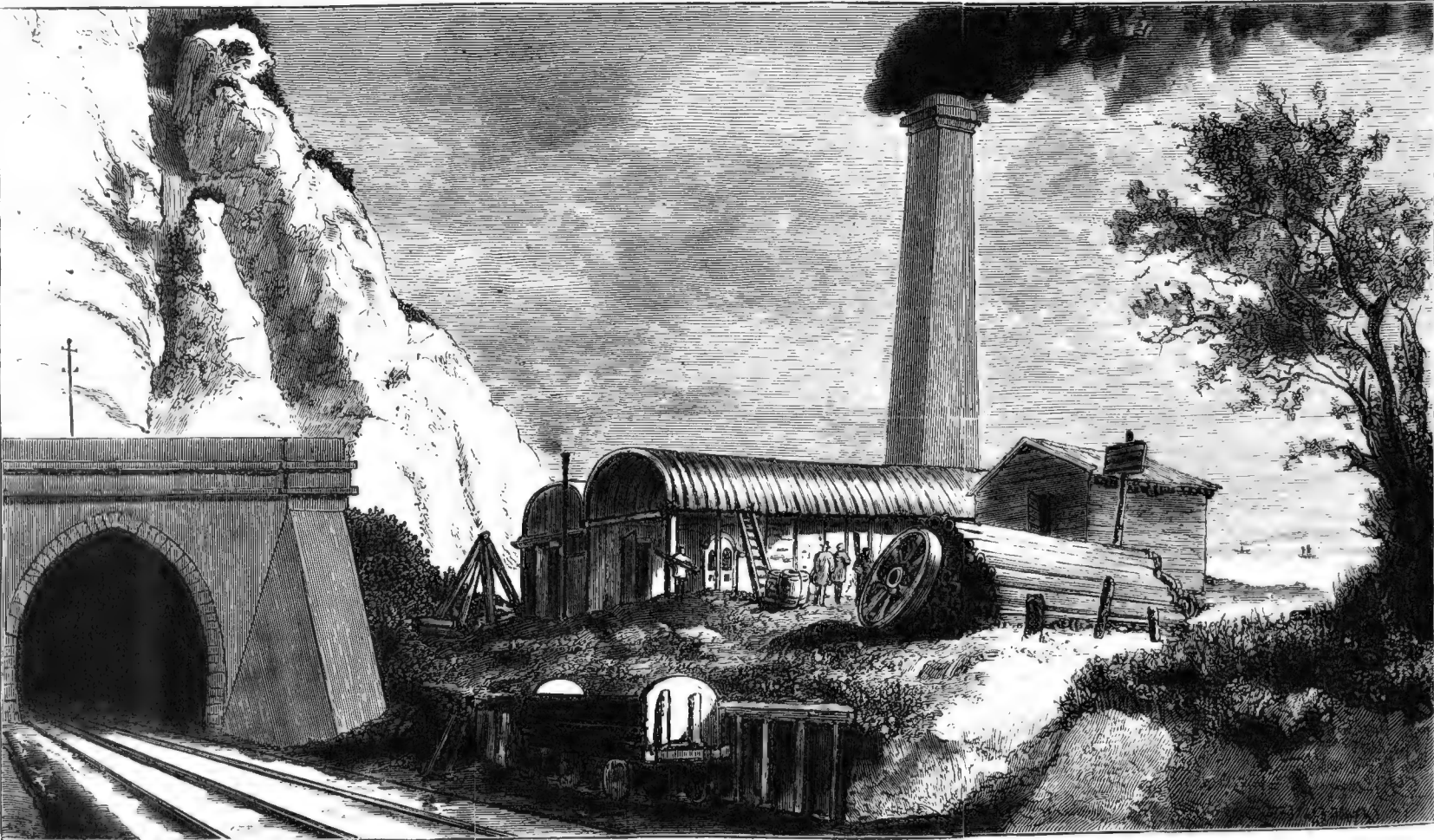
(Continued from page 446.)



SANGATTE, FRENCH COAST



NESS POINT, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, ENGLISH COAST



THE ABBOT'S CLIFF TUNNEL, ENGLISH COAST

THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL — THE PRELIMINARY EXPERIMENTAL WORKINGS



Mrs. Cambryn turned partly round, and courteously waved the *North American Review* at me.

A DOOR WITH TWO LOCKS

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

I.

LAST summer my affairs—by which I mean a judicious mixture of duty and inclination—made it desirable that I should take a trip from a certain seaport town in Cumberland, where I then was, to the free City of Hamburg on the Baltic. I first went to Liverpool, which I had not visited since my childhood. I had no particular business there, but then I was not in a hurry, and I wished to see whether the old place had changed much since my time. I rambled over the docks; I strolled up Duke Street, but had not the resolution to knock at the old green door of the house I used to live in then—when I was ten years old. It was green still; I could have sworn to that knocker amongst a thousand; on the opposite side of the street was the great lumber yard, with the zinc-roofed building on one side of it,—that wonderful arched zinc roof, which had been the object of so many childish speculations of mine, as I stared out at it, year after year, from my little bedroom window on the third storey.

But I recollected that, in those days, an old orange woman had kept her stall on the corner of that building; and she was no longer there. Poor old soul! how she used to boil her oranges! and where is she now? This reflection decided me afresh not to lift the knocker of the old green door. The door might be opened—I might be welcomed in comfortably enough; but where was kind old Miss Blodgett, and where was good old Mrs. Williams, and where was Miss Maria? whom I will not call old, because I had a sentimental tenderness for her thirty years ago. They have vanished, like the old orange-woman.

"No, no," I said to myself, "I will not go in! And yet how I should like to see that little square room, across the hall from the kitchen, where the Yankee sea-captains used to smoke in the evenings, and play euchre, and spin yarns, while I stood at their knees and believed all they told me.—But, no, I won't go in!"

So I turned away, and went next to the Cornwallis Baths, and after that to Huguenin's Gymnasium (his son keeps the place now; but he is not my Huguenin!), and then I traversed Lord Street and Bold Street, where the shopping used to be done; and I passed St. George's Hall, which is really a fine building, even after Italy and other places; and the first thing I knew I was in Duke Street once more, and standing in front of the old green door.

I ran up the steps—and knocked. My knock was impulsive and unpremeditated, and I did not notice, at the time, what sort of a tattoo I played upon that old green door. The civilised English caller's knock sounds rather like a hurried and stuttering apology than like a demand for admittance. I was not sufficiently composed, just then, to bear this in mind. Nor was I

allowed an opportunity to reflect upon it afterwards; for a moment had scarcely elapsed before the door was opened; and the person who opened it was not the servant, but a gentleman whom I fancied at first I did not know, but whom I almost immediately recognised as a friend and fellow-countryman of mine—Henry Blount.

He looked much older than when I had last seen him, eight years before; he had grown a beard, there were some heavy lines about the corners of his eyes, and the hair seemed to have thinned away a little on the top of his head. His face, too, impressed me as being singularly pale, and there was a peculiar expression in his gaze—it was intent and yet startled. But this soon passed away, and did not return; and when I spoke his name he broke into a smile, which banished much of the prematurely aged appearance that I had noticed. He grasped my hand, and drew me into the house, asking me when I came, and how I knew that he was there. "For I only arrived yesterday," he added.

"I knew nothing about it," I said. "I came here simply for sentiment's sake. I didn't even know whether the place was a boarding-house still." Then I told him about my musings, my hesitations, and my rashness.

"Yes," he said, "the good old ladies are gone. But the house is about the same. Here is the smoking-room, you see. Sit down, and we'll have a pipe."

"Are you to stay here long?" I asked him.

"I leave to-morrow for London, and beyond. I arrived only yesterday by the *Baltic*, as I told you. I have knocked about a good deal since we were together in the Dock Department in New York. I don't know whether you're aware that I served the Republic for a year in the capacity of Consul?"

"Did you? Where was that?"

"Hamburg. And I'm on my way there now—on a sentimental pilgrimage, as you would say."

"Really! Why, I'm going there too!"

"Then if you like we'll go together. You had better have your things brought over here from your hotel. I want to hear what you have been doing with yourself these last years,—whether you're married for instance?"

"No. Are you?"

"Oh, as to that, it's rather a long story," said Blount with a short laugh. "Perhaps it may leak out on our way to Hamburg. By the way—do you always knock that way?"

"What do you mean?"

"The way you did just now on the street door. Three heavy blows, then a pause, then three sharp and quick. It gave me a turn, I can tell you!"

"I hadn't the least idea how I was knocking. It wasn't orthodox,

I dare say; but I was not aware," I said laughingly "that you were so dreadfully particular about those things. Have you been that way long?"

"It's about three years, now," replied Blount gravely. "However, no matter about that. You are not married, I think you said? Well, then since we're to be together the next few days, I'll ask you to excuse me for an hour while I go and do up some odds and ends of business in the city. Dinner at six-thirty, you know."

"I'll use my time to get my things down from the hotel."

"All right. I'm glad to have met you." We shook hands again. "Don't forget to come back; and by-the-bye, there's a bell to the door, you perceive; it's generally used in preference to the knocker, I imagine."

During the hour or two that elapsed before I saw my friend again, my thoughts dwelt upon him a good deal. It was not a boyish friendship; we had become acquainted somewhat later in life than that. I did not know much about his earlier years. I had found him agreeable in temper and manner, of a cultivated though eccentric mind, and highly imaginative and impressible. I believe he had written some poetry, which some people called insanely erotic, and others profoundly mystical. He was by birth a Virginian, and always seemed to have money enough. His disposition, I gathered, had been restless and roving, he had travelled over the West, and had known and enjoyed the wild life there. Probably there were secrets in his life which he would never tell to any one. In person he was tall, slender, and well-proportioned, with light curling hair and beard, a high narrow forehead, and deep-set blue eyes. His customary air was grave and introspective, but his smile was very winning. His speech was delivered slowly and in a low, undulating voice: though he could use a tone like a trumpet upon occasion. Altogether I looked upon him as being a man of genius, with a strong active and practical vein running through him: a man whom it was easier to love than to know; a man who would be implacable against a false friend, and forgiving to a generous enemy.

II.

BLOUNT and I had a long talk together that evening; the next day we journeyed to London, and thence we proceeded in a leisurely manner to Hamburg. As we travelled along, he instructed me from time to time in some particulars of his history since our last knowledge of each other; it was a strange story; I cannot determine how much of it may have been literal fact, and how much may have been coloured by the narrator's own feelings or mental bias or philosophy of life. Such as it was, it was a *pièce de résistance*

(Continued on page 454)

in a draw.—At Tunbridge, on Saturday last, Dulwich College beat Tunbridge School by a goal to three ties in a Rugby Union game, the Dulwich boys, to whose team Mr. H. Banks is a great acquisition, showing some excellent form.—At Oxford the University have beaten the Swifts in an Association game.

AQUATICS.—Laycock, the Australian, rowed his second match in this country over the Thames Championship Course on Tuesday last, his opponent being Hosmer, of Boston, U.S., popularly known as the "Lightning Boy." The latter got the best of the start; and a closer or better race was never seen on the Thames up to the Soap Works, where Laycock drew away. The American, however, struggled on manfully to the Oil Mills, Hammersmith; but at the bottom of Chiswick Eyot utterly collapsed, much after the style of Blackman in his match with the Australian, and his opponent had only to paddle home at his leisure. Laycock's two performances have been decidedly first-rate, and there is a whisper in the air that he will eventually show himself as good a man as his compatriot Trickett.—The arrangements for the Hop Bitters' World's Regatta is making satisfactory progress. Mr. Soule, on behalf of the Company, has handed all matters over to a Committee of which Lord Lonsborough is president, and the 1,000l. given by the Company has been paid to his lordship's credit into Hoare's Bank. The Thames has of course been fixed upon as the scene of action.

BILLIARDS.—The Championship match between W. Cook (Champion) and Joseph Bennett (ex-Champion) will be played on Monday evening next at St. James's Hall, commencing at seven o'clock. Cook finds many supporters at 2 to 1 on him.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The Six Days' International Championship contest is in progress at the Agricultural Hall; and at the time of writing Rowell, the Champion, leads with 313 miles; Dobler, the American, being second with 298. The friends of the former seem sanguine of his winning. The negro (Pegram) and Blower Brown have retired.



THE JUDGES AND QUEEN'S COUNSEL were on Tuesday entertained at breakfast by the Lord Chancellor, and the customary legal procession in Westminster Hall subsequently took place. The Courts were then formally opened, feeling allusion being made, both in the Court of Appeal and the Exchequer Division, to the recent deaths of Lord Chief Baron Kelly and Lord Justice Thesiger. Mr. Watkin Williams, Q.C., M.P., has been appointed one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, in succession to Mr. Justice Lush, who has become a Lord Justice of Appeal. Mr. Watkin Williams was born in 1828. He is a son-in-law of Lord Justice Lush, was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1854, and became Queen's Counsel in 1863. The *Law Journal* remarks that it is curious that Sir John Mellor's qualification as a commissioner is supplied by the moribund order of serjeants, to which he still belongs. The Judicature Act allows the Commissions of Assize, Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery, to include, besides the judges, "any serjeant-at-law, or any of Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the law." Sir John is also possibly a Queen's Counsel as well, the patent not being cancelled, but only suspended by his elevation to the Bench; but there are Judges who have never been Queen's Counsel, and these, now that a Judge is not made a serjeant, will not be available for Commissions in case, like Sir J. Mellor, they should be able to resume work after retiring.

DRUNKARDS IN ENGLAND AND IN AMERICA.—A few days since an American cattle dealer being charged as "drunk and incapable," and with refusing to pay a cab fare, insolently demanded of the magistrate why he had been locked up, saying that if he had been in New York the police would have taken him to his hotel instead of putting him into a black hole. He was treated with more leniency than he apparently deserved, for the charge of drunkenness was dismissed, and he was simply advised to pay the cabman lest he should be summoned. A daily contemporary points out that his statement concerning the treatment of drunkards in New York was directly contrary to fact, as had he been found lying in the streets of that city he would have been locked up for the night, and afterwards fined ten dollars, the alternative being imprisonment for ten days, whilst had it been proved that he was a habitual drunkard, or otherwise bad character, he might have been sentenced to six months' hard labour.

THE "MONMOUTH CLUB" LIBEL CASE.—We are glad to see that some of the principal inhabitants of Bayswater have formed themselves into a committee, under the presidency of the Rev. T. Rowsell, the Vicar, and have started an Indemnity Fund to reimburse to Mr. Walker, the defendant in this case, the legal expenses of his recent prosecution. The interest taken in the case is more than local, congratulatory letters and subscriptions to the fund having been already received from various parts of the country. Subscriptions may be sent direct to Mr. Rowsell, or to the Westbourne Grove Branch of the London and County Bank, or to the National Bank, Bishop's Road, to the account of the Hon. Treasurer, "Walker Indemnity Fund."

ENFORCING AN ARGUMENT.—On Sunday last an American lecturer delivered an address in the open air at Albert Square, Manchester, on "The Iniquity of Erecting Monuments and Statues while Millions of People are Starving," and by way of enforcing his argument he took a hammer out of his pocket and knocked off part of the carving of the Albert Memorial. When taken before the magistrate for doing wilful damage, he admitted the charge, and said that he flattered himself that he made an impression on his hearers. He was fined 30s. costs, but preferred spending fourteen days in prison.

A FRAUDULENT TRUSTEE.—One Richard Montague Townshend has just been convicted at the Chester Assizes, and sentenced to penal servitude for five years. He had speculated on his own account with 5,600l. entrusted to his care, and had thus reduced its owner, a widow lady, from affluence to comparative poverty.

AN EXTRAORDINARY VERDICT was returned by a coroner's jury in the East of London last week. The body of an unknown man had been found in a cellar, and the medical evidence showed that he died from the effects of oxalic acid. No one had seen him enter the place where he was found, and there was no evidence to show whether the poison had been administered to him, or had been taken voluntarily, yet the sapient jurors found that he "committed suicide whilst of unsound mind."

THE BURGLARY SEASON.—Mr. John Scottern, the author of "Projectile Weapons and Explosive Compounds," writing to the *Daily News*, deprecates the use of the revolver as a means of defence against burglars on account of the difficulty of taking correct aim; and recommends instead large smooth bore double-barrelled pistols loaded with small shot, loaded in such a way as to scatter the charge full in the face of the marauder, so that the wounds inflicted, though sufficiently painful and effective, would rarely if ever be attended by fatal consequences.

A SWEARING CLUB.—Mr. Headlam, one of the Manchester magistrates, has just refused the application of a publican for an extension of hours on a certain night upon which a "Swearing Club Supper" was to have been held at his house. It was explained that

the members of the club imposed fines upon each other for swearing on the Sabbath, and that the money was spent on an annual feast. At first sight it would seem that the proper title for such an association would have been "An Anti-Swearing Club;" but it must be borne in mind that if all the members abstained entirely from the bad language, the club would lose its *raison d'être*, and it is to be feared that on its dissolution, which would remove the wholesome dread of pecuniary penalties, the ex-members would soon lapse into their wonted profanity.

VITRIOL THROWING threatens to become as fashionable here as it has lately been in France. Several cases have recently been reported, the latest being that of a married woman at Durham, who has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour by Mr. Justice Field, who expressed his determination if possible to stamp out the offence.

LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE.—At an inquest held last week by Mr. Carter, the Coroner for East Surrey, a lad of fifteen was tendered as a witness, when the following colloquy ensued:—"Do you know the nature of an oath?"—"No." "Do you know who God is?"—"No, I don't." "If you were to tell a lie, where do you think you would go to?"—"To the police-station, sir." "Do you know your prayers?"—"Yes, three prayers: 'Our Father,' 'Jesus loves me,' 'Wake up, ye folds, and fall no more.'" "Is it right to tell a lie?"—"Yes; no; I can't answer these hard questions." "Do you know your A B C?"—"I don't know nothing; I gets 6s. 6d. a week at a ropemaker's." The Coroner remarked that it was a shocking case, and the mother, who said that her son was in the constant habit of playing truant, promised to send him to a night school.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—It has often been observed that there is something of an epidemic character about crimes of peculiar atrocity, and the police reports of the last few days certainly tend to substantiate the theory. The list of murders and outrages perpetrated, or brought to light, within the past fortnight is truly appalling. To the Acton and Finsbury Park murders, reported last week, we have now to add the brutal double murder at Chislehurst, the victims being an aged gamekeeper and his wife, and the self-accused assassin a fellow named Waller, who, two years ago, was dismissed from the police force for drunkenness, and who bears a very bad character; the suspected murder of a woman in Manchester, for complicity in which three men have been arrested; and the still more mysterious affair at Sheffield, where the circumstances attending the recent deaths of the son and daughter of a gentleman named Booth, and the illness of his wife, has led to the suspicion that all three had been poisoned by the nurse who attended them. The two bodies have been exhumed, and the strictest scientific investigation is to be made. At Glasgow a woman named Burns is in custody for the murder of her two children, whom she killed by throwing them from a third-storey window into the street; and at Manchester a man named Craven, when brought up on a charge of fraud, and about to be committed for trial, told the magistrate that he would not wait for the Sessions, as he could confess to two murders. He afterwards said to the police that he was connected with the Harpurhey murder. The man accused of the Acton outrage still protests that he is innocent. On Monday, when he saw his wife, he told her to sell his clothes to Madame Tussaud, and said that as soon as he was set at liberty—which he was sure of—he would make his fortune by exhibiting himself.

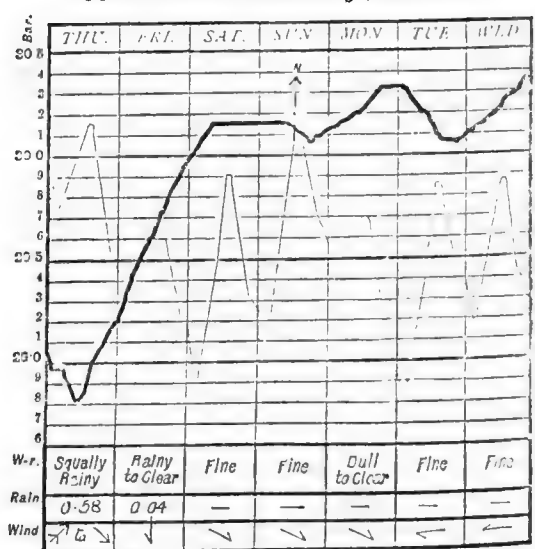
THE TOTTERING HOUSES OF TIPTON.—Popular superstition declares that if a person meeting a raging lion has coolness and presence of mind sufficient to look the savage beast fully and confidently in the face, it will slink away abashed and ashamed. It is possible that the doubtful proposition has its foundation in some venerable proverb that advocates the manful facing of difficulties and dangers as the surest way of inducing them to vanish altogether, or at least shrink to their unexaggerated proportions. The practice of this admirable principle must be familiar to the inhabitants of certain South Staffordshire districts—notably Prince's End, in the neighbourhood of Tipton. A stranger arriving there, and for the first time viewing the singular scene, would be disposed to think that a terrible earthquake had visited the place quite recently. Spaces that evidently had been streets of small houses show nothing now but irregular heaps of bricks and mortar, deep holes are filled with black and stagnant water, walls riven from top to bottom are left tottering to their fall, and many domiciles—scores of them—though still standing, have been stripped of doors, windows, and roof-tiles, and left to their fate, which is inevitable. Nor is this the strangest part of the scene. There are other streets, the houses of which seem to be pitching and tossing like craft on a rough sea, or rather as though they had been caught in the act of pitching and tossing by a sudden frost, and there fixed. Some seem to have squatted down squarely, so that the roadway is on a level with the door-knockers, while others are all askant, their roofs pitching this way and that to an angle of at least twenty degrees, and some bulge forward and some stagger backward, and here and there there is an ominous gap showing where a few houses, unable to bear the unnatural strain, have given up the attempt to stand any longer, and sunk down in a ruinous heap. The explanation is not the less startling for the cool and unconcerned way in which it is tendered by any one of the inhabitants of the crooked houses of whom you may make inquiry. The disruptions are occasioned by the "caving in" of the surface, beneath which—at a depth of a thousand feet, perhaps, there are coal mines—old mines abandoned and "caving in" of themselves, or out of which the roof supports have been taken. Whatever may be the cause, it is the sinking of the roofs of those deep-down mines to the floor that occasions a corresponding sinking of the surface earth, and as the whole neighbourhood for miles round is subterraneously honeycombed for coal there is, of course, no telling when any street or part of a street or back garden or workshop may suddenly evince a disposition to retire downward—the singular part of the business being, that many of the better-built houses will sink as much as ten or twelve feet bodily, and not a brick be displaced. But the inhabitants, especially of the poorer sort, make wonderfully light of it, and they have grown used to the necessity of "fixing" their furniture, and tying up the bedstead to a staple fixed in the wall, lest it should slip down the floor boards' steep incline, and when the street door sinks inconveniently low, there is the parlour window to get in at. It is wonderful what we may grow used to if we give our minds to it.

SOLITARY SIGNALMEN.—A brief and unobtrusive paragraph appeared in the newspapers a day or two since, to the effect that a signalman employed at Long Hedge box, between Wandsworth and Clapham Junction, was found dead in his box. Another signalman going to relieve him discovered the poor fellow sitting in his chair apparently asleep, but he had been dead some considerable time. Fortunately there was but little traffic, and the last train for the night had passed. The story turns out to be incorrect, as the signalman died at his own home, but such an occurrence is not beyond the range of possibility, and one cannot help reflecting what might have been had a signalman's death occurred under other conditions. We have of late had much rueful experience of what may occur if the company's servant whose responsible duty it is to work the levers and set the points and signals is negligent, or simply flurried and forgetful; but when a man dies suddenly, and maybe just as he was about to change his signals from "line clear" to "danger," and it was a busy line, and there was heavy passenger traffic about it, it is too easy to picture the appalling catastrophe that would almost certainly ensue. The only way of effectively guarding against such a possibility of wholesale human slaughter and

destruction of property is to have two men in one signal-box. The propriety of adopting this plan has been often discussed, but the companies one and all decline to adopt it. They have many reasons for continuing the solitary plan. Two men on duty would increase the expense of every signal-box, and occasion a considerable difference in the weekly wages-sheet. This, however, is not assigned as the main reason. It is said that while there is really no more work than one man can perform, to have two in a box would mean gossiping, and perhaps drinking, or, at all events, the two men would somehow or other think more of making themselves agreeable to each other than of their duty, and that accidents would in consequence be more frequent than at present. The companies, indeed, are so convinced that complete isolation of their signalmen is the best way to make them alert and vigilant that no other railway servant is permitted to enter their box "except on business" on pain of dismissal. But at least there are two sides to such an important question. It is very possible that a man shut up alone with his implements of duty will be better able to do what is expected of him than if his attention is attracted by other things. But there are dangers on the other hand. A work-wearied man who is alone is much more likely to fall asleep than one who had a companion, and many a driver can tell of the number of times he has stopped short because of unaccountable signals, and who, after in vain whistling for a reason why, has sent his fireman to inquire, and the man has been found calmly slumbering with his head on his arms. A man fast asleep is bad enough, but if it should come to a dead man sitting before a set of levers, on the manipulation of which the lives of a whole trainful of passengers depend, the picture conjured up is too grim to be dismissed from the mind in a moment.

WHAT IS MORTAR?—A summons that was heard and decided by Mr. Paget at the Wandsworth Police Court a few days since should be doubly satisfactory to the public generally, and especially to those who are chained by lease or agreement to houses that have been "run up" on the slop system by scamps in the building trade. The case in question reveals a "Jerry" builder punished with a fine of five pounds for using improper materials, and a district surveyor, vigilant to detect his delinquency, and prompt to denounce it. The latter gave evidence that, having examined the "mortar" with which the defendant was erecting some houses, in accordance with his duty he wrote him a letter, warning him against the use of a preponderance of "earthy matter," otherwise mud, in the concoction of the precious mixture. A short time afterwards the surveyor again visited the scene of the honest builder's operations, and, finding the stuff with which the bricks were being stuck together objectionable as before, he caused a summons to be issued against him. Another district surveyor was in attendance, and produced a sample of the article complained of, and which he described as being "one portion lime, and the remainder earthy matter and grit." The mortar used for the interior of the house had not any sand in it, whereas the composition, to be entitled to the technical name bestowed on it, should be two-thirds sand and one of lime. A witness was called by the defendant, who said that "road grit" was quite equal to sharp sand. Commenting on this last item of cool testimony, Mr. Paget remarked that it was proved by the defence that the so-called mortar was little better than mud. That, however, was not exactly what the obliging witness intended to convey to the magisterial mind. It is quite true that "road grit" is almost as good as sand, indeed, there is no appreciable difference; but it is grit that has been obtained by washing road sweepings, and the said road must consist of gravel and flint. The drift off a macadamised road is of no more use as regards its gritty qualities than house sweepings, a fact of which the witness was doubtless well aware. It is notorious that the stuff used in lieu of good mortar by the cheap-and-nasty builder is at least half common mud, and it is very much to be feared that it is used, if not with the permission of the district surveyor, at least with his knowledge. The builder finds it more economical, perhaps, to dust the pocket of the obliging official with a little golden sand, than to cement his bricks with a fair proportion of the real grit. Considering the annoyance and the waste of money and health that is inflicted on unfortunate householders whom the Jerry builder hooks as his victims, it would not be too severe a law to allow him to work his sweet will with his rubbishing erections, and, when he calls them finished, have them examined by competent persons, who would have the power, in certain rules and regulations, plainly laid down, had been grossly shirked or evaded, to order them to be pulled down and rebuilt in a proper manner. If the domiciles were pronounced fairly habitable, the owner could be provided with a certificate which for all purposes would serve as a sufficient warranty.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 3 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period the deep depression which had lain since the previous Monday near the south coast of Ireland passed quickly in an east-north-easterly direction right across the country, causing severe gales in all parts of the kingdom, and exceedingly heavy rain. The barometer curve given above shows that in London the mercury fell to a minimum reading of 28.80 inches at about midday on Thursday (28th ult.), the weather at the time being very squally, rainy, and unsettled. The greatest force of the gale had been felt on the previous night or very early next morning, but during the remainder of the day the wind was gusty, and in the latter part of the evening it veered to the north-westward. The barometer rose quickly throughout Friday (29th ult.), the weather improved considerably, light breezes from the north being experienced, with an almost clear sky during the latter part of the day. Since Friday (29th ult.) there has been little change; the barometer has oscillated from day to day, but no depression has appeared in our neighbourhood, and the weather has therefore remained fine and dry. Temperature has been rather low, and sharp frosts occurred on the nights of Friday (29th ult.), Saturday (30th ult.), and Monday (1st inst.). The barometer was highest (30.35 inches) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); lowest (28.80 inches) on Thursday (28th ult.); range, 1.55 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Thursday (28th ult.); lowest (36°) on Tuesday (2nd ult.); range, 27°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.62 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.53 inches, on Thursday (28th ult.).

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.
Sacred Musical Drama. Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Performed at the Leeds Musical Festival with enormous success. Price 8s. net; bound in cloth, 10s. 6d. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

COME, MARGARITA, COME.
The Favourite Tenor Song from ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Sacred Musical Drama, "The Martyr of Antioch." Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

OLIVETTE. New Comic Opera,
now being performed at the Strand Theatre with enormous success. Adapted by H. B. FARNIE. Music by AUDRAN.
VOCAL SCORE. 8s. 6d. Net.
PIANOFORTE SOLO. 2s. 6d. "

WALTZ (D'ALBERT). 2s. 6d. "
OLIVETTE WALTZ (D'ALBERT). 2s. 6d. "
OLIVETTE QUADRILLE (D'ALBERT). 2s. 6d. "
OLIVETTE POLKA (D'ALBERT). 2s. 6d. "
TORPEDO GALOP (D'ALBERT). 2s. 6d. "
I LOVE MY LOVE SO WELL. 2s. 6d. "
THE CONVENT SLEPT. 2s. 6d. "
WHERE BILLY GARGLESCENTS. 2s. 6d. "
THE AIR. Bolero. 2s. 6d. "
VALSE SONG, "First Love." 2s. 6d. "
SOB SONG (Sung by Miss St. John). 2s. 6d. "
ROMANCE, "The Fairest and Dearest." 2s. 6d. "
BOYTON SMITH'S FANTASIA, introducing all the favourite airs, 2s. net.
NAVY'S GEMS OLIVETTE, 1 and 2, each 1s. 6d. net.
FRANZ NAVA'S FARANDOLE, 1s. 6d. net.
AUDRAN'S NEAREST AND DEAREST, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.
City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE OF PIANOFORTES, HARMONIUMS, AND AMERICAN ORGANS, by which the instrument becomes the property of the hirer at the end of the third year, provided each quarter's hire shall have been regularly paid in advance. Pianofortes from two guineas; harmoniums from 4s. 5s.; and American Organs from 4s. 10s. a quarter.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.
City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and Co.'s PIANINOS,
from 20 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COTTAGES, from 27 Guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S GRANDS,
from 50 Guineas.

CHICKERING PIANOFORTES,
from 120 Guineas. With American discount.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ALEXANDRE HARMONIUMS, for Church, Schools, or Drawing Rooms, from 5 to 150 guineas, or on the Three Years' System, from 4s. 5s. per quarter.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Improved AMERICAN ORGANS, combining pipe with reeds. Manufactured by Clough and Warren, Detroit, U.S.A. The immense advantages these instruments possess over the organs hitherto imported have induced Messrs. Chappell and Co. to undertake the sole agency of this eminent manufacturer. A large variety on view from 25 to 50 guineas. Price lists on application to CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.
City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S favourite ORGAN, compass Octaves, ten stops, four sets of reeds, two of 25 octaves, and two of 27 Octaves, knee swell, elegant carved Canadian walnut case. Price 25 guineas. With 12 Stops, Sub-bass, Octave Coupler, and Two Knee Pedals, 35 guineas. Illustrated price list free by post. Sole Agents, CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.
City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

INSTRUMENTS by all Makers may be hired or purchased on the Three Years' System.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.
City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

A LARGE DISCOUNT TO PURCHASERS FOR CASH.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.
City Branch: 15, Poultry, E.C.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET.
Price 1s. each.
126. ROBERT FRANZ ALBUM. (36 songs).
138. GOUNOD'S 10 SONGS, including "The Serenade," and "Où voulez-vous aller?"
13. LONGFELLOW'S AND BALFE'S 10 CELEBRATED SONGS.
12. HATTON'S 12 SONGS. (New edition).
163. A. S. GATTY'S 12 BALLADS.
169. VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S 10 SONGS.
168. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S 10 SONGS.
83. TWELVE VOCAL DUETS FOR LADIES' VOICES.
173. LILLIE'S SONG BOOK. (50 songs).
209. BOOSEY'S MARCH ALBUM. (35 marches).
210. 213. RUBINSTEIN'S 3 ALBUMS. (25 pieces).
214. ROBERT SCHUMANN'S ALBUMBLÄTTER.
204. BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE ALBUM.
190. FIELD'S NOCTURNE ALBUM. (10 nocturnes).
114. BEETHOVEN'S WALTZ ALBUM. (45 waltzes).
200. LAMOTHE'S WALTZ ALBUM. (6 waltzes).
WALDTEUFEL'S ALBUM. (6 waltzes).
Boosey's Musical Cabinet also contains Beethoven's, Mozart's, Schubert's and Dussek's Sonatas; Chopin's Waltzes, Mazurkas and Nocturnes (each complete for 1s.); Mendelssohn's, Schumann's, Heller's, Weber's and Hummel's works. The cheapest and best editions published. A full catalogue on application.—BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANOFORTES. A most extensive Stock, Upright and Grand, by all the great Makers, English and Foreign, including Pianettes, at 20 guineas; Over-Strung Pianinos, at 40 guineas; and Short Iron Grands, at 60 guineas, for Hire or for Purchase, either upon the Three-years' System or for Cash with liberal Discount.—295, Regent Street.

PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTE, Cylinder and Cone, commencing at 4 guineas. The Siccama Flute and the Boehm Oia and New System of Fingering. Particulars of all these Instruments upon application to the Manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

GOOD BYE. Cotsford Dick's New Song. The Poetry by G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE. One of the most charming songs in words and music produced for some time. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 2, Hanover Street, W.

THE KING'S CHAMPION. New Song, for Baritone or Bass. Composed by MICHAEL WATSON. Sung by Mr. Thos. Beale. Editions in D and E flat. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 2, Hanover Street, W.

A DREAM OF TWO WORLDS. CRO PINOTTI'S New and highly successful Song (for Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone). Compass C to E flat. Words by KNIGHT SUMMERS. Post free 24 stamps.—W. D. CUBITT & SON, Military Musical Instrument Manufacturers and Importers, 3, Gt. Marlboro' St., W.
Just published, price 1s., post free 14 stamps.

WALDTEUFEL'S VALSE ALBUM for CHRISTMAS, 1889-90, containing EMILE WALDTEUFEL'S five best waltzes, 24 pages, full music size, with elegant illuminated cover.
FRANCIS and DAY, 35, Oxford Street, W.

MUSICAL-BOX DEPOTS, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicolas' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, 4s. to 40s. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply to WALES & McCulloch, as above.

DEAR ENGLAND.—The popular Song, always entered when sung by Signor Foli. Written by CHARLES MACKAY. The music composed by LOUIS DIEHL. 3s., post free at half-price. As a part song, post free two stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

CLASS COPIES. VOCAL DUETS for LADIES' VOICES. Six Duets by Pinsuti, Stephen Glover, Franz Abt, and R. Schumann. 1s. net.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

HAND IN HAND SCHOTTISCHE for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. 3s.; post free, 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL, for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Charming melodies, happy associations, and a very pretty title. 2s.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

EASY MUSIC for the PIANO-FORTE. WILLIAM SMALLWOOD.
Home Treasures, Nos. 1 to 25, easy, 2s. 6d. each.
Echoes of Home, Nos. 1 to 25, easy, 2s. 6d. each.
Early Flow'ers, Nos. 1 to 25, very easy, 1s. each.
Little Footprints, Nos. 1 to 25, very easy, 1s. each.
Little Buds, Nos. 1 to 25, very easy, 1s. each.
The Farewell March, easy, 3s.
All post free at half-price.
ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street, London, W.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for NOVEMBER contains:—Home Music—Worship—The Father of the Symphony—The Great Composers: Spohr—Marchetti's Opera, "Don Giovanni d'Austria"—Leeds Musical Festival—Jacques Offenbach—Crystal Palace Concerts, &c.—Reviews, Foreign and Country News, &c.—Price 3d.; post free, 4d. Annual Subscription, 4s., including postage.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for NOVEMBER contains: "Thus Speakest the Lord of Hosts," Anthem for Christmas, by Dr. Stainer. Price separately, 1s. 4d.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC PRIMERS.

1. The Pianoforte	E. Pauer	1 0
2. The Rudiments of Music	W. H. Cummings	1 0
3. The Organ	Dr. Stainer	2 0
4. The Harmonium	King Hall	2 0
5. Singing	A. R. Kanderger	4 0
6. Speech in Song	A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	2 0
7. Musical Forms	E. Pauer	2 0
8. Harmony	Dr. Stainer	2 0
9. Counterpoint	Dr. Bridge	2 0
10. Fugue	James Higgs	2 0
11. Scientific Basis of Music	Dr. Stone	2 0
12. Church Choir Training	Rev. J. Troutbeck	1 0
13. Plain-Song	Rev. T. Helmore	1 0
14. Instrumentation	E. Proust	2 0
15. The Elements of the Beautiful in Music	E. Pauer	1 0
17. The Violin	Berthold Tours	2 0
18. Tonic Sol-fa	J. Curwen	2 0
19. Lancashire Sol-fa	James Greenwood	1 0
20. Composition	Dr. Stainer	2 0
21. Musical Terms	Stainer and Barrett	1 0

(To be continued.)
London: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.

JUST PUBLISHED.
MUSICAL TERMS. By Stainer and Barrett. No. 21 of Novello's Music Primers. Price 1s.
COMPOSITION. By Dr. Stainer. No. 20 of Novello's Music Primers. Price 2s.

THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITION, One Volume, 518 pp. folio, handsomely bound, cloth, gilt edges, price 21s.; ditto, 8vo, paper, 7s. 6d.; cloth, gilt, 10s. 6d.

MENDELSSOHN'S ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS for the PIANOFORTE, including the "LIEDER OHNE WORTE," an entirely new and carefully revised edition, containing Books 7 and 8.
London: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE, folio, cloth, gilt edges, 12s. Octavo, paper cover, 4s.; cloth, gilt edges, 6s. Cheap editions, folio, paper cover, 5s.; cloth, gilt edges, 8s. Octavo, paper cover, 2s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.
*The only complete editions, containing Books 7 and 8.

JUST PUBLISHED.
DIVIDED. Duet for Soprano and Tenor. The Words written by JEAN INGELWOL, the Music composed by the Viscountess FOLKESTONE. Price 4s.

ONE SHILLING EACH.
ELLIOTT'S VOLUNTARIES for the HARMONIUM. In Six Sets, price One Shilling each; or in two volumes, cloth gilt, 4s. each. List of contents may be had on application.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.
NOVELLO'S PIANOFORTE ALBUMS. Nos. 1 and 2, each containing Twenty Compositions by BACH, edited by BERTHOLD TOURS. List of contents may be had on application.
London: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 1, Berners Street, W.; and 80 and 81, Queen Street, E.C.

REBUILDING SALE.—PIANO-FORTES. 45s.; Broadwood Pianos, 40s.; Erard Pianos, 45s.; Collard Pianos, 42s.; Harmoniums, 45s.; American Organs, 40s.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

REBUILDING SALE.—BROADWOOD'S PIANOS. 45s. Only a few of these good, sound, second-hand instruments are now left.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

REBUILDING SALE.—COLLARD PIANOS. 42s. These superior, second-hand pianos are of full compass and latest improvements.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

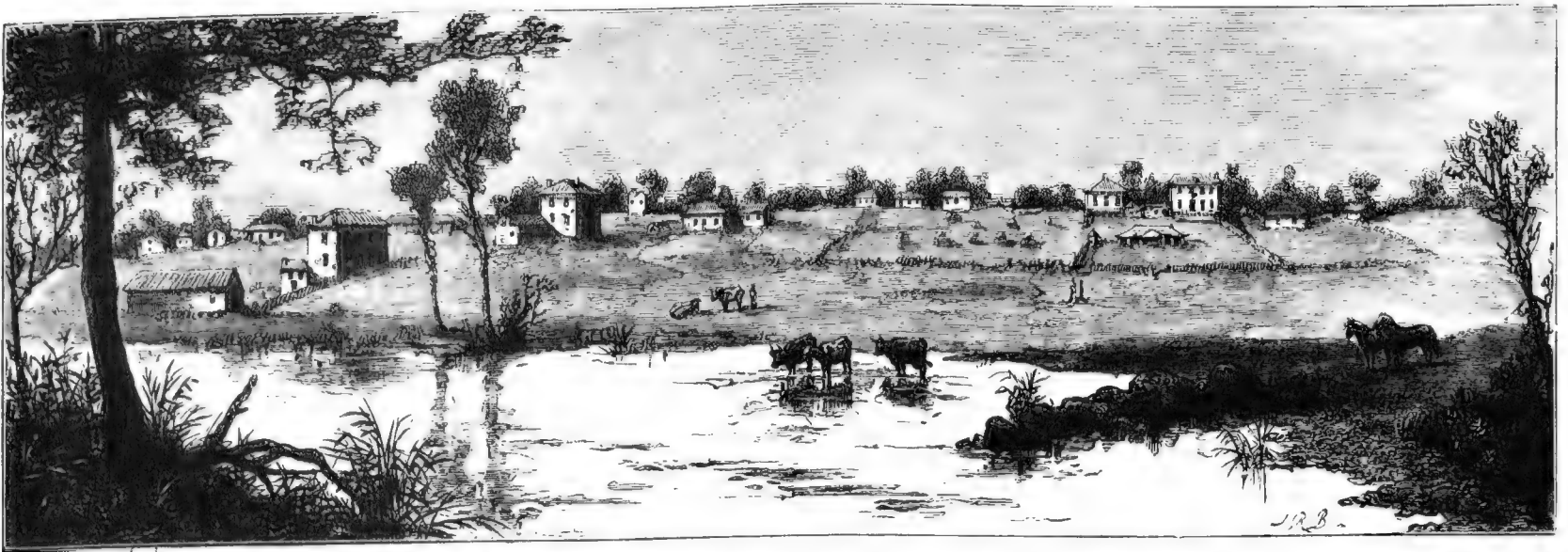
REBUILDING SALE.—ERARD PIANOS. 45s. These pianos are offered for cash, and only during the time of rebuilding.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

THE BEST NEW WALTZ.
DAS WUNDERSCHEIN (Most Beautiful) WALTZ, by CARL ROSENGARD, played with great success at the Prince of Wales Ball at Abergeldie Castle. "A really pretty and melodious waltz."—Graphic. Post free, 1s.
REID BROTHERS, 189, Oxford Street, London, W.

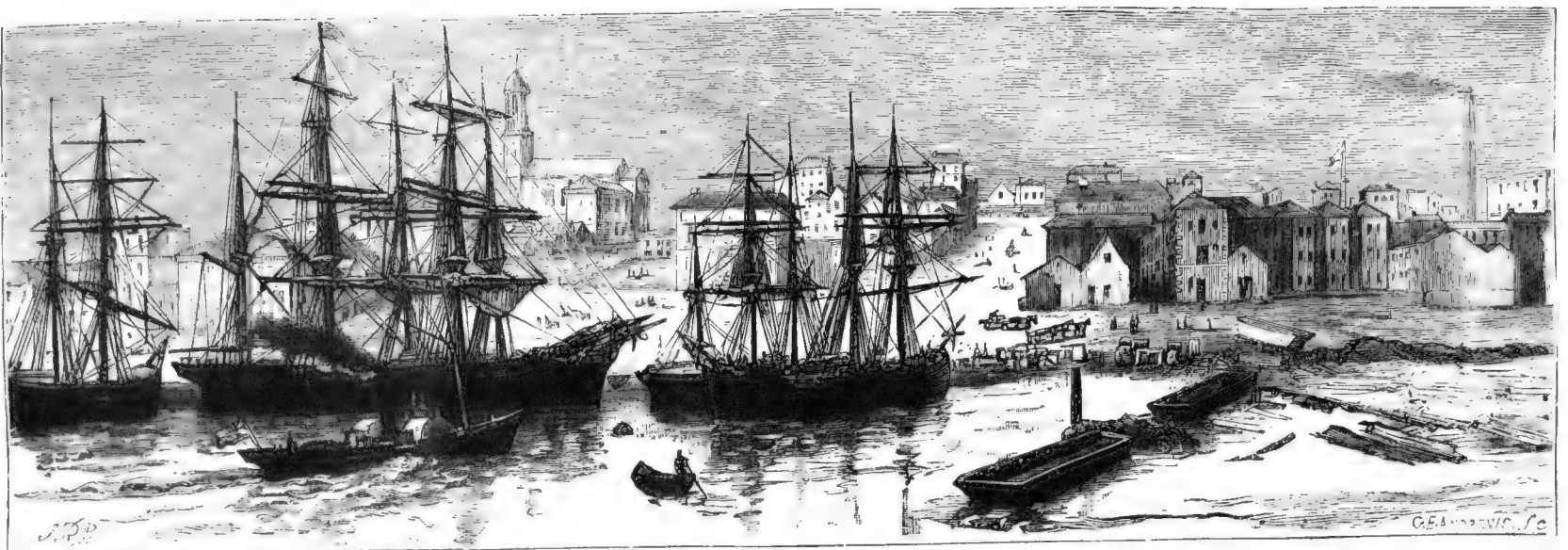
L'APREMIERE VOLÉE POLKA, by A. T. TOLLER. "This excellent and very original polka, always well received, and will shortly become very popular." Post free, 1s. 6d.
REID BROTHERS, 189, Oxford Street, London, W.

DALMAINES' PIANOS HALF PRICE.—In consequence of a change of partnership, the whole of this splendid stock, perfectly with all the modern improvements of the day by this long-standing firm, of 100 years' reputation, and in order to effect a speedy sale. The easiest terms arranged, with seven years' warranty. Trichord Cottages from hire, or taken in exchange, 4s. to 12s.
Class 0, 4s. 1d. Class 2, 4s. 2d. Class 4, 4s. 3d. Class 6, 4s. 4d. Class 8, 4s. 5d. Class 10, 4s. 6d. Class 12, 4s. 7d. Class 14, 4s. 8d. Class 16, 4s. 9d. Class 18, 4s. 10d. Class 20, 4s. 11d. Class 22, 4s. 12d. Class 24, 4s. 13d. Class 26, 4s. 14d. Class 28, 4s. 15d. Class 30, 4s. 16d. Class 32, 4s. 17d. Class 34, 4s. 18d. Class 36, 4s. 19d. Class 38, 4s. 20d. Class 40, 4s. 21d. Class 42, 4s. 22d. Class 44, 4s. 23d. Class 46, 4s. 24d. Class 48, 4s. 25d. Class 50, 4s. 26d. Class 52, 4s. 27d. Class 54, 4s. 28d. Class 56, 4s. 29d. Class 58, 4s. 30d. Class 60, 4s. 31d. Class 62, 4s. 32d. Class 64, 4s. 33d. Class 66, 4s. 34d. Class 68, 4s. 35d. Class 70, 4s. 36d. Class 72, 4s. 37d. Class 74, 4s. 38d. Class 76, 4s. 39d. Class 78, 4s. 40d. Class 80, 4s. 41d. Class 82, 4s. 42d. Class 84, 4s. 43d. Class 86, 4s. 44d. Class 88, 4s. 45d. Class 90, 4s. 46d. Class 92, 4s. 47d. Class 94, 4s. 48d. Class 96, 4s. 49d. Class 98, 4s. 50d. Class 100, 4s. 51d. Class 102, 4s. 52d. Class 104, 4s. 53d. Class 106, 4s. 54d. Class 108, 4s. 55d. Class 110, 4s. 56d. Class 112, 4s. 57d. Class 114, 4s. 58d. Class 116, 4s. 59d. Class 118, 4s. 60d. Class 120, 4s. 61d. Class 122, 4s. 62d. Class 124, 4s. 63d. Class 126, 4s. 64d. Class 128, 4s. 65d. Class 130, 4s. 66d. Class 132, 4s. 67d. Class 134, 4s. 68d. Class 136, 4s. 69d. Class 138, 4s. 70d. Class 140, 4s. 71d. Class 142, 4s. 72d. Class 144, 4s. 73d. Class 146, 4s. 74d. Class 148, 4s. 75d. Class 150, 4s. 76d. Class 152, 4s. 77d. Class 154, 4s. 78d. Class 156, 4s. 79d. Class 158, 4s. 80d. Class 160, 4s. 81d. Class 162, 4s. 82d. Class 164, 4s. 83d. Class 166, 4s. 84d. Class 168, 4s. 85d. Class 170, 4s. 86d. Class 172, 4s. 87d. Class 174, 4s. 88d. Class 176, 4s. 89d. Class 178, 4s. 90d. Class 180, 4s. 91d. Class 182, 4s. 92d. Class 184, 4s. 93d. Class 186, 4s. 94d. Class 188, 4s. 95d. Class 190, 4s. 96d. Class 192, 4s. 97d. Class 194, 4s. 98d. Class 196, 4s. 99d. Class 198, 4s. 100d. Class 200, 4s. 101d. Class 202, 4s. 102d. Class 204, 4s. 103d. Class 206, 4s. 104d. Class 208, 4s. 105d. Class 210, 4s. 106d. Class 212, 4s. 107d. Class 214, 4s. 108d. Class 216, 4s. 109d. Class 218, 4s. 110d. Class 220, 4s. 111d. Class 222, 4s. 112d. Class 224, 4s. 113d. Class 226, 4s. 114d. Class 228, 4s. 115d. Class 230, 4s. 116d. Class 232, 4s. 117d. Class 234, 4s. 118d. Class 236, 4s. 119d. Class 238, 4s. 120d. Class 240, 4s. 121d. Class 242, 4s. 122d. Class 244, 4s. 123d. Class 246, 4s. 124d. Class 248, 4s. 125d. Class 250, 4s. 126d. Class 252, 4s. 127d. Class 254, 4s. 128d. Class 256, 4s. 129d. Class 258, 4s. 130d. Class 260, 4s. 131d. Class 262, 4s. 132d. Class 264, 4s. 133d. Class 266, 4s. 134d. Class 268, 4s. 135d. Class 270, 4s. 136d. Class 272, 4s. 137d. Class 274, 4s. 138d. Class 276, 4s. 139d. Class 278, 4s. 140d. Class 280, 4s. 141d. Class 282, 4s. 142d. Class 284, 4s. 143d. Class 286, 4s. 144d. Class 288, 4s. 145d. Class 290, 4s. 146d. Class 292, 4s. 147d. Class 294, 4s. 148d. Class 296, 4s. 149d. Class 298, 4s. 150d. Class 300, 4s. 151d. Class 302, 4s. 152d. Class 304, 4s. 153d. Class 306, 4s. 154d. Class 308, 4s. 155d. Class 310, 4s. 156d. Class 312, 4s. 157d. Class 314, 4s. 158d. Class 316, 4s. 159d. Class 318, 4s. 160d. Class 320, 4s. 161d. Class 322, 4s. 162d. Class 324, 4s. 163d. Class 326, 4s. 164d. Class 328, 4s. 165d. Class 330, 4s. 166d. Class 332, 4s. 167d. Class 334, 4s. 168d. Class 336, 4s. 169d. Class 338, 4s. 170d. Class 340, 4s. 171d. Class 342, 4s. 172d. Class 344, 4s. 173d. Class 346, 4s. 174d. Class 348, 4s. 175d. Class 350, 4s. 176d. Class 352, 4s. 177d. Class 354, 4s. 178d. Class 356, 4s. 179d. Class 358, 4s. 180d. Class 360, 4s. 181d. Class 362, 4s. 182d. Class 364, 4s. 183d. Class 366, 4s. 184d. Class 368, 4s. 185d. Class 370, 4s. 186d. Class 372, 4s. 187d. Class 374, 4s. 188d. Class 376, 4s. 189d. Class 378, 4s. 190d. Class 380, 4s. 191d. Class 382, 4s. 192d. Class 384, 4s. 193d. Class 386, 4s. 194d. Class 388, 4s. 195d. Class 390, 4s. 196d. Class 392, 4s. 197d. Class 394, 4s. 198d. Class 396, 4s. 199d. Class 398, 4s. 200d. Class 400, 4s. 201d. Class 402, 4s. 202d. Class 404, 4s. 203d. Class 406, 4s. 204d. Class 408, 4s. 205d. Class 410, 4s. 206d. Class 412, 4s. 207d. Class 414, 4s. 208d. Class 416, 4s. 209d. Class 418, 4s. 210d. Class 420, 4s. 211d. Class 422, 4s. 212d. Class 424, 4s. 213d. Class 426, 4s. 214d. Class 428, 4s. 215d. Class 430, 4s. 216d. Class 432, 4s. 217d. Class 434, 4s. 218d. Class 436, 4s. 219d. Class 438, 4s. 220d. Class 440, 4s. 221d. Class 442, 4s. 222d. Class 444, 4s. 223d. Class 446, 4s. 224d. Class 448, 4s. 225d. Class 450, 4s. 226d. Class 452, 4s. 227d. Class 454, 4s. 228d. Class 456, 4s. 229d. Class 458, 4s. 230d. Class 460, 4s. 231d. Class 462, 4s. 232d. Class 464, 4s. 233d. Class 466, 4s. 234d. Class 468, 4s. 235d. Class 470, 4s. 236d. Class 472, 4s. 237d. Class 474, 4s. 238d. Class 476, 4s. 239d. Class 478, 4s. 240d. Class 480, 4s. 241d. Class 482, 4s. 242d. Class 484, 4s. 243d. Class 486, 4s. 244d. Class 488, 4s. 245d. Class 490, 4s. 246d. Class 492, 4s. 247d. Class 494, 4s. 248d. Class 496, 4s. 249d. Class 498, 4s. 250d. Class 500, 4s. 251d. Class 502, 4s. 252d. Class 504, 4s. 253d. Class 506, 4s. 254d. Class 508, 4s. 255d. Class 510, 4s. 256d. Class 512, 4s. 257d. Class 514, 4s. 258d. Class 516, 4s. 259d. Class 518, 4s. 260d. Class 520, 4s. 261d. Class 522, 4s. 262d. Class 524, 4s. 263d. Class 526, 4s. 264d. Class 528, 4s. 265d. Class 530, 4s. 266d. Class 532, 4s. 267d. Class 534, 4s. 268d. Class 536, 4s. 269d. Class 538, 4s. 270d. Class 540, 4s. 271d. Class 542, 4s. 272d. Class 544, 4s. 273d. Class 546, 4s. 274d. Class 548, 4s. 275d. Class 550, 4s. 276d. Class 552, 4s. 277d. Class 554, 4s. 278d. Class 556, 4s. 279d. Class 558, 4s. 280d. Class 560, 4s. 281d. Class 562, 4s. 282d. Class 564, 4s. 283d. Class 566, 4s. 284d. Class 568, 4s. 285d. Class 570, 4s. 286d. Class 572, 4s. 287d. Class 574, 4s. 288d. Class 576, 4s. 289d. Class 578, 4s. 290d. Class 580, 4s. 291d. Class 582, 4s. 292d. Class 584, 4s. 293d. Class 586, 4s. 294d. Class 588, 4s. 295d. Class 590, 4s. 296d. Class 592, 4s. 297d. Class 594, 4s. 298d. Class 596, 4s. 299d. Class 598, 4s. 300d. Class 600, 4s. 301d. Class 602, 4s. 302d. Class 604, 4s. 303d. Class 606, 4s. 304d. Class 608, 4s. 305d. Class 610, 4s. 306d. Class 612, 4s. 307d. Class 614, 4s. 308d. Class 616, 4s. 309d. Class 618, 4s. 310d. Class 620, 4s. 311d. Class 622, 4s. 312d. Class 624, 4s. 313d. Class 626, 4s. 314d. Class 628, 4s. 315d. Class 630, 4s. 316d. Class 632, 4s. 317d. Class 634, 4s. 318d. Class 636, 4s. 319d. Class 638, 4s. 320d. Class 640, 4s. 321d. Class 642, 4s. 322d. Class 644, 4s. 323d. Class 646, 4s. 324d. Class 648, 4s. 325d. Class 650, 4s. 326d. Class 652, 4s. 327d. Class 654, 4s. 328d. Class 656, 4s. 329d. Class 658, 4s. 330d. Class 660, 4s. 331d. Class 662, 4s. 332d. Class 664, 4s. 333d. Class 666, 4s. 334d. Class 668, 4s. 335d. Class 670, 4s. 336d. Class 672, 4s. 337d. Class 674, 4s. 338d. Class 676, 4s. 339d. Class 678, 4s. 340d. Class 680, 4s. 341d. Class 682, 4s. 342d. Class 684, 4s. 343d. Class 686, 4s. 344d. Class 688, 4s. 345d. Class 690, 4s. 346d. Class 692, 4s. 347d. Class 694, 4s. 348d. Class 696, 4s. 349d. Class 698, 4s. 350d. Class 700, 4s. 351d. Class 702, 4s. 352d. Class 704, 4s. 353d. Class 706, 4s. 354d. Class 708, 4s. 355d. Class 710, 4s. 356d. Class 712, 4s. 357d. Class 714, 4s. 358d. Class 716, 4s. 359d. Class 718, 4s. 360d. Class 720, 4s. 361d. Class 722, 4s. 362d. Class 724, 4s. 363d. Class 726, 4s. 364d. Class 728, 4s. 365d. Class 730, 4s. 366d. Class 732, 4s. 367d. Class 734, 4s. 368d. Class 736, 4s. 369d. Class 738, 4s. 370d. Class 740, 4s. 371d. Class 742, 4s. 372d. Class 744, 4s. 373d. Class 746,

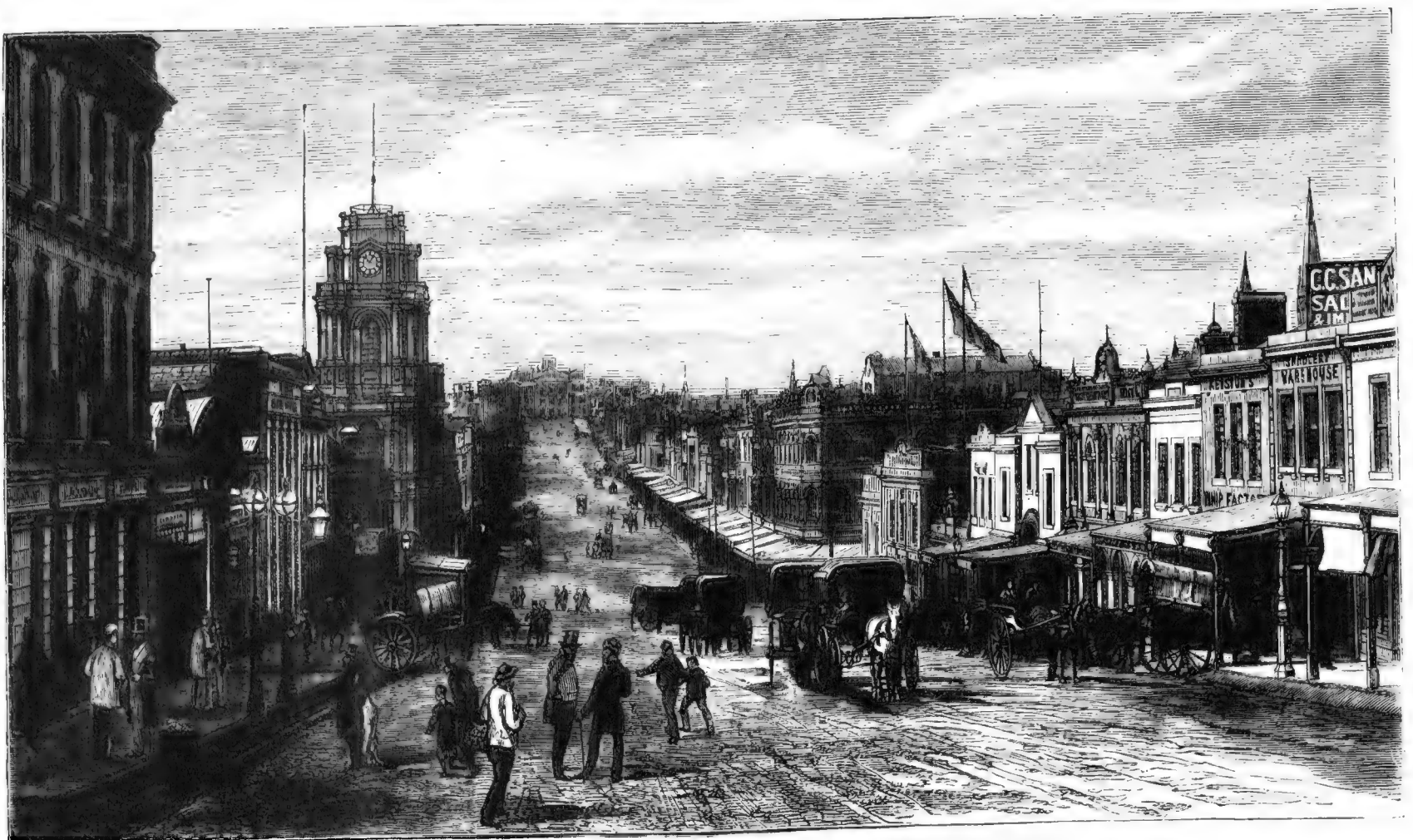
MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED



MELBOURNE IN 1838, BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD



MELBOURNE IN 1855, AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD



BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE, 1880, LOOKING EAST

MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA

THE whole of the eastern portion of New Holland—which was the name by which the great island-continent of Australia was chiefly known in the middle of the last century—was taken possession of by Captain Cook on behalf of King George the Third under the title of New South Wales. This appellation originally included the entire region from Cape York in the north, within eleven degrees of the Equator, to South Cape in latitude 43½, for the existence of the strait separating Australia from Tasmania was at that time unsuspected. Gradually, New South Wales has been despoiled of portions of her vast territory. First, she was deprived of the island of Van Diemen's Land, now styled Tasmania; then the district of Port Phillip (concerning which the present article is intended more particularly to treat) was provided with a separate Government; and finally the extensive colony of Queensland was carved out of her northern frontier.

Geographically speaking, the district of Port Phillip (now known as the Colony of Victoria) is more deserving of the name of South Australia than the neighbour to the westward which bears that name; but at the time when South Australia was being colonised Victoria was still almost an untrodden wilderness.

Some idea of the immense size of the Australian Continent may be gathered from the fact that Victoria, which lies at its southern extremity, occupies only a thirty-sixth portion of its area, and yet is almost as large as the island of Great Britain. It is of a triangular shape; it is bounded on the north and east by the River Murray and the Australian Alps, on the south by the sea, and on the west by an imaginary line, carried along the 141st parallel of east longitude, which separates it from South Australia. In the north-west there is an extensive sandy arid region, more fit for pasture than for agriculture; in the north-east there are ranges of rugged mountains, some of them covered with snow for the greater part of the year; yet taken altogether Victoria possesses more fertile land considering the relative smallness of its area, is better watered, and enjoys a climate more congenial to the constitutions of Northern Europeans than any other settlement on the mainland.

EARLY HISTORY

VICTORIA has at least twice had the good fortune to escape conversion into a penal settlement. Sydney throve so well under continuous importations of malefactors, that the Government resolved upon founding another rogues' Paradise further south. Accordingly, in 1803, Captain Collins arrived inside Port Phillip Heads, with a shipload of nearly four hundred prisoners. Luckily, he pitched on an uninviting spot, and, as no permanent water was discoverable, he transferred his criminal cargo to Van Diemen's Land, where he founded the settlement of Hobart Town. Then in 1817 Mr. Oxley, the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, solemnly pronounced that "the country south of latitude 34 degrees was unfit for the purposes of civilised man." Seven years later, however, Messrs. Hume and Hovell traversed Victoria from the Murray River to the sea, and spoke highly of its capabilities; while Major Mitchell, in 1835, was so delighted by its fertility, that he bestowed upon it the name of Australia Felix, exclaiming, "We have discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilised man, and fit to become one of the great nations of the earth!" From the days of Abraham and Lot onwards breeders of sheep and cattle in uncultivated countries have always kept their eyes keenly open for fresh pastures, and so gradually the neighbouring colonists began to look wistfully at this new land of promise.

The chief impulse came from Van Diemen's Land, which, being of small size, hilly, and densely wooded, was already fully stocked in its more available districts with sheep and cattle. Three distinct settlements were presently made on the opposite coast. In 1834 the Messrs. Henty established themselves at Portland; and soon after two distinct expeditions, headed respectively by Mr. Batman and Mr. Fawcner, landed on the site of the present city of Melbourne. The latter fixed on the mimosa-clad banks of the Yarra Yarra River, while the former selected an eminence since immortalised as Batman's Hill. In return for a choice assortment of blankets, red shirts, knives, tomahawks, and flour, Batman purchased from the natives a tract of 600,000 acres of land. This was truly a magnificent bargain, considering what Melbourne was destined to be a few years after, but the Home Government, wisely perhaps in the interest of the natives, refused to ratify the bargain.

Shortly after their landing, Batman and his companions met with a curious adventure. They were one day visited by an elderly man of tall stature, whose features and complexion, in spite of his kangaroo-skin dress, clearly showed that he was not an aboriginal. He essayed to speak, but seemed unable to do so, until, on being presented with a loaf, he pronounced the word "bread." By degrees, his native speech returned to his memory, and then he told his story. He had been a soldier, stationed at Gibraltar; and had been sentenced to transportation for an alleged mutiny. Being landed with the rest of the prisoners of Captain Collins' expedition in 1803, he and three others made good their escape. His companions perished from hunger, while he joined a party of natives, and was treated by them with marked kindness during the long period of thirty-three years. Though a man of small intellect, Buckley was of much use to the early settlers; but growing weary of their perpetual quarrels, and distressed at their maltreatment of his aboriginal allies, he retired to Van Diemen's Land, where, in his old age, he received a pension from the Government, and where, some sixteen years later, the writer of these lines saw him—a fine-looking white-headed veteran.

Fawcner and his party soon went to work in good earnest. Land was ploughed, wheat sown, gardens made, fruit trees planted, and dwellings built, while a store and tavern were erected for the benefit of the embryo community. This latter edifice, being the most palatial building in the juvenile city, though a modern Melbournian would regard it as a mere shanty, was used both as a place of public meeting and for Divine Service on Sundays.

Antiquities are soon developed in new countries, and old Victorians will remember that, even in 1852, this house was regarded as a sort of venerable relic of a bygone era.

Population soon began to flow steadily to the new colony. Flockmaster followed flockmaster, and the new arrivals pushed further and further into the solitudes of the interior plains. The first census was taken in May, 1836, when there were 142 males and 35 females in the settlement. A year later there were 500 persons in the colony, owning 150 horses, 2,500 cattle, and 150,000 sheep.

The infant settlement, which had hitherto been somewhat irregularly administered by the colonists, was now formally taken possession of by the New South Wales Government under the designation of the District of Port Phillip, and in 1839 Mr. C. J. Latrobe was appointed to act as Superintendent. The Government business was not expected apparently to be very extensive, since the supply of stationery sent down from Sydney for the clerks amounted to a quire of foolscap, a bundle of quills, a box of wafers, and a hundred yards of red tape.

An interesting relic of this period is a newspaper which was published weekly by the indefatigable Mr. Fawcner. The first nine numbers were in manuscript, and thirty-two copies were prepared by hand. From this miniature journal we learn some of Mr. Fawcner's multifarious occupations. He sold bullocks and horses, timber and stone, he kept a hotel, a boarding house, and a circulating library. But though the colony was young it was not innocent. Many of its inhabitants had been prisoners of the Crown, though now free. The second number of Mr. Fawcner's newspaper contains a fearful story of bushranging atrocities. As a set-off against this we find in the "Poet's Corner" eight lines of pretty pure-minded verse.

The colony now began to thrive apace. The publication of Major Mitchell's story of "Australia Felix" provoked a rush of emigrants from the Old Country. Sheep and cattle, land and provisions, mounted to fabulous prices. After a while these inflated prices collapsed, and many were involved in ruin. A period of severe distress followed, hundreds of labourers had to be employed on Government works, sheep that had cost five guineas were only worth two shillings a piece, till the Russian plan of boiling them down into tallow was introduced, and at a public ball given in Melbourne during this epoch every merchant was said to dance with his schedule of bankruptcy in his pocket.

The organisation of Port Phillip society at that time cannot be held up as a model for imitation; for, with the exception of a few merchants, storekeepers, and mechanics, the whole community consisted of squatters and labourers. The avarice of the pastoral interest, and the prejudices which prevailed among Home statesmen against the sale of land at a low price, prevented the establishment of the most valuable class of inhabitants which a colony can possess—namely, a body of independent agriculturists. The evils resulting from the want of such a class, and from the inability to buy land cheaply and freely, became especially noticeable after the gold discoveries.

Nevertheless, admitting that the wool interest, as it was indubitably the most powerful interest, deserved to be paramount, the colony was solidly prosperous in 1850. The flocks were numerous, Melbourne tradesmen were busy, and the attendance at schools and churches showed that the people were not utterly absorbed in the desire to grow rich.

Separation, which is only another name for Home Rule, is a favourite Australian remedy for local discontent. The original colonists of the Port Phillip district were inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land who had settled on New South Wales territory, and from the very outset they sought for independence, and desired to be free from the control of their Northern neighbours. But the Sydney Legislature showed no inclination to relax their hold on so rich a territory, whose land sales filled their coffers, and provided them with an Emigration Fund. At length in 1851, the Southern settlement was recognised as an independent Colony by the Home Government, and was rechristened by the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD

At this date (1851) there were 75,000 persons in the Colony, 25,000 of whom were collected in the town of Melbourne—a very disproportionate number, indicating the baneful effects of a system which locked up millions of acres in the hands of a few shepherd-kings. Flocks and herds had increased enormously; the Colony possessed 6,000,000 sheep and 400,000 horned cattle. Up to this time Wool had been "King," it was now, however, destined to be supplanted by a more powerful rival. No sooner had the Anglo-Americans obtained Upper California as a prize of war than they discovered there the gold which their languid Mexican predecessors had failed to notice. This discovery set men looking for gold among rocks of similar geological formation elsewhere. A "find" was speedily made near Bathurst, in New South Wales; but those auriferous treasures were speedily eclipsed by richer deposits which were unearthed at Ballarat, Mount Alexander, and Bendigo, in Victoria.

This forms the turning-point in the annals of the colony, but it is needless here to repeat at length the oft-told tale of the gold discoveries. At first the value of houses and landed property declined, because everybody rushed off to the diggings, but presently they became enormously enhanced in price, especially when hosts of emigrants poured in from England. A good many people entered the colony at this time whose company was not wanted by peaceable people, especially ex-convicts from Van Diemen's Land, who committed innumerable robberies and outrages. Nevertheless, this unexamined immigration gave the colony a start, and impressed upon it a character which it has ever since maintained, although after a few years, when gold-hunting had ceased to be a novelty, the number of emigrants fell off considerably. But the new comers of the early golden days, many of whom were persons of exceptional energy and originality, have left an indelible stamp on the colony, and especially on Melbourne, which is often

said, sometimes in disparagement, to be the most go-ahead city in the world beyond the boundaries of the American Union.

Within four years the population had increased to 330,000 persons, the imports and exports had multiplied twelvefold, and if, at that time, the Government had grappled boldly and decisively with the land question, and had ungrudgingly opened the waste lands to public selection, thousands of ounces of gold squandered in senseless dissipation would have been applied to the purchase of small homesteads, and thousands of industrious immigrants, who quitted the inhospitable colony as soon as their "pile was made," would have settled within its borders. In place of this, the Government acted timidly, and yet harshly. They doled out the land in petty scraps, to the delight of sharks and speculators, to the injury of petty cultivators; they exacted an exorbitant licence fee from the miners; and levied a weekly tribute on every poor fellow who pitched a tent on Crown land. In 1854 these grievances caused a revolt which was not quelled without bloodshed, but which taught the authorities some useful lessons, since from that time forward a more liberal policy was pursued.

MODERN HISTORY

It may appear almost absurd to speak of the modern history of a country which is not yet fifty years old; but, as already observed, the blood courses more swiftly in the veins of new nationalities than in those of sober old States. Hence Victoria, although but a creation of yesterday compared with France or Germany, may venture to map out her chronicles under three divisions. There was the Ancient Period, from the landing of Batman till the Separation; the Middle Period, which includes all the strange phenomena produced by the discovery of gold; and the Modern Period, which begins when order was emerging out of chaos at the end of 1855, and when the New Constitution was proclaimed. Victoria was independent, that is, as independent as any well-regulated colony need ever wish to be. If as much independence had been granted to our American cousins a hundred years earlier, they would very unwillingly have abandoned their allegiance to the British Crown. For five-and-twenty years now, Victoria, as well as her sister colonies, has been in the enjoyment of practical self-government. The mother country sends her nothing except a Governor, whose functions are rather of the ornamental character; all the rest of the legislative machinery is of native production. The experiment was a bold one, but on the whole it has worked well. Old-fashioned politicians may lament the frequent changes of Ministries, and still more the collisions between the two branches of the Legislature; but this is far better than the old system, when everything was managed from Downing Street or by nominee Parliaments, and when consequently the mass of the people were always in a state of discontent. At present the faults are rather in the opposite direction. The wants and interests of the wealthier and more cultivated classes are sometimes sacrificed to the supposed necessities of the many-headed multitude, while the mother country finds out that her dutiful children at the Antipodes and elsewhere signalise their acquisition of independence by building up Custom House walls as high as they can in order to shut out her goods from their markets.

The gold discoveries accomplished for Victoria more in five years than fifty years of an ordinary colonial career could have effected. At first their influence seemed to be disorganising and hurtful. Even the staple industry of the colony, sheep-farming, was for a time neglected, and the singular spectacle was presented of one of the most productive regions, naturally, in the world being almost entirely fed by foreign importations. But matters after a while righted themselves. Those who came to dig gold soon discovered that in most cases other pursuits were both pleasanter and more profitable. Most men had a spell at the diggings by way, as it were, of sowing their colonial wild oats, but they presently betook themselves to other industries. After a while, gold digging became a distinct profession. Some of its surviving votaries are prosperous men, who have altered their careers with the changed conditions of gold-mining in Victoria. The primitive old paraphernalia—the pick, the shovel, the cradle, and the tin dish—have been replaced by deep sinkings and expensive machinery worthy of Durham or Staffordshire. Those miners who still cling to the old ways have been compelled to go far afield, to the wet west coast of New Zealand, or the steamy shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria. But the great majority of Victorians nowadays (though undeniably fond, like Cornishmen, of dabbling in mining shares) are no more tempted by gold mining, as a manual labour, than Cornishmen are tempted by copper mining.

If the yield of gold were gradually to diminish until it ceased altogether, the colony would probably be no worse off than it now is. But there is no sign of such a phenomenon occurring; more than a million pounds' sterling worth of gold is raised every year, though at a far higher cost than formerly. Still the great advantage of the gold has been that it attracted a great wave of energetic adventurers to the country, many of whom stayed to settle in it, and enrich it with their industry.

It appears to be a law of Nature that the emigrant should always look back with regret on his native country, whereas his children prefer the land of their birthplace. Years ago, when Sydney was not nearly so fine a city as it now is, a young "Cornstall," who had been sent to Europe on his travels, declared on returning home that he had seen "nothing equal to George Street." Little of this sort of patriotism, therefore, is to be found in a colony until it possesses a numerous progeny of its own children old enough to take part in public affairs. But the parents may, on behalf of their children, desire to stimulate various industries by protective laws. They wish to see their adopted country a microcosm of the older countries of the world, and not a mere community of sheep farmers and gold diggers, supplying all their wants from the factories of Europe. The Protective system, to which America and Australia are so wedded, may be very heterodox, but it is not unnatural, nor does it spring from mere vulgar greed. It is really a manifestation of patriotism; the same sentiment which led the American to exclaim, "Our country, right or wrong."

Nov. 6, 1880

THE METROPOLIS

IN proportion to the number of the inhabitants of Victoria, Melbourne is twice as populous as London, for with its suburbs it contains nearly 300,000 people, while the total population of the colony does not reach 900,000. This, as before noted at an earlier stage of the progress of the colony, is not altogether an encouraging sign; one would sooner see more workers scattered over the country, and fewer congested within the city. This is partly due to the restrictive land regulations of former days, and partly to the tendency to collect in large masses which is observable of all modern civilised populations.

Melbourne has hitherto been spared the ordeals of siege, pestilence, and fire with which many older cities have been visited, but it has had one unique experience of its own. Being built to accommodate (say in 1851) about five-and-twenty thousand people, it was suddenly visited by some two hundred thousand immigrants. Not quite all at once; for most of them hurried off to the diggings as soon as they could, but still in such multitudes that for a long time thousands of them were encamped in tents on the outskirts of Melbourne Proper. The Post Office at that time was a modest wooden building with a single window for applicants; but soon after the gold fever began the whole street in which this establishment was situated was filled with a crowd eager for letters from home.

Considering its youthfulness, Melbourne is by no means a mushroom city; few of its buildings resemble those flimsy structures which are to be seen in some of the newer towns of America: the general characteristic is solidity. The wooden shanties of primeval days have been nearly everywhere succeeded by substantial structures of brick or bluestone.

The site of Melbourne is not equal to that of Sydney or Hobart Town. It is built, like Rome, on seven hills, but these hills are not of a very picturesque character. Then the pretty little River Yarra Yarra, which somewhat resembles the upper reaches of the Thames, seems scarcely big enough for the overgrown city which has clasped it in its embrace. But Hobson's Bay, with which Melbourne is connected by railway, is only two and-a-half miles distant, and on the shores of the Bay, and those of Port Phillip generally, which is a land-locked sea some forty miles across, the citizens of Melbourne have an univalued series of bathing-places and recreation grounds. And the view from the higher parts of the city, over the rugged mountain ranges to the north and east, presents many enjoyable scenic effects, especially about sunset. As in most modern cities, the streets are rectangular, but as in the original plan of the city proper of Melbourne every wide street alternated with a narrow one, some rather undesirable rookeries shortly sprang up in these less spacious thoroughfares. Little Bourke Street, for example, obtained at one time an unenviable reputation in this respect. We will forbear to speak of the International Exhibition which is now being held in Melbourne until ampler accounts reach us, and as it is proposed in future supplements to give further information concerning both the City and the Colony generally, though at the same time avoiding the familiar details which can be obtained from any ordinary guide book, we will proceed at once to describe

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

MELBOURNE IN 1838 AND IN 1855, AND BOURKE STREET IN 1880

THE three illustrations bearing the above titles, which occupy page 449, give a vivid idea of the rapid growth of the city within a period little exceeding forty years. In 1838 the town was in a very rudimentary condition, in fact it was but a few months since Sir Richard Bourke, after whom one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, and one of the counties of the colony, are named, had visited the new settlement, and had ordered the laying out of the nascent metropolis on two hills, east and west, sloping downwards to the Yarra. Seventeen years later, a wonderful transformation had taken place. As before described, Major Mitchell's enthusiastic description of the newly-found Australia Felix had attracted a large population from England in 1841, and ten years after, before an ounce of gold had been dug, Melbourne had become a bustling thriving place. It was the chief port from which the wool of the colony was shipped for England, for Geelong, at the other side of Port Phillip, was troubled with a bar at the entrance of Corio Bay, which was not removed until the commercial supremacy of Melbourne was irrevocably established. Not that Melbourne is itself too conveniently situated as a seaport, for there is a bar at the mouth of the Yarra. Still, improvements in the navigation have been, and are still being effected, while at Sandridge (the Blackwall of Melbourne) there are now two large and commodious piers, which jut out a long way into Hobson's Bay, and afford accommodation for a large fleet of vessels. In 1855 the gold fields had been for four years in existence, and an immense influx of emigrants had poured in, sometimes at the rate of 3,000 a week. The town had increased considerably in size, yet had scarcely recovered the social disruption caused by the gold discoveries. Utility rather than ornament was regarded at that time, and Melbourne could scarcely be considered a pleasant abode, house accommodation and many other of the necessities of life being very dear. Within the five-and-twenty years which have elapsed since 1855, an almost equally wonderful change has taken place. The population has not increased by leaps and bounds as during the early golden days, but the town has been transformed from a rough uncomfortable place into a metropolis worthy of any civilised country. In her warehouses, shops, parks, gardens, public buildings, institutions, and places of amusement, Melbourne can hold her own with any city in the world, as indeed she deserves to do with her population of nearly 300,000. Bourke Street and Collins Street are the two principal thoroughfares: the latter is the most fashionable, the former perhaps the most bustling. At the east end of Bourke Street are the Houses of Parliament, and if a Londoner were suddenly transported on Aladdin's magic carpet to this street on any day except a hot wind day (hot winds being unknown on the banks of the Thames), he would scarcely believe that his beloved Bow Bells were 8,000 miles away under his feet, so great is the likeness between old Mother London and her strapping daughter.—Our engravings of Melbourne in 1838 and 1855 are from drawings by Mr. Montefiore of Sydney.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

THIS is an institution which the Colonials may well be proud of, and which surprises the visitors to the Colony more than any other building in Melbourne, especially when we look back the short space of thirty years, and remember that the city was then a mushroom city, a tented field, only just growing into bricks and mortar. Now the capital of the colony has an institution for the education and improvement of its inhabitants that would do credit to any city a thousand years older in civilisation. Europeans are generally under the impression that Colonials are purely a commercial people, and that wool, tallow, and gold solely occupy their thoughts, but one cannot help coming to the conclusion when walking through the spacious antique galleries, the well-appointed library, the carefully-selected picture gallery, and the school of painting in the Public Library and Museum in Melbourne that there is more appreciation of Literature and Art in the Colonial composition than the people of the old country give them credit for.

THE INTERIOR OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

ONE can be as comfortable and as cosy in the Melbourne Library as in the dear old British Museum in London. The principal room is 240 feet in length by 50 feet in breadth, with a spacious gallery supported by Grecian columns. On either side are niches or smaller rooms crowded with volumes of all kinds of literature. There are over 100,000 books to choose from, and every facility is offered the reader. The library is opened from ten till ten. Any one may enter. There is no necessity for a ticket or recommendations. The only stipulation is to come with clean hands. This freedom of admittance is a great advantage to many in a city like Melbourne. One may often see a rough-looking miner all tattered and torn, some poor fellow who has been unlucky up at the diggings seated in the library, trying to forget the misery of his poverty for a while in perusing some favourite—may be classical author. For may not this rough-looking individual once have been a University man in the old country? Among miners there is a wonderful mixture of classes. The poor gentleman is not always the smaller section in a gold camp. There is a smaller reading-room, devoted to newspapers and illustrated weekly journals, and is well patronised by the working classes after their hours of toil. One may see them gathering from the pages of *The Graphic* or *Illustrated London News* what is taking place in far away Europe.

THE STUDENTS' GALLERY

IN the Public Library and Museum there is a Students' Gallery of the antique, which is very well attended by art students of both sexes. The casts are excellent, and some very creditable work is done by the students. A life class is about being started in connection with the school.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

HER Majesty's Representative in such an important colony deserves to be housed handsomely, especially as the exigencies of his position, which cause him to stand aloof from partisan politics, demand from him the hospitality of a social leader. And it may be broadly stated that the Governors of these self-ruled colonies are usually popular in proportion to their social qualifications. Government House is situated on the south side of the river, where lies the most favourite suburban region of Melbourne, and is surrounded by parks and pleasure grounds, the famous Botanical Gardens being close at hand. It is the largest Government House in the Colonies. The ball-room is supposed to be 30 feet longer than that of Buckingham Palace.

THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION

MELBOURNE abounds with charitable institutions. It has a hospital containing 400 beds, and treating upwards of 20,000 patients annually; a Benevolent Asylum, where a comfortable home is provided for the aged and infirm; an Orphan Asylum; an Immigrants' Home; a Sailors' Home; a Lunatic Asylum; a Blind Asylum; and lastly, not to mention others, the handsome Institution for the reception of the deaf and dumb, depicted in our engraving.

A DEBATE IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

ONLY the interior of the present House of Parliament in Melbourne is finished, but according to the designs it will be undoubtedly the finest building in the southern hemisphere. It stands on a very commanding site. The Grand Entrance faces one end of the great thoroughfare of the city, Bourke Street. The architecture is a sort of Renaissance. The vestibule and lobby of the House has the appearance of white marble. A statue of Her Majesty, worked in that material, is in the centre. On either side are the Upper and Lower Legislative Chambers, which are handsomely and luxuriously furnished, and well ventilated. This, however, does not seem in any way to prevent the hot and violent discussions which occasionally take place, and which may vie with some of the lively and not very profitable debates in our own House of Commons.

MELBOURNE EXCHANGE

HALF-WAY down Collins Street there is a busy crowd to be seen every day jostling under an iron portico, on which is inscribed in golden letters "The Exchange." During the race week the crowd increases and swells half-way across the street, greatly to the inconvenience of the traffic. For a city like Melbourne the Exchange is rather a poor building, and does not compare favourably with the excellent edifice of the kind in Sydney. Plans, however, are being prepared for a new Exchange which will hold its own with the rest of the handsome public buildings in the capital of Victoria.

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY AND NATIONAL MUSEUM

THIS University was opened as early in the history of the colony as 1855. The building, like that of Sydney, stands on a most commanding site, overlooking a large portion of the city and bay, and surrounded by 100 acres of reserve land. It is endowed by the Government to the extent of 9,000*l.* a year, each professor having a salary of 1,000*l.* a year and a residence. There are about 120 students attending lectures. All degrees granted by this University are entitled to take the same rank as if granted by any of the Universities of the United Kingdom. Attached to the University is a

Museum, which is a marvel in its way, alike in the variety, richness, and extent of its specimens. It contains some very interesting models of alluvial and quartz gold mining, besides many Australian curiosities.

AT THE RACES—THE SCRATCHING SYSTEM

SOME Antipodal wag is reported to have said, "Of course, we're fond of horses here, that's why the country's called Horse-tralia." The derivation of the name may be incorrect, but the statement is quite true, and consequently the passion for horse-racing is even more strongly developed than in the Old Country. When the Melbourne Cup is run for there is as much excitement all over Victoria and the adjacent colonies as there is among the canny Yorkshiremen who assemble on the Town Moor at Doncaster to witness the Leger. In Victoria, as in England, horses are often scratched on the eve of the race, the news being transmitted by wire, the numbers of the contestants being at the same time hoisted, so that the assembled multitude can tell by their "c'rect cards" which animals are missing.

HORSE BAZAAR

IN the early days of the Gold fever the Horse Bazaar of Melbourne did a splendid business. Any old screw or lively buck-jumper fetched a goodly price for commissariat duty to the gold camps. But now that big towns and business centres are cropping up all over the colony, the horse trade in Melbourne is a thing of the past, and the loud and not unmelodious voice of the burly auctioneer sings to a much poorer tune than in the good old days.

THE FÊTE DES MORTS

IF May is everywhere the month of flowers, November everywhere in Catholic lands is the month consecrated to the memory of the Dead. The tradition is not of Catholic origin. Ages ago, ere ever the oak-woods of Armorica had "witnessed the march of Caesar's legionaries," the first night in November was the most solemn in the whole Druidic year, the night when the Sacred Fire was extinguished and re-lit in token of the periodic death and renewal of the world, and when the souls which had passed away within the year crowded shivering on the shores of the *Baie des Trepassés* to be ferried over to the Holy Isle into the dread presence of Samhan, the judge of all departed spirits. And this tradition, still alive in France Anno Domini 999, may have been one among the many reasons which led the Church, in accordance with its ancient practice of utilising rather than extirpating pagan superstitions, to choose the Second of November, the day immediately following the Feast of All Saints, as the day for the commemoration of the common multitude who had departed life in the true faith.

Offices for the Dead were, of course, even in A.D. 999 no new thing. They have been traced indeed by Catholic writers, with greater or less probability, from Amalraire of Metz as far back as Anacleto, the fifth successor of St. Peter in the See of Rome. It was reserved, however, for Pope Sylvester II., at the suggestion of St. Odilo of Clugny—whose grand idea of a general commemoration service with intercessory prayers and alms-giving had been mightily strengthened by the report of a pious pilgrim that the dwellers on Mount Etna could hear the fiends howl in the bowels of the mountain over the souls snatched from them by the intercession of the monks—to fix for all the Christian world the season of a festival, which without any pressure from ecclesiastical authorities, has never ceased from that day onward to be one of the most popular and best observed of all the Church's innumerable *festas*.

Everywhere honoured from Paris to Palermo, in restless France the "Fête des Morts" too often offers irresistible temptations for demonstrating against the Government of the day over the grave of some bygone martyr of revolt. In Southern Germany or in Italy we still may see St. Odilo's festival in all its early and genuine simplicity.

At Rome above all, whose *Campo Santo* is scarcely in itself a glad-some spot, All Souls is made a universal holiday. The very season seems to lend itself to the occasion. The sun is bright as in the summer months, but not with the summer's all-devouring heat. The crisp autumn breezes sweeping down from the adjacent summits of the Latin hills thrill every pulse with indescribable delight. The narrow tree-shaded road to the old "pilgrimage Church" of San Lorenzo is blocked all day with vehicles of every sort in lively competition with the more modern tramway. The handsome well-horsed carriages of the wealthy few dispute precedence with active *velutini*, each this day freighted with far above their legal fare, or stubborn country carts close packed with holiday-makers of a still humbler class. Deserting for the nonce their favourite church doors, or their accustomed "pitches" in the open air, Rome's countless mendicants of either sex, halt, maimed, or able-bodied, old or young, beset the footpath in an unbroken line, stretching out their hands with the low whining cry which may serve equally for prayer or blessing or anathema, or rattling noisily their little money-boxes.

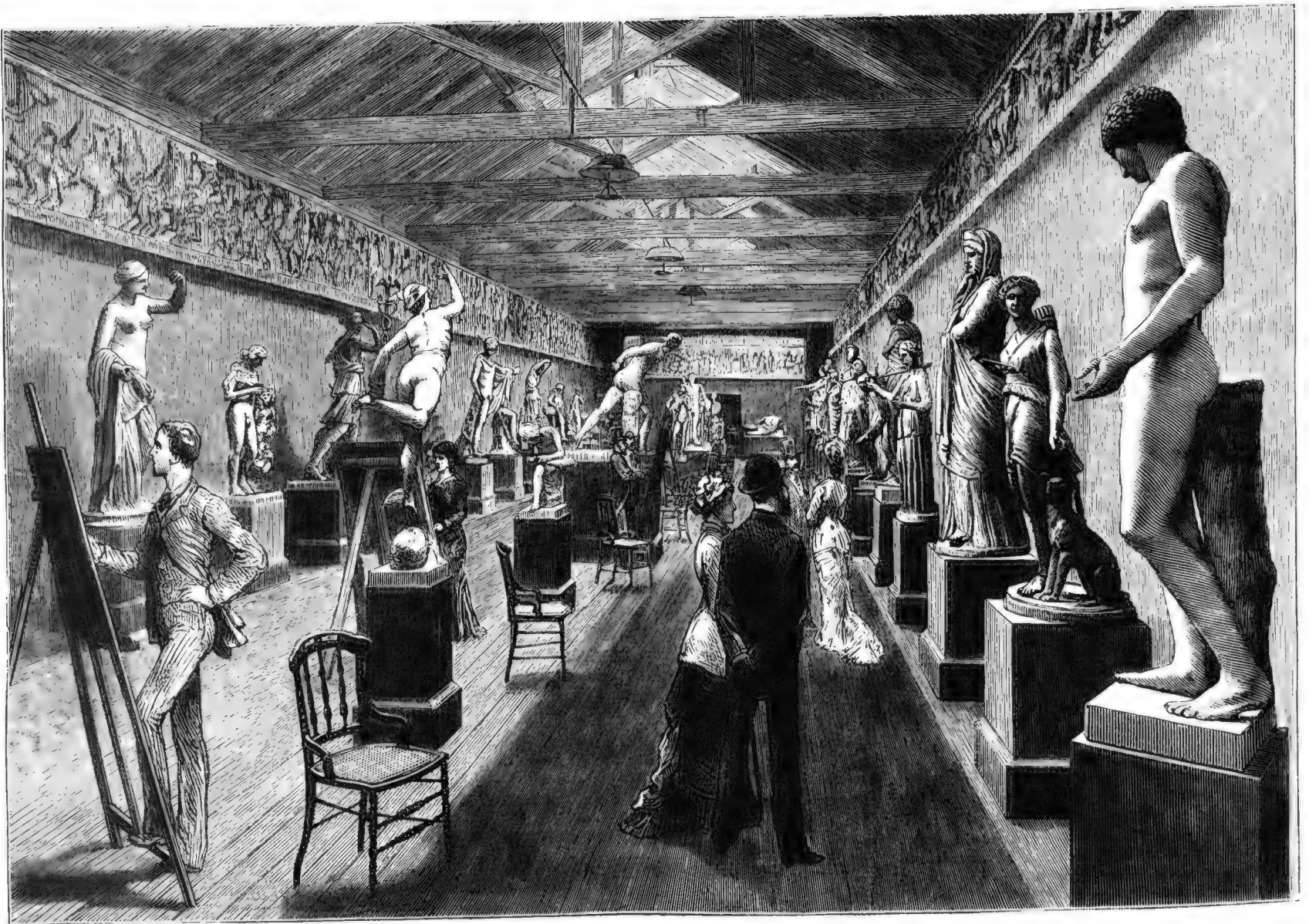
Within the cemetery every path is clogged. The colonnades of handsome family tombs, bright with frescoes, or gorgeous with marble statues, are hung around with *immortelles*, and lucent with consecrated lamps. In the central further space, where lie in ridge and furrow the lowly, but not here unremembered, dead, each little grave cross has its modest wreath, its burning lamp, with here and there an emblematic picture and simple line of dedicatory verse. Turn where you may there is no note of discord. Hang garlands on the stately monument, which liberated Rome permits to commemorate the foreigners who fell at Mentana for the Church, or drop them on the grave of the stout Republican Avezzana, and none in either case will look askance. The living come to visit the dead they loved, believing that the dead can see them and be gladdened, and have no time for mundane squabbles of politics and Governments.

As night draws on the crowds grow thinner. In the central level the dying lamps glitter like glow-worms in the gathering dusk. The holiday-makers are returning home without disorder, but in supreme content. The roadside *osterias* all along the route, where through the day the *vino padronale* has been flowing merrily, are closing now and counting up their gains. The moon-beams glimmer on the *façade* of San Lorenzo and the tufa niches of the old catacomb of San Cyriaca as the last visitor quits the ground. To-morrow, in the popular Church of Santa Maria della Pace, the favourite *predicatori* will describe in fervid monologue, or quaint dramatic discussion between "*dottor*" and "*indotto*" the three-fold existence of the indivisible Church-militant on earth, enduring in the grave, triumphant finally in the heavenly Paradise. J. K.

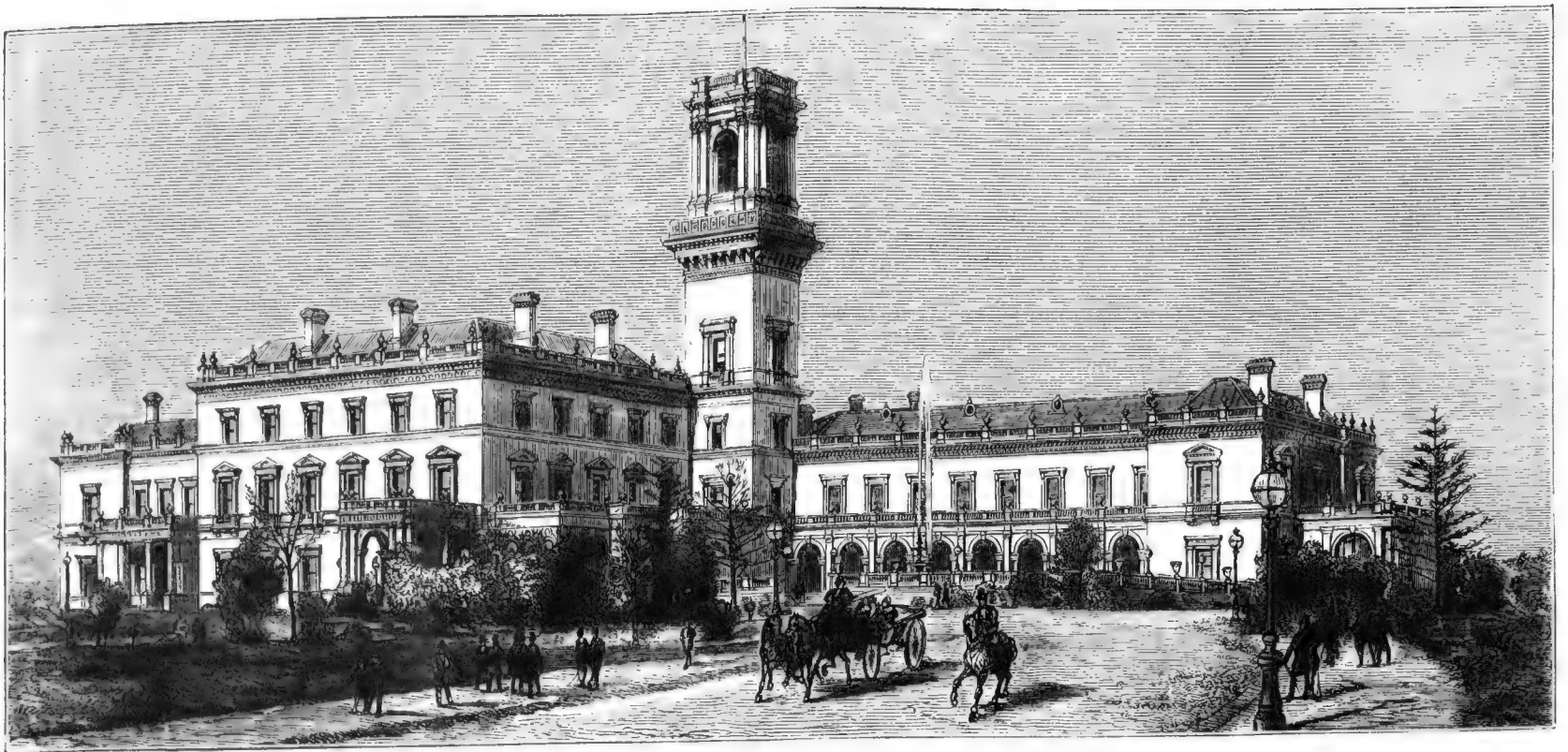
HOUSE RENT IN PARIS varies from a yearly rental of 352*l.* for a suite of apartments in the most fashionable quarter round the Elysée, or 174*l.* near the Grand Opera, to a modest rental of 12*l.* 10*s.* for rooms in the poor and working classes resorts, such as the Faubourg St. Antoine, Belleville, &c. There are now 75,000 houses in Paris, bordering more than 3,000 streets and boulevards, and their total revenue amounts to 23,200,000*l.*



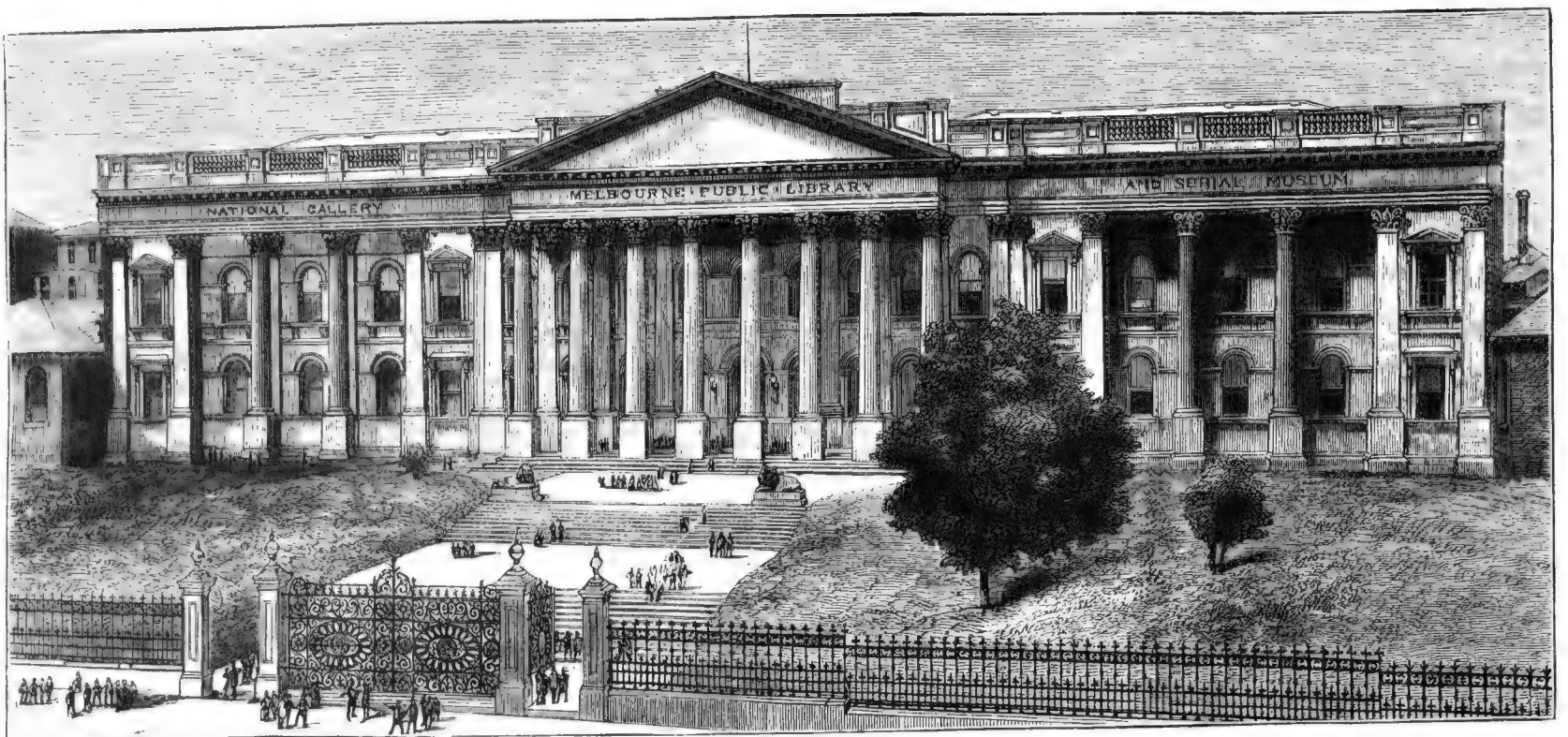
THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM



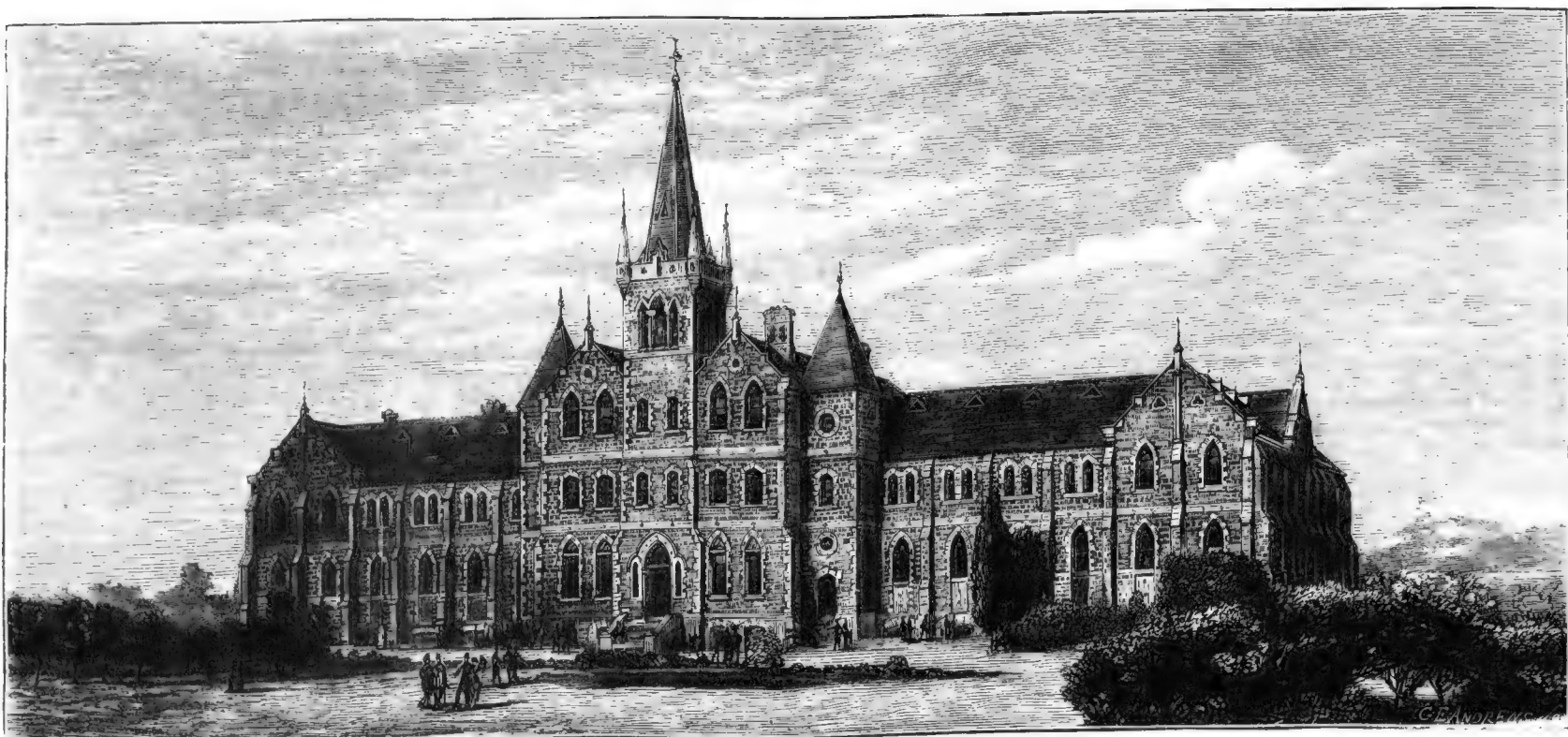
STUDENTS' DAY IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY OF THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM



GOVERNMENT HOUSE



THE PUBLIC MUSEUM AND LIBRARY



THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION, ST. KILDA ROAD

A Door with Two Locks

(Continued from page 445.)

for me during the three or four days that we remained together. I afterwards put it together in a connected form, and here it is. Blount is the speaker.

"You recollect that, just before I said good-bye to you on your departure from that little New England village of Northmere, I bought the farm and house which I had rented the year before. I made up my mind to spend my life there,—of course an absurd resolution for a fellow of my age, who had knocked about the world so much, to make. Still, I thought I was settled, this time; and the principal reason why I thought so was—Constance!

"Maybe you have forgotten that girl—Constance Cambryn? unless you remembered her by her odd name. It certainly was an odd name; I have never met with it before or since. Old English, or Welsh, of course; in fact, that was an important feature about it, as you will see directly. Well, name or no name, from the time I first set eyes on her I thought I never should forget her, either in this world or the next. I daresay you might imagine, from my rhymed stuff, or from my way of talking sometimes, or what not, that I have had a good deal to do with women in my time. But it isn't the truth. No, I fought shy of them. I was confoundedly bashful, by constitution, to begin with; that is to say, I had such a big idea of what a fellow that girls liked ought to be, that I was sure I never could come up to the standard; and was always fancying that they saw my deficiencies.

"In the second place (or perhaps it was only another phase of the same thing) I had a tremendous reverence and love for anything in the shape of a woman; my mother was such a noble creature, you know, and my little sister was such a darling girl; of course I couldn't help reverencing all other women for their sakes. Upon the whole, the consequence was I never could pluck up the courage to inflict myself upon good women; and because of their goodness, I never would have anything to do with women of the other sort,—poor things! I took it out, to some extent, in writing, as you may have heard." [I had never read any of Blount's poetry; but I did not like to tell him so. I had seen reviews of it.] "But it was a poor sort of compensation.

"When I met Constance I said to myself, 'This is the reason of it; this is what I have been waiting for!' I thought she was more nearly a perfect woman than any I had seen, and yet my dumb devil never seized me when I was with her. I felt more myself than when I was alone. Well, you are a married man; I suppose you know the sort of feeling. All I can say is, I felt it very strongly. I was in a state either of fear or of delight all the time: delight while I was with her, and, when I was away from her, fear lest she might not love me. Why should she love me? I could think of no reasonable answer to that question, and yet, when she spoke to me or looked at me, I couldn't help believing that she did—or at least that she would, some time. Was it possible that she ever had spoken to other men with the same tone and glance that she did to me? It seemed not; still I was afraid.

"You will say I might easily have ended my suspense by saying seven words to her. Well, for a long time I never even thought of that. It didn't occur to me that any such matter-of-fact, commonplace thing as popping the question ought to take place between her and me. If we loved each other, it was too deep and sacred a matter to talk about; we would know it intuitively, and thank God for it in our prayers. Meanwhile, I was thankful enough for what I had. I was as happy as I thought was good for me, and I was rather glad than otherwise of that fear; it kept me from being foolish. It was not a serious fear, you understand; it was only something I played with. Constance was so young and so frank that I was certain there was nothing hidden in her heart; and I was sure, too, that I loved her. That being the case, I argued, all would turn out well in the end; for Constance would not let me go on loving her if she never meant to return it. Oh, I dare say I was as great an idiot, in every respect, as a first love ever made out of a sensible man.

"If you had asked me to describe her, at any time, I don't believe I could have done it. She was too near me; I was conscious of her, inwardly, and of nothing but her, but I could no more detach her from my thought enough to tell how she looked, than I could see my own face. However, it is different now; time and other things have enabled me to picture her distinctly enough. I can see her, as she used to be then, at this moment, or at any moment. She was rather a tall girl, as you may remember, and neither slender nor the contrary. Her hands and eyes—always moved together; there was a sort of sympathy between them. In fact, she was ruled altogether by her eyes; whatever they expressed, that expression was carried out by everything about her—voice, motion, attitude. Ah, my dear fellow, you never saw those eyes as I saw them. There were depths in them, but no beginning of the depths—no surface. I can't tell to this day what their colour was; their colour depended upon the mood she was in, but if I had been a painter I suppose I should have tried to solve the problem by a compromise between blue and hazel,—the colour of distant woodlands after the leaves have fallen. They weren't saucer eyes, either—nothing takes away from the expression of an eye like being too big. They were of just the most effective size and shape. When they looked at me for longer than a breath or two at a time—and they did, often!—I used to be visited with a luxurious, breathless sensation; they drew me the way I most wished to go. And yet I have thought that her eyes might have been resisted if it hadn't been for her mouth. The lips were pale red, and rather broad; they met together in a line that I can liken only to the soft warble of a bird to its mate; there was the same curving sweetness. Those lips were never still; I don't mean that she talked much; but they gave out meanings when her voice was silent—eloquent, tender meanings. When she smiled, the upper lip, which was very short, drew down the tip of her straight little nose in the most bewitching humorous way you can imagine. But what is the use of my talking? Will all the words in the world portray the fragrant charm of a lovely girl?

"From a worldly point of view there were no objections to our being married. I was well enough off as regards money and that sort of thing; not a Cæsar, but quite solvent. Her mother (her father, you know, was dead) seemed to like me very well, and 'oft invited me' to stay to tea and spend the evening, and tell them my stories; and I read them some of my poems, too. All the best ones appeared to me to have been written prophetically about Constance; but I never wrote anything about her since I made her acquaintance. Constance never criticised them, either favourably or the reverse, but she would listen to them in a way which somehow flattered me more than any eulogy. Occasionally I would have her mother and her over to my place, and we would discuss alterations and improvements, and I would show them over the grounds. Mrs. Cambryn was a practical, matter-of-fact sort of woman, and liked to be consulted and appealed to. Then, in the evening, we would walk home together, I giving an arm to both of them. But what a difference between those two arms of mine; one was in heaven; the other, very much in the world.

"I was surprised to discover, one day, that Mrs. Cambryn, for all her common sense, was a spiritualist. To my thinking, spiritualism is not a humbug, but a profanation. It is wicked and perilous; it seeks to grasp at knowledge which mankind has no right to attain, and it ends in insanity. Mrs. Cambryn talked

about a new revelation; in my opinion it was an infernal revelation as well; but at first I forbore to tell her so, because she was Constance's mother. At last she invited me to a *séance*, and then I refused point-blank, and gave her a piece of my mind; and finished by asking her how she could reconcile it with her conscience to let Constance be privy to such doings? To my sorrow, she retorted that Constance was at the root of the whole matter,—that she was the 'medium.' That had never occurred to me. I instantly made up my mind that, medium or not, it was impossible that Constance could approve of the business; she was persuaded by her mother to lend herself to it, and that was all. But the idea shocked me inexpressibly, and brought me to a determination that otherwise I might have procrastinated over; to ask her to be my wife, and so remove her for ever from all danger. And I acted upon that determination without loss of time.

"Constance and I were sitting, the day after that *séance* which I did not attend, in the summer-house in my garden; and Mrs. Cambryn was reading the *North American Review* on the balcony of the house, two hundred yards away. What we had been talking about I don't remember; I broke out suddenly with,—

"What did your spirits tell you last night?"

"Don't let us talk about it," said Constance.

"Why not?"

"Because your tone was so cross when you asked the question."

"If I am cross, it is with the spirits—not with you."

"Nor with Mamma?"

"Your mamma wouldn't care if I were. But what did they say?"

"I made my voice ludicrously complaisant, so that she laughed."

"They told us something rather interesting," she said.

"Was it anything you did not know before?"

"Well, we had suspected it; but there were some strange details; and it was really quite interesting and—important!"

"What was it about? I'm interested, too, you see."

"You should have been there last night, then."

"Did you wish me to be there?"

"Yes," she said, after a pause; and she leaned a little nearer to me, and her hands moved in her lap. I put out my hand and took hers in it—a thing I had never done before. She looked at me in a startled way; but she did not resist. I wonder if her heart was beating as mine was! But I showed no sign as yet.

"Why?" I asked her, continuing the conversation.

"Because I sometimes feel afraid," she said in a low tone.

"Afraid? and revolted, too, I should think?"

"I don't know—perhaps—Mamma likes it."

"Your mother may tamper with her own soul if she pleases, but she has no right to interfere with yours. She ought to get some other medium."

"I am willing to do anything for Mamma. Besides, a strange medium would not do. We could not let strangers know what was said."

"Strangers? What are these spirits? They are strange enough, I should think! Do they pretend to be the souls of people you once knew?"

"They are friends—more than friends; and they know things—"

"Things that they have seen in your minds, perhaps: nothing else!"

"More than that. The spirit that came last night was one of our own family—at least an ancestor of ours. He lived forty years ago, in England."

"Who was he?"

"A cousin of my grandfather; his name was Edward Cambryn; he was very rich. He owned great estates in Lancashire."

"How did a cousin of your grandfather happen to be in England?"

"He went back to England to study the history of the family; he was a great genealogist. The branch of our family living there adopted him; and at last he inherited all the estates. He died mysteriously, no one knows how or where."

"Did the spirit tell you all this?"

"We knew as much as that before."

"Then he told you where and how he died, I suppose!"

"He told us where we might go, in England, to find out about it. And then—but why should I tell you? You won't believe it. I think Mamma wants me."

"Never mind your mother. As to my believing, I believe that the spirit told you something, though whether what he told were true or not, is another question. What was it? Can't you trust me?"

"Oh, I can trust you! Well, then, he told us that he had left papers entitling us to the estate; and he said he could not be happy until we had found them, and been put in possession of our own."

"Humph! Had you ever heard anything about these papers before?"

"There had been some rumours, I believe; but we knew nothing; we only thought it might be so."

"Do you believe this yourself, Constance?" I asked, after a pause.

"I think I ought to believe it."

"You ought to?"

"Mamma believes it. It seems probable. Why should it not be true? Besides, Mamma would like to go to England, and she says we are very poor."

"Does she care so much to be rich?—I say, 'So much' because, even supposing the story is all true, and that the papers were in your hands, it might take you the rest of your life to establish your claim in an English court of law. People in possession in England are not easily ousted, I can assure you. You would spend a fortune in lawyers' fees before you touched a square foot of your estates. By the way, do you know what is the value of the property?"

"Oh, a very great deal—hundreds of thousands of pounds. I believe it includes a part of a city—a part of Liverpool. We should be rich for ever!"

"You, or your great grandchildren. Do you wish to be rich, too, Constance?"

"I don't know. I never tried it."

"Constance," I said, "I haven't got hundreds of thousands of pounds, and I don't own Liverpool; but I love you, and I'll give you all I've got, if you'll let me."

"Oh, Mr. Blount, I can't—I ought not to—"

"Not unless you love me; but if you do love me then you ought to." I spoke quietly and resolutely; in fact I was amazed at my own boldness.

"I do love you," was what she said next, looking up at me with the simplicity of a child. "I do love you."

"Enough to marry me?"

"Yes—if it depended on me," she answered, blushing.

"Then we are as good as married now! Oh, Constance!"

"No—no!" she murmured, shrinking away from me.

"What do you mean by no? Who says no?"

"Mamma would say no. Oh, don't look so angry!"

"Good heavens, Constance, are you your mother's slave? What does she want to do with you? She can't prevent your marrying whom you choose. Has she told you that you must not marry me?"

"No—no. But you don't understand. She likes you very much—you must have seen that; but she thinks there will be something else—some one else; she has been told that I should marry him."

"The spirits have told her that?"

"Yes."

"Can she be so insane as to believe such nonsense? Constance, can you lend yourself to it? It is giving yourself up to the very spirit of evil! God knows, I don't speak for my own sake, but I can't bear to see this going on. What these spirits want is to ruin you, body and soul; and with their infernal cunning they have first got your mother on their side. If she will go as far as this to-day, to-morrow she might be told that she must bury you alive, or—and if you yielded, she would do it. You must not yield! You will not be guiltless, if you do. You would—"

"Hush!" said Constance, suddenly. "Mamma is here!"

"In fact, there stood Mrs. Cambryn, with the *North American Review* in her hand. She had come from the house while we were absorbed in our talk. There was a peculiar expression in her face, of mingled obstinacy and sharpness, and over all a half-embarrassed, half-defiant smile. It gave me a new impression of her character.

"I was thinking it was time we bid Mr. Blount good-bye," she said, addressing herself to her daughter.

"But I was now thoroughly aroused,—in a mood in which I would have faced the devil himself."

"It is my duty to tell you, Mrs. Cambryn, that your daughter and I love each other,—the words have been spoken between us."

"I am so sorry! I almost feared as much," she returned drily.

"There is nothing to fear. I have money enough to support her well. If you want references of any kind, I can give them to you."

"Indeed, Mr. Blount, I want nothing of the kind. Why should I?"

"I merely mentioned it because I believe such things are customary, when a man asks a woman in marriage. But I thank you for your confidence, Mrs. Cambryn. I need not say that, when Constance is my wife, your home will be with us."

"This is very kind of you, I'm sure, but I cannot think that Constance will ever be your wife."

"Do you forbid her?"

"I don't forbid her; she is of age, or nearly so, and could disobey me if she chose. But I cannot think she would marry you, Mr. Blount, though I'm sure she must feel highly complimented by your offer; and so do I. But Constance is aware that—that her destiny would not admit of her accepting it."

"Spirit-rapping and table-turning are not destiny! Constance has told me that she loves me, and that confession has destined her to be my wife!"

"Connie, dear, is Mr. Blount right in thinking all this?" the mother asked, turning to her daughter. The latter, during our dialogue, had been sitting with her hands folded on her knees, and her eyes downcast. She now said, without altering her position,

"It is true that I love him."

"I can well understand that," rejoined Mrs. Cambryn composedly; "Mr. Blount is, I feel sure, a gentleman whom any girl might find lovable. But we do not live in an age when love can be put before everything. We have duties to perform to society and to ourselves; to neglect them for the sake of love would be selfishness. It is no slight to you, Mr. Blount, if I say that Constance is destined for a higher sphere than to live here as your wife. It is no slight to you, and neither is it any credit to her. She is a good girl, but there are many as good as she in the world, and one of them, I have no doubt, may be so fortunate as to make you happy some day." (At this Constance made an involuntary movement, and glanced up at me with a piteous, appealing look; but when her mother continued to speak, she dropped her eyes again.) "Some women are born to be queens and empresses; through no merit of their own, but because it is their fortune. Many of them, I dare say, would have been glad to pass a quiet life of domestic happiness and contentment; but Destiny called them elsewhere, and they were bound to obey. It is the same with Constance. She is not to be either a queen or an empress, but she is to inherit a great estate in England, and marry a great man there—a great nobleman. I cannot provide her such happiness as she might have had with you; but that is neither here nor there. And if you love her unselfishly, Mr. Blount—which I don't at all question—you will not at all add to her unhappiness by trying to turn her from her duty. She sees it as clearly as I do, and I am sure she will fulfil it."

"All this bewildered me. The style and tone of Mrs. Cambryn's harangue was quite in keeping with the idea I had previously had of her; but at the same time the opinions and the application of them were so unexpected and astounding that I could scarcely believe she was indeed that mother of Constance whom I had fancied I knew so well—whose measure I thought I had taken so completely. Such a grotesque mingling of a common-sensible method and manner of expression with ideas so hopelessly perverted, and credulity so abject, I had never conceived of till now.

"Are you in sober earnest?" I involuntarily asked her.

"Ask Constance if I am not," returned she, with one of her peculiar dry smiles.

"I shall demand no confirmation of your ideas from Constance; these infernal conjurations of yours may have given you some unlawful dominion over the girl, for aught I know. But I wish you to tell me whether you honestly believe, on the authority of what you call spiritual communications, that Constance is to become the wife of an English nobleman, and inherit an estate."

"I don't say that the testimony of the spirits would not be enough, even if it were not supported by collateral evidence; but as it happens to be so, and as I infer that such evidence would have more weight with you, I have no objection to letting you know what it is. Constance has already told you, I believe, that this estate is known to exist, and to have been formerly in possession of our family?"

"That is no proof that it will ever come into your possession again."

"Certainly not, when taken by itself. But that is not all. The cousin of Constance's grandfather—"

"I know about that, too. It is a mere rumour, and can never be substantiated. And even if it were, as I said to Constance just now, it does not follow that you could do anything. You would need a fortune nearly as big as that you expect to get in order to bring your claims before the Courts."

"I think you exaggerate a little; I know there are plenty of lawyers who would be glad to undertake the case on speculation,—for a share in the profits when they were realised. Still, I will admit that I should not care to risk everything even on so good grounds if there were nothing else to encourage me; I am a person not without judgment and discretion, Mr. Blount, as I should have thought you might have known before now. Nay, I will be quite frank with you,—though I am not sure that you deserve it,—and say that until very lately, until this morning, in fact, I should have been disposed to listen to your suit for Constance's hand."

"It was only this morning, then, that you lost your senses?" I retorted angrily.

"I am sorry to find that you can be rude as well as incredulous," replied she with a sarcastic inflection. She opened the *North American Review*, and took from between its leaves an envelope bearing an English stamp and postmark.

"I received this by the early post to-day," she said. "It is an answer to an advertisement which I have had inserted, for several months past, in the principal English newspapers. If you look through it, you will see that I have not been so much the victim of a delusion as you suppose."

"She handed it to me as she spoke. I opened it and read it. It was dated Liverpool, and was written in a small handwriting. It stated, in effect, that the writer was a relation of the English branch of the Cambryn family; that he was well acquainted with

Nov. 6, 1880

the facts in relation to the Cambryn estates; that these were at present held by parties in accordance with a conditional provision of adverse possession in the absence of any discovered will of the late owner, Edward Cambryn Esq.; but that in case such will should be found, and be still operative, the estates would revert to the heirs of the late Philip Cambryn, Edward's cousin. The writer added that the place and manner of death of Edward Cambryn were not at present known; but that he had a clue, by following out which he confidently expected to clear up this obscurity, and at the same time bring to light the missing documents. He further said that he had received a legal education, which would qualify him to take charge of the case; and that he intended, as soon as possible after the despatch of this letter, to follow it to America, and do himself the honour to call upon Mrs. and Miss Cambryn, and receive their instructions; to carry out which to the best of his ability would be to him a labour of love. The letter was signed 'Arthur Cambryn Fellowes.'

"A very clever composition," said I, returning it to Mrs. Cambryn. "Of course you believe everything Mr. Fellowes says?" "In the absence of any reason for disbelieving him—yes. Moreover, we were warned last night that such a letter as this might be expected, and that the writer of it would afford us the greatest assistance in prosecuting our claim."

"In point-of-fact, I was more taken aback by this new turn of events than I was willing to confess. The scheme had a certain plausibility in its present aspect, and I could well understand with what force it must recommend itself to Mrs. Cambryn, not only as chiming in with her previous hopes and convictions, but as confirmed by her spiritual prognostications. Under such circumstances it was plain that arguments of mine would be of no avail; Mrs. Cambryn would have an answer ready for my every objection. My sole dependence must be, not on logic, but feeling; and on the feeling not of the mother but of the daughter. But here I was again in doubt; for though I knew that Constance loved me, and that her heart was therefore legitimately mine, I could neither estimate nor comprehend the strength and nature of the hold her mother had upon her. The fact that Constance was a 'medium' made it probable that she might be liable to have her will influenced or moulded by that of a person more resolute than herself; and there was unfortunately every reason to suppose that Mrs. Cambryn was such a person. While therefore her natural desires and instincts would lead her to me, it might be possible for her mother to compel her, by a mere act of volition, to act and speak in contradiction to those impulses. Thus the situation presented itself to me as a direct conflict of evil against good; and the arena of that conflict must be Constance's heart."

"Am I to understand that you have any definite intentions as to the disposal of your daughter's hand?" I said to Mrs. Cambryn.

"Perhaps you are scarcely entitled to ask the question," she answered. "Still, I see no objection to telling you that I have. The present owner of the estates is a man of forty, and a bachelor. You may have heard his name—Lord Roscoe. It is my intention, as soon as our title to the property has been made clear, to propose an alliance to him, in virtue of which right would be done on both sides; we should come into our legal possessions, and he would not suffer for what is not, after all, his deliberate fault. By becoming the husband of Constance, and in no other way, will he be able to do us justice and to escape from impoverishing himself."

"Will you marry Lord Roscoe, Constance,—if he will have you?" I asked, turning to her.

"It is not for me to say," was the reply. But her tone was reluctant and scarcely audible; and I noticed that while she spoke, her mother kept her eyes steadfastly fixed upon her, as if to control her very thoughts.

"Mrs. Cambryn," said I, "I have a proposal to make which, as it may recommend itself to you from a business point of view, it is possible you will accept. There is no reason that I know of why you should be tender of Lord Roscoe; you may depend upon it that he will not be tender to you. English lords are not in the habit of marrying American girls, so far as I am aware, even when the American girls have ousted them from their estates; so that scheme may fall through in any case. But if you consent to let Constance be my wife, I will devote my whole fortune to endeavouring to restore to you what you consider your rights. I am free to tell you that it is only the depth of my love for her that induces me to promise this; I do it to save her from the unworthy and degrading fate which she seems to lack strength to struggle against on her own account; not because I believe the attempt will succeed, or because I should expect any real good or happiness to come of its success. Still, I will do the utmost that can be done, if you will let her be my wife."

"This is very kind of you," said Mrs. Cambryn, after a slight pause. She restored the letter to its place between the leaves of the *Review* with a meditative air; and there was a further silence. She was evidently turning the matter over in her mind. She was not yet so far gone in her infatuation as not to perceive that I was offering her a bird in the hand, and that it possessed at least the proverbial degree of value compared with those in the bush. As I watched her, and felt how much hung upon her decision, it angered me to think that so cold-hearted and worldly-minded a woman as I now knew her to be should hold such power for good and evil in her hands. And Constance was watching her too; though she sat ostensibly as quiet as ever, a slight but perceptible tremor pervaded her body and quivered about her lips. Poor girl! I would have given the best years of my life to see her spring to her feet, and break asunder the invisible chains that her mother's ambitious cupidity had laid upon her, and come to my arms and confess herself mine! But that was not to be.

"I am afraid I must decline," said Mrs. Cambryn, looking at me with that odd expression of cunning obstinacy in her face. "I must decline, for Connie's sake."

"I made no reply; but I thought it would be a good deed if I killed the woman where she stood."

"Besides," she went on, "it would not be right to ask you to make such a sacrifice; it would not be right, and it is not necessary. You confess that your conscience is opposed to helping us in this way, and it is never well to act against one's conscience. And then, valuable though your help would be, things have so arranged themselves that we can do without it; this Mr. Cambryn Fellowes will act in our interest, and he does not share your misgivings. And there is another consideration, which will, I fear, have no weight with you, but which I could never bring myself to disregard; and that is, the declared will and revealed prophecy of the spirits. They have told us that Constance is to be the wife of a peer of England; and it would not be right, even if it were possible, to act in opposition to their decrees. So you see, Mr. Blount, I have really no choice. I am very sorry. And so is Constance,—sorry to disappoint you. But there is really no help for it. Come, Connie, we must say good-bye to Mr. Blount now, and go home."

"Constance arose, slowly and with a perfunctory air, or as if she were in a dream. She gazed vaguely about her, and moved her hands in a groping way. I fancied she was going to fall, and quickly stepping forward, I took hold of one arm. At the same moment her mother grasped her by the other."

"Constance," I said, passionately and almost violently, "come to me—come where you belong! Be my wife, so that I can protect you. Do not be afraid—come! All the spirits in hell shall not harm my wife!"

"It seemed to me that, as I spoke, she inclined towards me; her eyes rested on mine, and her lips murmured something scarcely

articulate. She was on the brink of surrender; a touch more, and I would have her for ever."

"Connie, my child," said Mrs. Cambryn's dry voice from the other side, "do not forget your duty—be yourself!"

"She wavered between us for a moment; then she gently but decidedly drew her arm away from me, and went over wholly to her mother."

"Do you give me up?" said I, between my teeth.

"She was silent; but Mrs. Cambryn said, in a tone just touched with mockery,

"Mr. Blount asked you a question, my child."

"Then Constance, with a mechanical, unmodulated utterance, and looking rather at her mother than at me, said,

"It is hardly generous of you to press me so, Mr. Blount. I feel a great esteem for you, but I could never be your wife under any circumstances. I have a duty to perform, and my heart as well as my will are set upon it. Please do not ask me any more; do not—not—"

"She ceased, as a child might have done, who had forgotten the piece it had been set to learn; and her face assumed a vacant expression. Her mother drew her away, and they walked down the avenue to the gate, leaving me standing at the summer-house door. Just before they passed out of sight, Mrs. Cambryn turned partly round, and courteously waved the *North American Review* at me; but Constance moved mechanically on, and made no sign."

END OF PART I.



MESSRS. WEEKS AND CO.—Some of our readers may not be aware that, according to an ancient legend, the sea was inhabited by sea-men and women, who one day in every year left the sea, dropped their sealskins on the sands, and played for twelve long hours amongst the cornfields and flowers. When night drew on they returned to the shore, slipped on their sealskins, and dived into the sea. But woe to those whose skins were stolen in the interim of their departure and return. In the present age of sealskin jackets many seals would have lost their skins to errant furriers in search of materials to supply land maidens with fashionable attire. E. Keary has written a historical note on this theme, and "Monica" has set it to music. For a children's party or merry Christmas gathering "Little Sealskin" will please the young folks, although it is somewhat too lengthy. No. 1 of "Songs for Girls' Schools," written and composed by S. Grey and Laura Willock, is well calculated for the purpose intended; it is called "Sunshine," written in two parts; it would be better in three or four, as the pupils of Miss Buss's School, to whom it is dedicated, could easily undertake more full harmonies, and the result would be more effective.

The music of "Troubled Conscience," a song, published in C and E flat, by A. Gollmick, is well adapted to the gloomy, depressing words, imitated from the German of Count Strachwitz by Talbot Earle. There is true pathos and wholesome sentiment both in the music and words of a contralto song, "Anchored at Home," written and composed by Arthur Matthison and Berthold Tours. Pleasing poetry by A. Lamont, wedded to a simple melody by E. H. Turpin, will ensure popularity for "The Seed and the Thought," a ballad of medium compass. The pretty poetry of "Always," taken from *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, is superior to the music, by Robert B. Addison. "Organ Pieces, in Various Styles," composed by F. E. Gladstone, Mus. Doc., consist of Eight Short and Easy Preludes, Three Voluntaries, Three Fugues, a Funeral March, and a Postlude, each and every one carefully written. This neat little volume will be found a useful companion for the amateur organist and student, as there are no actual difficulties therein. Three fairly original pieces for the pianoforte are "Chanson Espagnole" and "La Gracieuse," by H. Housley; and, prettiest of the group, "Chanson d'Été," by H. J. Edwards—a smoothly written, flowing melody.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A quaint vein of humour runs through "The Scarecrow," the comic words of which, by C. J. Rowe, are set to a grave melody, in a minor key, by Ch. Gounod. Four specimens of dance music, of more than average excellence, are "The Ritz-Ratz Polka" and the "John Peel Polka," by J. M. Coward, both of which are very danceable, and the time well marked; and two melodious sets of waltzes, "The Lovers," by Charles d'Albert, and "Liebe und Hoffnung," by Rudolph Herzen. Two months in advance of the festive season comes the Christmas number of the "Musical Bijou," one of the cheapest shilling's-worth out. Foremost amongst the contents of this prettily got-up number are the "Singing Quadrilles," on airs from Georges Bizet's popular opera, *Carmen*; besides other Quadrilles, Waltzes, and Polkas, by popular composers, there are some Country Dances, Reels, Strathspeys, and the Highland Schottische, all of which will be specially welcome at informal Christmas dances.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—The pathetic and beautiful poem by Mrs. Hemans, "The Better Land," has been many times set to music, but never with more success than by James Broughton, who wrote to these words a very charming part song for the Leeds Festival 1880, where it was much and deservedly admired. The hand of a practised musician is visible in "The Willow Tree," a clever song by Walter Macfarren, which requires careful study to do it justice, and will be greatly admired by the few who appreciate it. The rapturous poetry is by Lancelot Bruce. The above-named composer is more at home in a "Toccata," which will often be heard with pleasure, not only at the R.A.M. Concerts, but beyond the precincts of Tenterden Street. Two highly satisfactory pianoforte pieces by Cotsford Dick are "Romance" and "Belinda," a gavotte. The former is by far the more original of the two. The title of "Two Hearts and One Beat" is the most novel part of a galop by Louis Engel for the pianoforte; the time is well marked.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—Three moderately difficult but very pleasing pieces for the pianoforte by Edouard Marlois are: a masterly transcription of a sacred melody by Don Dominico Carmusci, entitled "Salve Regina"; a transcription of Franz Alti's famous song, "The Three Great Choirs"; and a transcription of a "Gavotte de Concert," by Corelli. Those of our readers who assisted at the Ober-Ammergau Play will appreciate an "Idyll" for the pianoforte by Carl Hause, whilst those who were absent will not fail to admire the *morceau*. On a par with the above are three pianoforte pieces: "Impressions Poétiques" (*Au Bord de la Mer*), two graceful trifles by A. Erzmman and J. B. Wekerlin, scarcely of sufficient importance to need two *collaborateurs*; a "Lullaby" (*berceuse*) for the pianoforte by Max Schröter; and "L'Ange du Matin," a *revue* on a melody by C. L. Fischer, transcribed by Guillaume Noir. A brace of pretty trifles for the pianoforte, by F. W. Hird, are "Two Musical Sketches"—No. 1, "Barcarolle"; No. 2, "Aria Cantabile."

MESSRS. ASHDOWN AND PARRY.—For a baritone or contralto, "To the Clouds," a narrative song, written and composed by T. Campbell and J. W. Elliott, will make its mark; the words are idiomatically translated from the German. The admirer of classical music will appreciate "Hommage à Mozart," a pianoforte duet arranged by J. Baptiste Calkin with skill and taste. "Two Impromptus" for the pianoforte, by Johannes Weingartner, are brief,

simple, and well written, but not bright enough to merit their title "In the Spring;" the one is an *allegro con spirito* in F, the other an *allegro vivace* in the same key.

B. WILLIAMS.—Two very pleasing songs are "In the Sweet of Year" and "Good Speed and Welcome," written and composed by D. Christie Murray and Ciro Pinsuti; the former is published in G and B flat; the latter in F and G.—A showy and not difficult pianoforte piece is "The Midnight March," by L. Williams.—A very pretty frontispiece will attract attention to "The Zephyr Polka," the tuneful music of which is by L. Williams.

MESSRS. RICORDI.—Better than might be expected from the quaint but cramped music of A. Boito's opera, *Mefistofele*, adapted for ordinary dance music, are a Waltz, a Mazurka, a Polka, a Quadrille, and a Galop, arranged by J. Bergmeier and L. Rivetta, on the leading themes from this opera. The first, third, and last-named are by far the most danceable of the group.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Taken as a whole, "Songs for Little Children in the Sunday School and Home" are disappointing. The high-flown preface professes "perfect simplicity," and some of the tunes are melodious enough to catch the ear of a little child, but others are only suitable for cultivated ears and voices; there is no more difficult task than that of writing really pleasing tunes for children; the poetry is far better than the music of this volume. Both words and music, with some few exceptions, are by Henry K. Lewis (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton).—The music of a desponding dismal ballad, "It Can Never Be," is on a par with the words, the former is by C. Jackson, the latter by E. Oxenford (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).—Brother F. J. Croger has done his best to entertain himself and his friends by composing and publishing "The Masonic Muse—Amusement with Music;" such is the collective title of six facetious narrative songs, which will doubtless raise many a hearty laugh amongst his friends, acquaintances, and members of the craft (Messrs. Spencer and Co.).—Again we come upon a dismal song, this time with a moral, "A Dream of Two Worlds," written and composed by Knight Summers and Ciro Pinsuti; both words and music are well meaning, but lack the earnest ring which may be looked for from this clever poet and gifted musician (W. D. Cubbitt and Son).—Inspired by the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, "The Better Land," J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc. has composed a fairly good and melodious setting, scarcely calculated to take precedence of many other musical adaptations to the same words (Messrs. Cunningham Boosey and Co.).—Nos. 11 and 12 of "Perles Classiques" are Chopin's "Etude in A flat major" and Weber's "Adagio in C major," edited and fingered by Carlo Tieset. Few of the current musical publications of the day are more satisfactory than this complete series (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—"The Pompadour Gavottes, in F and D minor," by Conrad Herman, are but commonplace specimens of their well-worn type; the composer may do well if he strike out in a more novel direction (J. Brown).—Two very fair specimens of their type are "March of the Monks," by R. Coverley, and "Marche Triomphale," by F. N. Birtchnell; the one published by Messrs. C. Salter and Son, the other by Alphonse Bertini. Six examples of dance music, more or less satisfactory, are "La Joie Polka," by Robert Coverley; fairly good (Messrs. C. Salter and Son); "Polka Joyeuse," by Wilford Morgan, quite unworthy of his reputation (Messrs. Morgan and Co.); "Emil Waldeufel's" "Christmas Album," which contains five of his most commonplace waltzes, and will do his well-earned reputation as a dance writer more harm than good (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day); "The Aurora Polka," by S. L. Roberts (Messrs. W. Morley, Jun., and Co.); "The Theresa Waltzes," by J. Cooke, Jun. (Composers' Publishing Company); and "La Roselle Valse," by E. Rosenkrantz (A. Hammond and Co.).

NOTE.—The full title of the song, written and composed by Mrs. Baines and Mr. W. H. Holmes, recently noticed in these columns, is "Memories Sweet and Sad."

MISTYSTED

I FEEL the night as I wud choke,
I feel I canna breathe within;
My mither threeps that women fowk
Sud ever bide at hame an' spin;
I trow when fatter used tae spiel
The brae, and whistle o'er the moor,
She didna' sit an' birl her wheel,
An' never look ayont the door.

Sae I wud wander doon the brae
Whaur him an' me strayed ilka e'en;
An' think, as a' my lane I gae
On a' the joy that micht hae been.
They say a bonnier lass he's foun'—
Ah weel, t' at was na' ill tae do—
But he maun seek braid Scotland roun'
Or ere he licht on aye as true.

I wunner if her heart docs beat
Whan in the gloaming he comes len;
Is it that sair, she fain wud greet,
Whan he gangs ower the door again?
I wunner is she far ower blate
Tae raise tae his her happy ee,
For fear the joy, she kens is great,
Is mair than, maybe, he sud see?

I wunner docs he cast a thocht
On aye, wha ance was a' tae him;
I wunner—whiles mair than I ocht,
Till heart is sair an' een are dim—
Ay, here the sun sank red an' roun',
An' here we heard the laverock's sang,
An' here was whaur we sat us doon,
Here whaur the burnie flashed alang.

Last year, we daun'ered doon the braes,
Last year we heard the gowk's first cry;
Last year, we pu'd the nuts an' slaes,
An' watched the honey bees sail by;
An' here, a mavis built her nest,
Close underneath the auld stone wa',
But ane her peacefu' hame has guessed,
An' stole the mavis' nest awa'.

My mither says she's fairly sick
To see me gang a' day an' mourn;
When lads, she says, are aye as thick
As are the haws on ilka thorn.
Ay, an' the gowk 'ill come next year,
The mavis fin' anither hame;
The burnie dance alang as clear,
The bees gang singing ower the kaim.

The nuts an' slaes hang ripely doon,
An' lads an' lassies pu' them fain;
An' hearken tae the laverock's tune,
When next year shall come roun' again.
It's this my mither aye has said,
She doesnae see sae clear as I,
That I hae reeled aff a' my thread,
An' laid my rock an' reels a' by.

L. A. JOHNSTONE



MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED—A DEBATE IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF THE VICTORIAN PARLIAMENT



THERE has long been a movement in favour of independent English fashions from whence Parisiennes may not blush to take a hint; whilst, on the other hand, we may not be ashamed to own the French origin of some of our prettiest costumes. A thousand and one reasons might be given why a Frenchwoman, with a certain income, can indulge in a far more expensive toilette than can an Englishwoman with the same credit at her husband's or her own banker's; but we must not trespass upon our space to give them.

The Princess of Wales *on dit* has announced her intention of leading the fashions this season, and her sisters-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Connaught, have promised to obey her behests. A series of sweeping reforms are announced, foremost amongst which is the banishment of the Jersey, which has been completely perverted from its original design, when the Princess first wore it on board her yacht, made in dark blue serge. Gradually this jacket has degenerated into an immodest garment of flesh pink, sky blue, or cream white, so thin and elastic as to show every line and movement of the wearer's form, suitable only for a circus-rider, to be worn with a gauze spangled skirt.

The long straight fringes on the face are condemned, as is also the so-called Tam o' Shanter hat, which has lost its original form and purpose as much as the Jerseys have done; some of the variations upon it, made in crimson plush, with crumpled brims and fanciful ornaments, such as bears, elephants, and other wild or tame animals, or their claws, are utterly devoid of taste.

Again, the skirts are to be worn flowing at the back, and put into the waist with fine gathers carried round even to the front breadth. This is surely a death-blow to the sheath-like skirt of the period, which is so completely out of place with a really short costume. For this foggy, muddy month, and, in fact, for the winter quarter, short dresses will be worn by all who, from choice or necessity, walk out daily in spite of the inclement atmosphere. All who have worn a short skirt, *bien entendu*, not one which touches the ground, but clears it by at least three inches, will acknowledge the comfort of having the hands free, and no trains to wind round ankles; at the same time it must be candidly owned that in a room the short skirts are very ungraceful.

When, for example, after a day's shopping or amusement in town, we go to dine with a friend in the suburbs, and do not care to walk about the drawing-room with a curtailed garment, it is very easy to put on a short train by buttoning it closely under the flounce or trimming round the skirt. It is better, when possible, to put the buttons on the outside of the hem, but if the trimmings will not allow of this, it is preferable to fasten the flounce on a narrow gored petticoat. For a good figure the fashionable full bodice is very becoming for soft woollen materials, made thus: gathered finely about five inches from the waist and three on the shoulders, back and front; a belt or waistband should be worn with it.

For the present month the most useful and durable costumes are tailor-made, cloth or serge, in dark colours, either trimmed with velvet or handsomely braided. The shades most worn are bottle-green, coffee brown, seal and golden brown, claret, and cardinal; the last-named shade has lost none of its popularity but is more sparingly used, and for trimmings only on black or dark colours, not, as in the early autumn, for complete dresses. A great variety of figured materials, spots, and checks are made up in woollen and silk mixtures, but as a rule they look vulgar, and are easily spoiled by damp and wet, which is not the case with pure woollen fabrics. To really look well, broadened and embossed materials should be of plush, velvet, or satin of the richest description, but when imitated in poor and inferior fabrics the result is most unsatisfactory. There is quite a rage for plush, and certainly, whether for a complete costume or trimmings only, it is very elegant, but then it is so costly and perishable as only to be adopted by those fortunate persons who have plenty of money to spare, we might almost say waste. Another Parisian extravagance which we doubt much if our Princess will countenance is painted bonnets, done by the hand of some famous artist in designs of butterflies, birds, and flowers. A bonnet of this description was made for the Comtesse de Paris, her coat of arms was painted on one of the strings; by the way bonnet strings are worn at least a yard long, and tied at the back in a long looped bow; ribbons are very handsome this season, the most fashionable are made of plush on one side, and satin on the other, in two shades or two contrasting colours. The *calèche*-shaped bonnet when not too large is very pretty and becoming, made of beaver or satin, and lined with plush. For those faces which the *calèche* does not suit there is a new shape, worn at the back of the head, and the still popular *toque*, besides others to please the most fastidious taste. At one time it was sufficient to have one, or at most two muffs, but now it is necessary for all who would strictly follow the fashion to have a muff to match each costume; the envelope shape, with two or three pockets cunningly hidden, trimmed with lace, ribbons, and flowers, is in vogue for dress toilettes.

Mantles are worn very long and large, so as almost to conceal the figure, which is all very well for matrons, but young people object to them, and prefer the paletot or jacket shape, made in fine cloth or velvet, with or without hoods according to taste.

As yet there is nothing very new for evening toilettes; they may be looked for next month. Spanish lace dresses will be much worn this season, mostly in black. A very elegant dinner dress of this style came recently from Paris. The petticoat was of black satin, a black net flounce, embroidered in jet, with a fringe of jet, was put on quite plain. Above the flounce was a black chenille fringe, a second flounce of net, and above that chenille fringe, finished off with a third net flounce—this had a very stylish effect. Over this was a train of black embossed velvet. The corsage, Louis XIII., had a waistband of jet, the basque had a jet flounce, and the cuffs of the sleeves were embroidered in jet.

Some of the new makes of velveteen are almost equal to velvet, and much worn for demi-toilettes, in black or rich dark colours, trimmed with lace and jet embroidery. Velvet collars, cuffs, and pockets, hand embroidered in coloured *filoselle*, or outlined with gold, brighten up a dark cashmere dress for home wear in the evening; they should be made so as to be transferred from one costume to another. Floral collarettes look very pretty for the theatre. They are mounted on satin ribbon, and finished off in front with loops of ribbon and sprays of flowers.

A very stylish mode of making a satin or velvet low or high bodice for an evening dress is with a point back and front, united by a basque over the hips, which prevents the unsightly appearance of turned-up peaks. This style requires a good figure, and must be faultlessly cut, else it looks very clumsy. The pretty mode of lacing the bodice over a chemisette or white satin front has come up again, and has a very good effect in velvet laced with gold cord and tags.

Children's dresses are very pretty this winter; the little girls are often exact imitations of their mothers as far as the make of their frocks, but the materials used are less costly. The kilts, skirts, with natty paletots to match, always look stylish. The stockings and boots require the greatest attention. Plush is much used for trimming children's frocks, but velvet or velveteen are much less perishable, and look quite as well. Bége cloth, camel's hair cloth, and silk poplin, together with velvet and velveteen, make the prettiest costumes both for little boys and girls. A stylish costume

for a girl of eight may be made of claret-coloured camel's hair cloth, with two kilts flounces, a velvet casaquin with silver buttons, *toque* hat of cloth and velvet; stockings of ribbed spun silk, claret colour, high buttoned boots, with low, square heels. This costume looks well in green plaid poplin, with a black velvet coatee and a Tam o' Shanter hat.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

II.

THAT delightful region peopled with kindly sprites, lovely princesses, and adventurous knights, which the little ones know as Fairyland, has been somewhat neglected by writers of late for the doings of this work-a-day world, and it is pleasant to meet again, with some pure, wholesome fairy tales. Graceful and imaginative, rather than humorous, the short stories composing "The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde" (Macmillan) display considerable originality, and Mr. W. Crane's characteristic illustrations combine with Miss de Morgan's pretty fancies, to form a charming gift-book. The little heroine of "Pansie's Flour-Bin" (Macmillan) spins romance out of very prosaic materials, and travels in a dream to Fairyland, where she encounters queer adventures with a long-lost Key and Thimble. Children, by the way, will get a little tired of the Key's scholastic orations.—Most attractive, however, amongst this collection of fairy lore are the writings of the Swedish author Gustafsson, of which Messrs. Sonnenschein and Allen have brought out some excellent translations by Mr. A. Alberg. "Chit-Chat by Puck" appeared last Christmas, and has been so appreciated as to need a fresh edition, while "Roseleaves" and "Woodland Notes" complete the series; the latter volume dealing chiefly with peasant life, and being better suited to elder girls. M. Gustafsson's style much resembles that of Hans Andersen, and his poetic legends will certainly be as popular with British children as with their Northern cousins.—Mr. Alberg also contributes a lively companion for a ramble in the Regent's Park, "Fabled Stories from the Zoo" (same publisher), in which the beasts, birds, and reptiles of that happy land retail their experiences and their opinions of mankind in general.—Talking of animal life, all dog lovers must heartily sympathise with the faithful Zero of M. Enault's pathetic story, "The Captain's Dog" (Sonnenschein and Allen), and will enjoy the happy ending of the mongrel's troubles.—The allegory of "The Fisherman of Rhava," by C. E. Bourne (same publisher), is prettily told, and contains salutary examples of self-denial, forbearance, and perseverance.—Disobedience and raucousness receive their due reward in "Grandmamma's Recollections," by Grandmamma Parker (same publisher), a perfect inventory of warnings, which would be improved by the omission of some of the needlessly long words.

Three novelettes of good moral tone are fitted for girls well on in their teens. Life in a Scotch seaport is naturally described by Miss Robertson's "The Two Miss Dawsons" (Hodder and Stoughton), but the narrative is a trifle dull and long-drawn-out. Several of the characters are well conceived, but they fail to earn much sympathy from the reader.—Miss Ridley's "Better than Gold" (Cassell), is a bright, cheery story, telling of the trials of the blind in various stations of life, and illustrating the beauty of pure, unobtrusive religion compared with the narrow austerity of an ultra-Ritualist Sister.—In "The Family Honour" (same publisher) Mrs. C. L. Balfour's experienced pen ably works out a highly-involved plot, and her story altogether is an eloquent plea against deceit, the chief sinner coming to a terrible end. Nevertheless many of the incidents are highly improbable.

A curious and interesting little volume to dip into in spare moments is "The Praise of Books" (Cassell), wherein Mr. J. A. Langford has gathered together the sayings of English authors concerning those silent counsellors which Milton called "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." Ranging from the opinions of Richard Aungerville, the fourteenth-century author of the "Philobiblion," down to those of George Dawson, who died only four years since, the extracts are fairly well chosen, though they sometimes wander rather wide of the mark.

Boys may lay the groundwork of wider knowledge by the perusal of Mr. R. Routledge's "Popular History of Science" (Routledge), which furnishes a very fair survey of scientific progress from early ages to modern times. The author first sketches the scientific knowledge of the ancient Greeks, and then deals with the various branches of science in successive centuries, treating his theme in an eminently popular style easy to be understood by young readers. A single volume on so wide a subject is necessarily superficial, but amongst the best portions of the work are the chapters on the Spectroscope, on Chemistry, and on Natural History, and this last subject, graphically treated, will give the reader a tolerable idea of the different theories of eminent naturalists down to Darwin. The chapter devoted to one of the most important sciences of the age—electricity—is moderately good, and is extended to recent discoveries—notably Bell's Telephone; but the drawings of the telegraph are somewhat antiquated. The book is bountifully, and in many cases well, illustrated, although we recognise a good many old friends.

Miss Havergal's simple poetry will keep her memory green for many a year, and a fresh collection of her verses, "Life Chords" (Nisbet), will find plenty of readers. Baroness Helga von Cramm contributes numerous illustrations in her well-known style.—Another volume, "My Bible Study for the Sundays of the Year" (Home Words Office), owes its origin to the same authoress. Belonging to a Society whose members daily read the same portion of Scripture, Miss Havergal sent weekly on a post-card to some friends the text for each Sunday, with brief remarks thereon. The cards have been now printed in *fac simile*, and afford an interesting collection of sermonettes.

The gutter children of the Rev. F. Langbridge's "Peacock Alley" (Hatchards) pass through many a trial and trouble before we leave them happily settled; but the author tells their history simply and to the point.—Another volume of the "Greenaway type" comes to hand in "Ups and Downs," by M. J. Tisley (Wells Gardner). In the present instance, however, both verses and pictures are weak in the extreme, and the drawing of the figures is often thoroughly incorrect.—Nor can much praise be awarded to "The Two Bears," by B. Brown (Waterston). Professedly intended for little children, the rhymes are far too vulgar for small readers, and the illustrations occasionally do not accord with the text, although some of the borderings are cleverly designed.—A new arrangement of the Birthday Book appears in "Year After Year," compiled by E. H. R. (Mack), which devotes yearly to the owner's birthday a fresh page on which may be inscribed the autographs and birthdays of friends who have remembered the anniversary.

After several years' preparation Messrs. Dalziel's elaborate "Bible Gallery" has at last been published (G. Routledge and Sons). In spite, however, of the fact that these engravings are from original drawings by such highly skilled hands as those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Messrs. Poynter, Armistead, Watts, Armitage, Pickersgill, Holman Hunt, W. Small, and other well-known artists, the result, as a whole, is disappointing. With very few exceptions the illustrations fail to realise, as good Art should realise, the glory and grandeur of Old Testament story. They show no originality of conception, whilst in most instances the technical treatment is poor, and often almost crude. Sir F. Leighton's "Samson and the Lion" is nothing less than a caricature. The lion looks as if he were woe-fully innocent of bones, and Samson's attitude and expression are of the stage bombast order. In fact the picture only raises a laugh. Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Poynter excepted, it is evident that the

artists have been out of sympathy with their subjects. The "Eliezer and Rebecca at the Well" of the former is a graceful and natural composition, and Mr. Poynter's "Joseph Before Pharaoh" and "Moses Striking the Rock" are very good examples of his style, whilst his "Miriam" is full of life and grace, and quite in the right spirit. Every credit is due to Messrs. Dalziel for the very admirable "get up" of the volume; paper, printing, and all other accessories being alike excellent. It is the more to be regretted that, through no fault of theirs, a work which must have cost them much time, trouble, and expense should fall so far short of the expectations justified by the eminent names with which it is connected.

The annual volumes of those old favourites, *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, still hold their own amongst the ever swelling crowd of publications of this class. We cannot say, however, that we are pleased to see the adoption in the illustrations of an imitation of the style of engraving hitherto chiefly associated with *Scribner*. The excellences of that style are, for the most part, lost, whilst its mistakes and imperfections are carefully reproduced. This is not moving in the right direction.

Perhaps the best thing in *Tom Hood's Comic Annual* is Matthew Browne's fairy tale, "The Lord of the World," which is remarkable for delicate fancy; Mr. Charles Leland's "American Legends," are also noteworthy contributions to a very attractive shilling's worth.

There is nothing unusually distinctive in "The Byron Birthday Book," compiled and edited by James Burrows (David Bogue), excepting that it is rather better bound than is the rule with such trifles. Birthday books are becoming somewhat of a bore, and the hobby ridden to death.

"The Schools of Modern Art in Germany," by J. Beavington-Atkinson (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday). Those who are acquainted with that excellent artistic periodical, the *Portfolio*, which is published by Messrs. Seeley, will recognise here some of the masterpieces which have already delighted their eyes, and will gladly welcome Mr. Atkinson as a most competent instructor in a branch of art which is to him a labour of love. This is one of those handsome volumes which are especially adapted for the drawing-room table, and therefore the pictures will naturally first attract attention. There are upwards of fifty of them, some on wood and some on metal, and they will convey to those who are comparatively unacquainted with the works of German artists, a good idea of the various styles prevalent at the present day in the Fatherland. We venture to think that the genius of our Teutonic cousins is most at home in quiet scenes of domestic life, and so we choose, as the chief gems of the book, Defregger's "Visit," where a fond father and mother are showing their baby to two admiring female friends; and Lasch's "Domestic Devotion," in which a young girl is reading the Bible to her grandfather. But the reader should not be content with the pictures, let him also study Mr. Atkinson's essay, and he will acquire a fund of knowledge which will enable him more thoroughly to appreciate not merely the engravings in this book, but also any other collection of German works which he may hereafter come across.

"Etchings in London," by A. Brunet Debaines (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday).—This is a collection of six views in London selected for their picturesqueness by one of the most accomplished of modern French etchers, and rendered with admirable truth and feeling. They are very varied in character. The first is the interior of the Temple Church, one of the most beautiful among the few remains of mediæval architecture which the metropolis possesses. Then there is Fountain Court, with its plane trees and its old buildings of no remarkable beauty, and yet one of the charming spots of London—most charming, as another French artist recently remarked, even if you compare it with anything of the kind in any other city of Europe. The third etching, and one of the most interesting, is a view of Temple Bar from Fleet Street, with the spire of St. Clement's rising over the old gateway which we shall never see again. Now that we have lost it, we may see, with M. Brunet Debaines' help, how much picturesqueness there was in this old London street, which has been so completely transformed. The etching in Lincoln's Inn Fields is less successful, but the view of St. Paul's from Bankside is very well chosen, and will be new to many who know London well. In the last etching of the Thames below bridge, M. Brunet Debaines has made skilful use of aquatint in this rendering of London smoke and cloud. The series is issued as a set of proofs, and only one hundred copies are published, of which the greater part are already taken up.

THE MODERN CURATE

IV.—UNPOPULAR

A BISHOP, now living, was entertaining some candidates for ordination. One of them during an interval between the examination hours strolled into the Bishop's private study, and finding no one there, made himself comfortable before the fire. Some time after the Bishop himself came into the room, and was astounded, as well he might have been, at the sight before him. The would-be deacon was seated in a chair placed in front of the fireplace. The chair was tipped back to enable its occupant to put his feet against the chimney-piece. There he sat with his head thrown back, comfortably smoking a dirty clay pipe! This is a fact, and it illustrates a remark made in the last paper that all the men who present themselves for Holy Orders are not gentlemen. A man who could commit such an unpardonable *gaucherie* in a gentleman's house, to say nothing of the fact of its being his Bishop's Palace, is not fit to be admitted into the society of refined people. Yet such men are constantly ordained now, and the consequence is that the number of unpopular curates is far larger than it need be. The majority of unpopular curates are men who, through no fault of their own in many cases, do not know how to conduct themselves when they are in the society of ladies and gentlemen. There is a homely old proverb about "a silk purse" and a "sow's ear;" to apply it in this case, it may be said, that if a young man has not had the training of a gentleman in other things beside his school work, it is impossible to make a gentleman out of him after his ordination. He is perfectly certain to do something to offend the susceptibilities of the people he meets; and when the members of a congregation find that their curate is a man whom they cannot invite to their houses—such is human nature—they dislike him, and wish that a more popular man could take his place.

It is no uncommon thing now to hear people say that they cannot invite the curate to their houses because his manners and conversation are objectionable. A man may not behave like the candidate for orders did in the Bishop's house; he may not take off his heavy boots and put on a pair of gaudy slippers in his hostess's drawing-room, as a curate did not long ago at a dinner-party, still he may from ignorance of etiquette, and from a want of gentlemanly feeling, make it impossible for people to ask him to meet their friends, or to dine with them *en famille*.

When this is the case it is not surprising that the curate is quietly ignored, and spoken of, when his name is mentioned, as an unpopular man. Still it by no means follows that a curate must be popular if he is a gentleman by birth, and has had the education of a gentleman. In the ranks of the unpopular curates are to be found men of polish and culture. Sometimes it happens that a refined and sensitive man is licensed as curate to a parish where the wealthiest and most influential members of his congregation are people of that class with which a clergyman finds it most difficult to keep on friendly terms. There are no words exactly which can be used to describe this

Nov. 6, 1880



VERY seldom indeed is it our good fortune to meet with a work of fiction which shows so few signs of deliberate book-making, so many of genuine pleasure in writing, and so much culture in the best sense of the word, as Mr. J. Skelton's little romance called "The Crookit Meg: a Story of the Year One" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green and Co.). Fastidious readers who do not care to read stories without sense and truth in them, and unless written in better English than novelists for the most part condescend to use, will welcome "The Crookit Meg" even more than those who will be sufficiently pleased with its romantic and picturesque flavour, or with its studies of Scotch character as it was found on the North-East Coast in the first year of the century. Mr. Skelton has something of the well read as well as minutely observant scholar about him, such as the ideal novelist ought surely to be. He not only understands how to deal with a girl's love story, but he feels and expresses the poetry of nature in large things as well as in small, is full of traditional associations, and can even be quaintly learned about the civil law. Under the circumstances, his failures to rise to the level of strong situations, when he attempts them, scarcely injure the effects of a story which is rather a collection of character studies than a formal novel. The book may be described as successfully written for the best order of readers, who can find sympathetic pleasure in good work for its own sake, and require something of somewhat higher intellectual calibre in a story than they often have the pleasant surprise of finding.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has taken the trouble to write a preface in order to explain why he felt justified in collecting and republishing a number of tales which appear under the title of "Ellice Quentin, and Other Stories," by Julian Hawthorne: (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus). Prefatory modesty is never very graceful; and it is particularly out of place in the present instance, seeing that the tales themselves amply justify their rescue from the common lot of magazine literature. Mr. Hawthorne is not one whom we would suspect of publishing what he does not think worth writing, and if he himself is inclined to think lightly of "Ellice Quentin" and her companions, we can only say that we do not agree with him. Each tale, however slight in form, is the result of some vigorous and daring exercise of imagination, and is executed by a hand which is not afraid of carrying out the demands of its subject to the very letter. One of his most pronounced qualities is the air of indifference as to giving his readers what will please them, of insisting upon their exacting from him his own best, and of depending for the result upon strength and fortune. This quality is as marked in the shortest of these stories as in his longest novel, and it is one note of genius—a word which reviewers of fiction have very seldom occasion to use. Special attention, so far as these two volumes are concerned, should be drawn to "Kildurham's Oak," as an extraordinarily powerful piece of fancy, in which the wildest flights of mystical romance are transformed into a semblance of reality by turns grim, grotesque, and tender. Humour is the prevailing note of "The Countess's Ruby;" fancy, of the "New Endymion." "Ellice Quentin" is of more recent writing than the rest, and is something of a psychological curiosity. We are inclined to think that Mr. Hawthorne would have done better if he had developed his idea into a work of greater length and importance—it would have been a study after Balzac's own heart; and its brevity sometimes obliges the reader to read between the lines. The climax is melodramatic and startling, and seems to show its author capable of excelling in directions which he has not yet followed. Unpretending as all the tales are, they would repay far more exhaustive criticism than can be given by the words of general praise in which we must be content to recommend them to all who care for imaginative work of an exceptionally high order.

The autobiographical form of fiction may have its advantages, but among them can hardly be reckoned its capacity for attracting our sympathies towards a heroine who is thus made to tell the world at large how her own brother destroyed his father's will and murdered his wife, and how her own sister very nearly eloped from her husband with a lover. The greater the likeness to truth, the more is the saying about washing one's linen at home likely to occur. The title of the novel called "Quite True," by Dora Russell (3 vols.: John and Robert Maxwell), seems to fix the stigma of truth upon the catalogue of vulgar crimes and follies which it contains. No doubt it is true that people destroy wills, murder their wives, and run away from their husbands; but the mere fact that certain things are exceedingly ugly does not thereby fit them for fiction. Some much more valid reason must support the claim of the blackest crime ever committed to become the plot of the most sensational of novels. Those who are of a different opinion may very likely find pleasure in the bill of fare which Dora Russell has made up for them, and that is the best that can be said of "Quite True."

Sarah Doudney's "Stepping Stones: a Story of Our Inner Life" (1 vol.: W. Isbister), is a well-written and pleasant, though not exciting tale. Experienced novel readers will guess something of its nature beforehand from learning that the scene is chiefly laid in a cathedral city—herein called Campwick, but obviously intended for Chichester. The interest is entirely domestic, and is well sustained at a satisfactory and even level. If the novel has a positive fault, it is in a certain tendency to "goodness," and to improving the occasion. But then skipping is always easy in such cases, and the general merit of the tale—which is not seldom amusing as well as interesting—will make that slight occasional trouble worth taking. One of the characters, the Rev. Clement Vale, has some features of freshness about him, if not of originality.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS, a quarter of a century ago almost unknown, are at the present day of such common occurrence that a country town in which one has never been celebrated can lay little claim to prestige or renown. They have become plentiful as the proverbial blackberry, and, strangest thing of all, nobody seems to grow tired of them. Let the weather be but propitious, and there is always a certainty of abundant gate-money and a crowd of people. But nowhere, perhaps, in England is this "show" mania so rabid as in the two Northern counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. There they appear to be slowly, but surely, undermining another great, but considerably more ancient mania—that of fairs. As regards these last, even the most casual observer cannot but remark how rapidly they are drifting away from the old landmarks: they are ceasing to be festivals for the young, and becoming once again, as in their first origin, sacred to the God of Traffic. The village fair is no longer, at least in Northern Anglia, the delightfully rustic fête it used to be. It bears but a very faint resemblance to the graphic never-to-be-forgotten description contained in the pages of "Tom Brown." So busily has old Time plied his relentless scissors that now its chief and fairest glories are shorn away. "Riding the Ring," quarter-staff play, "fairings," with a host of other antique attributes, are, like Lamb's "old familiar faces," passed away—"lost to sight," in very truth, yet, let us hope, still "to memory dear" in the hearts of some few of us. But though the country fair, with its many charming adjuncts, is on the wane, a vigorous and healthy

substitute takes its place in the village "show," for some kind fate has wisely ordained that this last should be a festival, not merely for fat cattle and apoplectic pigs, but for merry lads and lasses as well.

As a rule September is the month chosen for the celebration of these rural expositions. It is the most suitable in many respects, but no doubt the chief reason for this preference lies in the fact that not till then is the busy season in the fields at an end. The farmer has then leisure to indulge in a little jollity, and what better way of amusing himself than in making the round of the "shows?" There he can meet old friends, have a glass and a pleasant chat, and assure himself that life is not all labour and toil. And really these village shows are well worth seeing. You may easily spend a few hours less pleasantly, provided always the weather clerk is kindly disposed, and the sun condescends to shine. If you are not afraid of a long day, go there in the morning. Then you have a chance of seeing the aborigines in their true colours, for as yet their betters—the squires, squires, and country parsons, who make a point of attending these gatherings—have not yet arrived; no ladies are visible, so loose rein is given to rustic tongue and manners. If, however, you are a Londoner, this will matter little, for you won't understand a tithe of what you hear. Yet though your aural appendages fail you, you can at least make use of your eyes. You can watch the farmers come trooping in, and amuse yourself with guesses as to the probable worldly condition of each of them. But "Ne crede colori," too much, if you are wise. That parchment-faced old fellow in the ramshackle gig and napless great coat is no fifty-acre man, as you might reasonably enough imagine; his farm is one of the best cultivated and productive three-hundred-acre holdings for miles around, and himself a rustic Cressus. There, mounted on a fourteen hands' cob, comes a jolly red-faced Dalesman of close on eighteen stone. From the fire and mettle displayed by his diminutive steed you would hardly believe he had journeyed some twelve or fifteen miles this morning; but these "Fell" ponies are very gluttons for work—wiry and full of muscle, like the famous Cossack nags they never seem to know what it is to be tired. Now open your eyes to their fullest extent, for yonder, handkerchiefs fluttering and ribbons streaming gaily in the wind, comes a bevy of Westmoreland lasses. Those lissome forms are Madre Natura's very own, those complexions to which Viola's words might well apply:—

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,

are the production of the only true cosmetic—fresh, pure air, the greatest, yet almost least appreciated, blessing vouchsafed to man. They are hurrying to the "tented field" to see and to be seen, and it were no bad plan to follow their example.

As you enter you pay the not very exorbitant sum of one shilling, but no sooner is your foot within the enchanted precincts than you have to make a wild stampede to avoid the sudden rush of an infuriated cow. When you have seen the mad cow's tail disappear round the corner you pluck up courage to start afresh. Yet all too soon, for again you have to beat an ignominious retreat before a pair of runaway horses which, with many snorts and kicks, threaten inglorious trampling to the unwary. At last, after much cunning reconnoitring, you reach the pens with some such feelings of satisfaction as those with which it may be supposed the wandering Israelites caught sight of the Promised Land. If you are anything of an agriculturist, or the least bit of a "horse" man, you cannot but wonder at the general excellence of the animals exhibited. Both equine and bovine races are well represented. You admire them all. Then you pass on to the pigs, and here your admiration breaks forth anew. Some are big, some little, but all seem to possess the common quality of fatness. As you look at them lying there snoring and impotent, the story of John Chinaman and roast pig rushes irresistibly into your mind, and you hurry on to get out of temptation's way. But the *pièce de résistance* are the mountain sheep. Of these there are two distinct breeds—the Herdwick and the Black-faced. The rams of the latter breed have splendid heads, of which the most striking feature (in more senses than one) is a pair of huge twisted horns. The Herdwick rams have a considerably less bellicose appearance, but why they should have been painted red from tip to tail is more than any reasonable human being can comprehend, for assuredly it does not strike you as a possible improvement on Nature. The mutton of both these breeds is considered fully equal to the best Welsh, a qualification by no means to be despised.

Pigs, sheep, horses, and cattle having been each in their turn duly admired, you not unnaturally turn your attention elsewhere. You begin to look at the people. Hurdle-jumping, the usual wind-up at all shows, being about to commence, the crowd has received considerable reinforcements, chief amongst which are a few carriages conveying the wives and daughters of the local magnates who condescendingly try to look interested. A few other ladies are to be seen on foot, but the great majority of the fair sex present consists of farmers' wives and daughters—and finer specimens of womanhood it would be difficult to find, though somehow or other you can't help owing to yourself a sneaking preference for the daughters. They are indeed bonny lasses, more especially those two cherry-lipped laughing damsels, standing side by side, the daughters of a worthy "Fell-side" farmer. But if there is one feature about them more noticeable than another, it is their free and active carriage. As a rule there is nothing dowdily or awkward about them, but instead a certain wild indefinable grace which would seem to be an attribute almost peculiar to people reared among hills and mountains. This upright bearing and freedom of carriage the men however, though tall and strong, do not possess in the same marked degree, a circumstance perhaps accounted for by the laborious farm-work they have to undergo.

In the hurdle-jumping each one has his or her special favourite, at whom, while passing, they launch in broadest *patois*, words of encouragement or advice. "Dick, thoo's takken't far ower easy, man, thoo mun poosh'm at it," or "Gang on, me lad, thoo's duan't weel," or again "Give'm a crack wi' the whup, thoo feul," and a host of other encouraging and admonitory remarks are to be heard on every side. Not soon will the writer forget the conduct of one of Westmeria's less polished sons at such a scene. The man in question, a short, stout, devil-may-care-looking quarryman, to whom an affair of this kind was evidently what the Athenians would have called "a new thing," had just succeeded in pushing his way to the front when the jumping began. In grim silence he watched two somewhat indifferent performers go through their work, but when a small corky bay went bobbing over the hurdles in what was really capital style, his feelings quite got the better of him, down went his hands into his breeches pockets in an ecstasy of delight, while utterly regardless of the people around, he bellowed out, "Gang thy ways, thoo laale devil, thoo kens hoo to loup;" a remark of the *maie virtute* kind that considerably astonished some ladies in his rear. If, as not unfrequently happens, some aspiring young farmer, who has rashly confided his neck to the tender mercies of a fractious "bit of blood," comes to grief, the sympathies of the women, true to their nature, are with him to the end. After every successful jump he is greeted with shouts of approval, and if, aided by these unmistakable tokens of favour on the part of the fair sex, he fails to carry off the prize, you may be sure it is purely because he doesn't deserve it.

The jumping done, every one hurries away—the ladies home, the gentlemen and farmers to the dinner or luncheon prepared in their honour at the "King's Arms," or some other famous hostelry, while the *oi polloi* content themselves with tea and promenading.

The "show" dinner is delightfully *sui generis*—eating and drinking being done in what our Yankee cousins would call "very tall style"—more especially the eating. These burly Dalesmen are not

peculiar class of people, but every clergyman who has had any experience knows how touchy they are, and what an amount of tact it requires to avoid giving them offence. When a new curate comes into their parish, they neither call nor send him an invitation to their houses; they expect him, contrary to all the rules of etiquette, to call first. When, naturally, he does nothing of the kind, they take offence, and tell every one they meet that the curate is unsociable, and thinks the members of his congregation are not good enough for him to know. So the title-tattle goes on, and the good enough for him to know. If by any chance curate is soon talked about as an unpopular man. If he gets to know people of this class, he finds that they invariably give him a general invitation "to drop in" whenever he likes, as he will always find "a knife and fork" ready for him. It is impossible for him to accept such invitations, so when it is found that he does not "drop in" in a friendly way to visit perfect strangers, the impression is at once formed that the new curate is a reserved man, who objects to making acquaintances. Here and there, perhaps, a curate may be found who deliberately shuns the members of his congregation, but as a rule the modern curate is not only willing but most desirous to get on friendly terms with all the people who attend his church. When he cannot do this, and is unpopular in consequence, it is not his fault, provided, of course, that he is a gentleman—and acts as one.

Many curates, however, make themselves unpopular in a parish by careless behaviour and want of tact in little things. People are so captious and exacting nowadays that a curate cannot be too careful how he conducts himself in the sight of his parishioners. For instance, it is a great mistake, as a rule, for a curate to dance. No one but a Puritanical bigot will say that it is wrong to dance, and no clergymen but those of the extreme Evangelical school refuse to be present at a dance; still it is expedient for a man to give up dancing as soon as he takes Orders. A dancing curate can never be popular. Ladies will waltz with him, and will tell him that they do not see why he should not enjoy himself as others do—behind his back, they will, with hardly an exception, condemn him. Popular opinion is against a curate dancing. It does not look well, people say, to see a clergyman dancing a waltz. Such is the general impression, and whether it is right or wrong, curates cannot afford to disregard it. More than one curate has been requested to change the scene of his labours in consequence of his marked attachment to the ball-room. Popular opinion is also against a curate dressing like a layman. The present Bishop of Bedford, in one of his addresses to candidates for ordination only a year or two ago, cautioned his hearers against this mistake. For there are some curates who make themselves unpopular by going about their parishes in light suits, and ties, and pot hats such as laymen wear. There are rectors of country parishes still living who dress exactly like sporting men or farmers, but it does not do for curates to imitate them. A certain amount of latitude is allowed to the curate in the matter of dress. He may wear white ties or Roman collars; short coats or long ones reaching down to his ankles. He may wear a tall hat, or soft wide-awake, or a stiff broad-brimmed hat, with a knotted cord, but whatever the style is, the dress must be black and proclaim the clergyman. A curate should remember that the laity are usually very censorious as far as the clergy are concerned, and think nothing of taking offence at a clergyman's dress which does not satisfy them. A curate has been known to give deadly offence in a Low Church parish by wearing a long coat, a broad-brimmed hat, and a cassock and short surplice, while on the other a High Church community has taken offence at what they term a Protestant costume. The unpopular curate will generally be found to act without the slightest consideration of people's prejudices in this matter. He may say that he does not see why he should not go about in any dress he pleases, and, if he thinks fit, smoke his pipe or cigar when he takes his walks abroad. There is no reason why he should not; for smoking a pipe or wearing a light coat in public breaks no moral law even in a clergyman's case, but public opinion is altogether opposed to anything which secularises the clergy, and public opinion must be considered. The unpopular curate thinks otherwise.

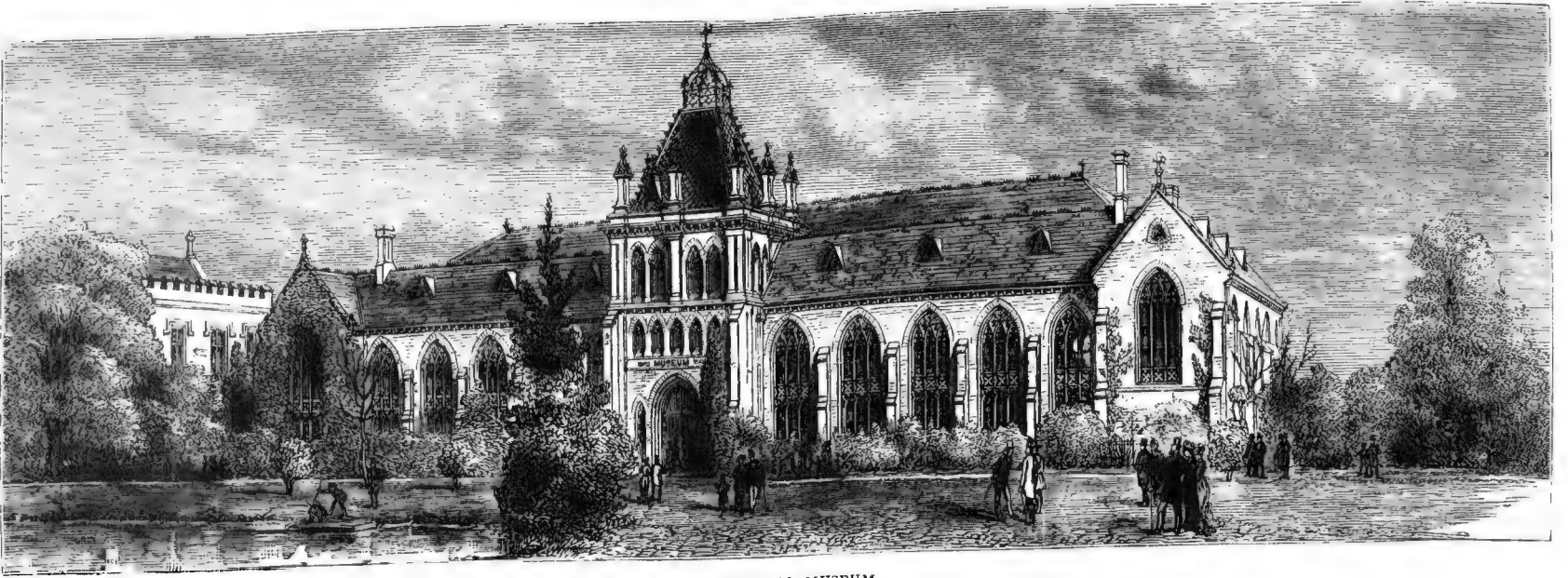
There are some men in Orders who contrive to make themselves unpopular with every one in the parish, including the vicar, his family, and all the church officials, but as a rule the most unpopular curate finds some few people who can tolerate and even like him. If he has a grievance they sympathise with him, and if that grievance is against the vicar, they very often incite him to form a party in the parish to take his part in opposition to the vicarage. By opposing his vicar and encouraging others to do so a curate often sows the seeds of an unpopularity which eventually results in the loss of his curacy. A man cannot make a greater mistake in whatever parish he may be curate, than the not uncommon one of representing a division in the congregation opposed to the rector or vicar. But young men often do this when they are not quite satisfied with the way in which things are managed in connection with the church. The proper course for a curate to take, when he finds that he cannot work amicably with his vicar, is to resign, and seek a post under a man whose views agree with his own. It is much better for him to do this than run the risk of being sent away with a reputation for mischief-making, which is certain to follow him wherever he goes. Besides, no clergyman can conscientiously recommend a man who has been "a thorn in his flesh" instead of a pleasant fellow-worker, and it is a serious drawback to a man taking a curacy when his late vicar has to sit down and write letters-testimonial for him with a feeling of thankfulness that he is going to be licensed elsewhere. A curate who tries to teach his vicar, who opposes his wishes, and shows no respect for his authority, seldom gets the reputation of being a popular man, for no one likes to see a curate setting himself up to rule where he is in an entirely subordinate position. A vicar may be very unpopular himself, and pursue a policy of exasperation towards his parishioners, still it is not his curate's place to correct him.

Some curates, as I observed in the last paper, make themselves the idol of the Sunday School teachers, and thus become very popular with them; others with more wisdom keep on mere friendly terms with them, and avoid that familiarity which so soon springs up between a young curate and some of the young women who "go in" for church work. But the curate who will not chat and flirt with the teachers and the staff of lady decorators must not expect to be popular with them. They will resent his behaviour, and complain that he is a disagreeable, unsociable man because he does not seek their society, and, of course, they will call him a misogynist. This kind of unpopularity, however, will never injure any curate. No sensible man will trouble himself because some foolish young women blame him when he will not dance attendance on them in and out of the Sunday School, nor stand to hold flowers and pick leaves for them while they talk scandal and make wreaths for the pulpit.

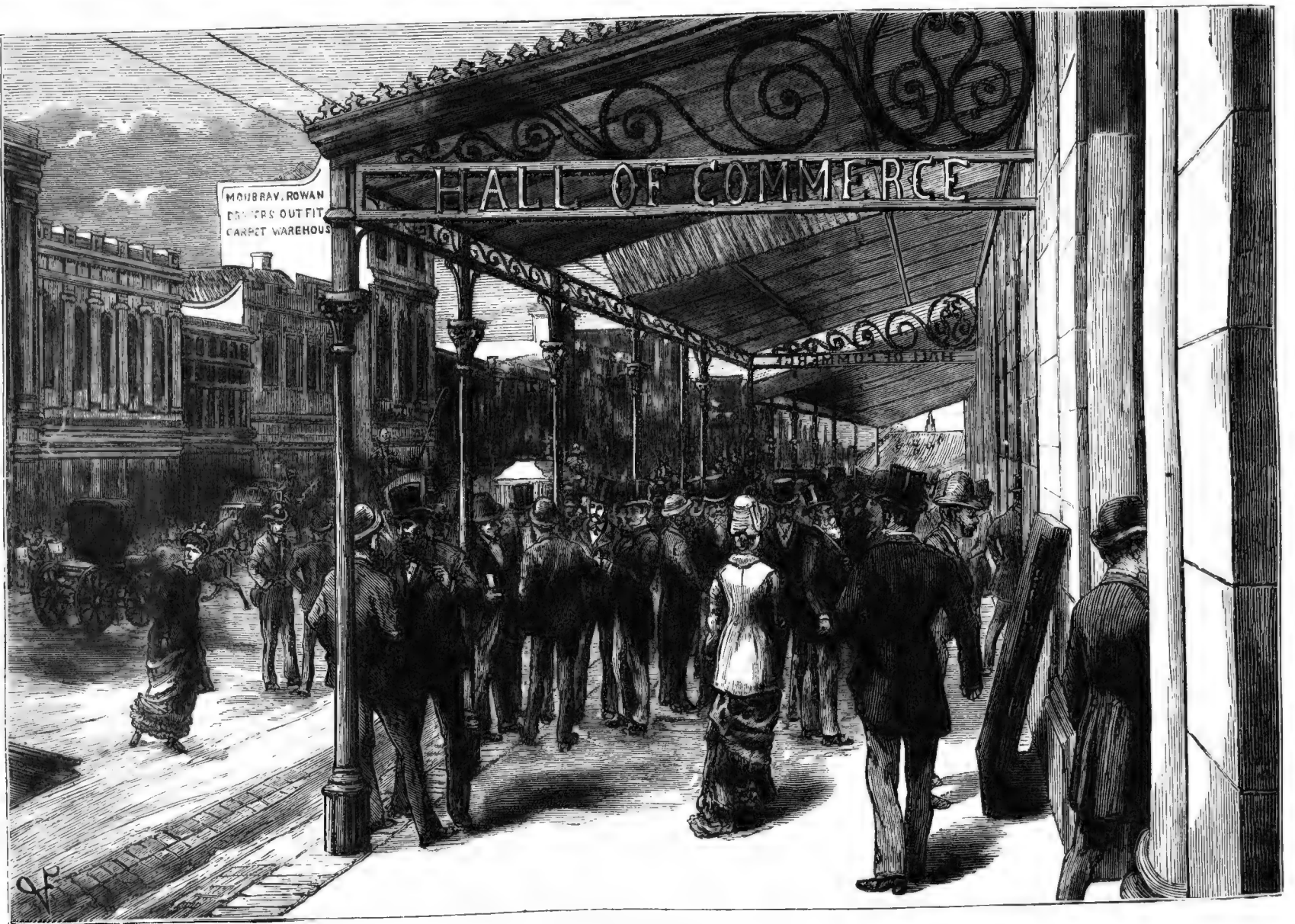
To be unpopular with such members of his congregation is rather to a curate's credit than otherwise, for "the ladies' curate" is generally an empty-headed fop, with an overweening opinion of himself and a complacent notion that every girl he meets thinks of him as a possible suitor. A young man of this description seeking a second curacy a few years ago, got a letter from a rector in the Midland counties requesting an interview. The youth wrote back to inquire whether, in the event of his coming, "there would be some nice young ladies for him to play croquet with!" He got a reply to his query, and an intimation at the same time that his application would not be considered.

As long as a curate behaves as a gentleman should, and does his work quietly and unostentatiously, he will never as a general rule become unpopular in whatever parish he may be placed.

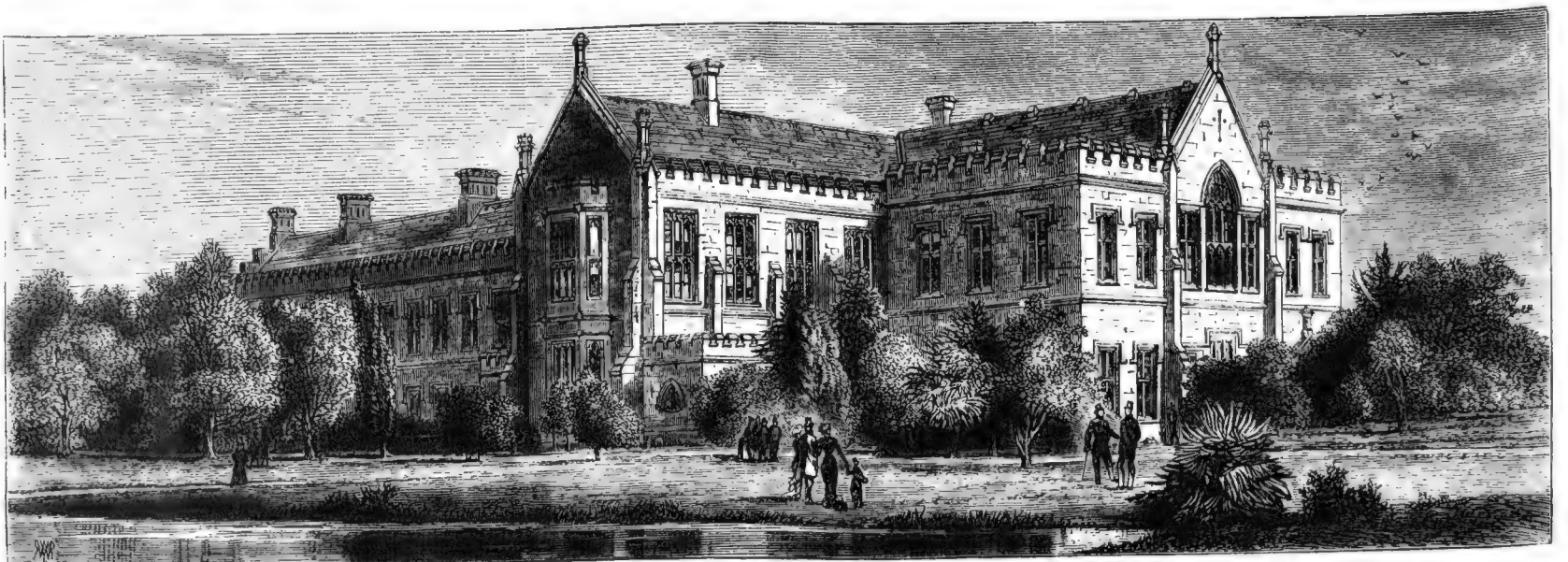
W. S. R.



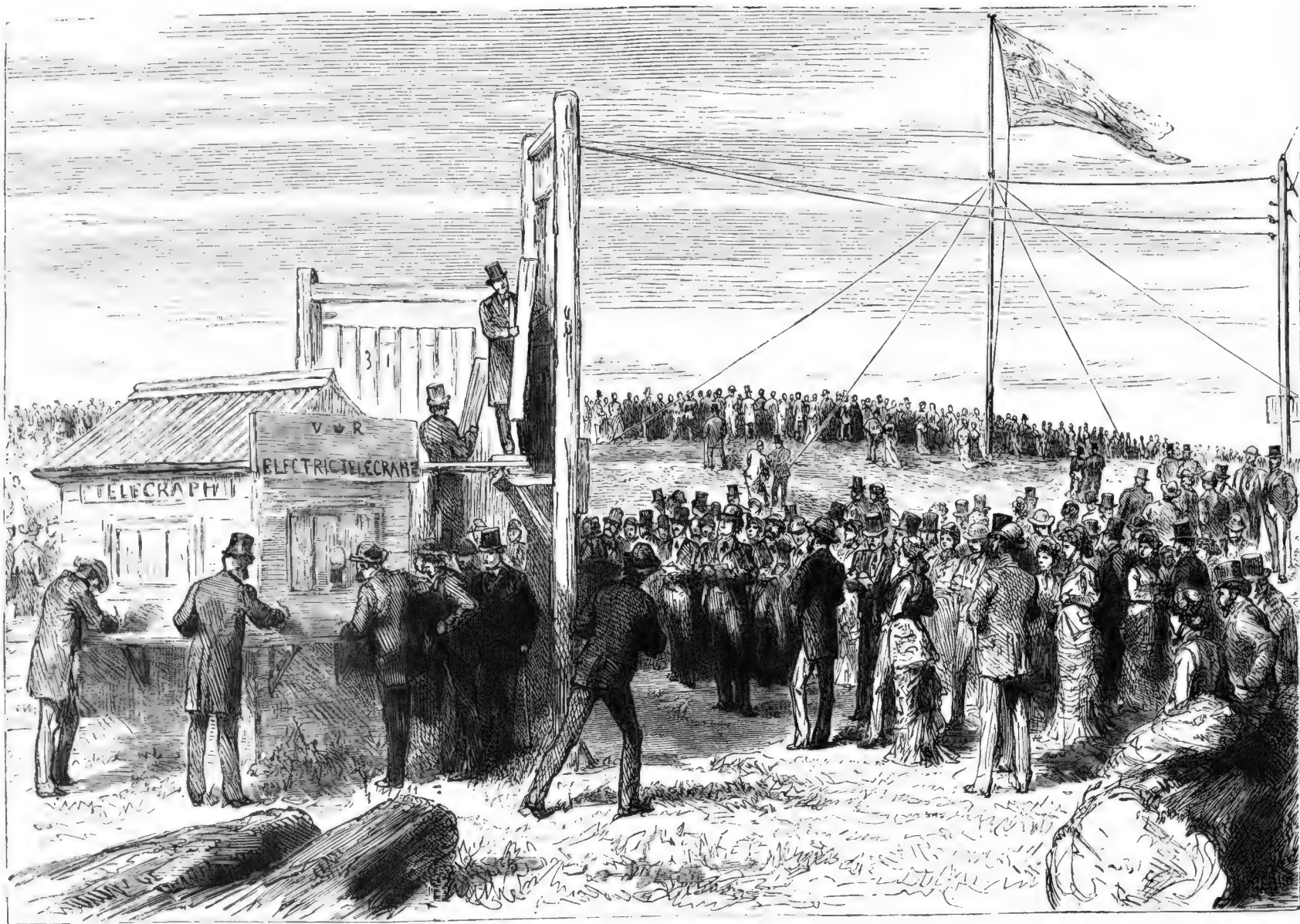
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM



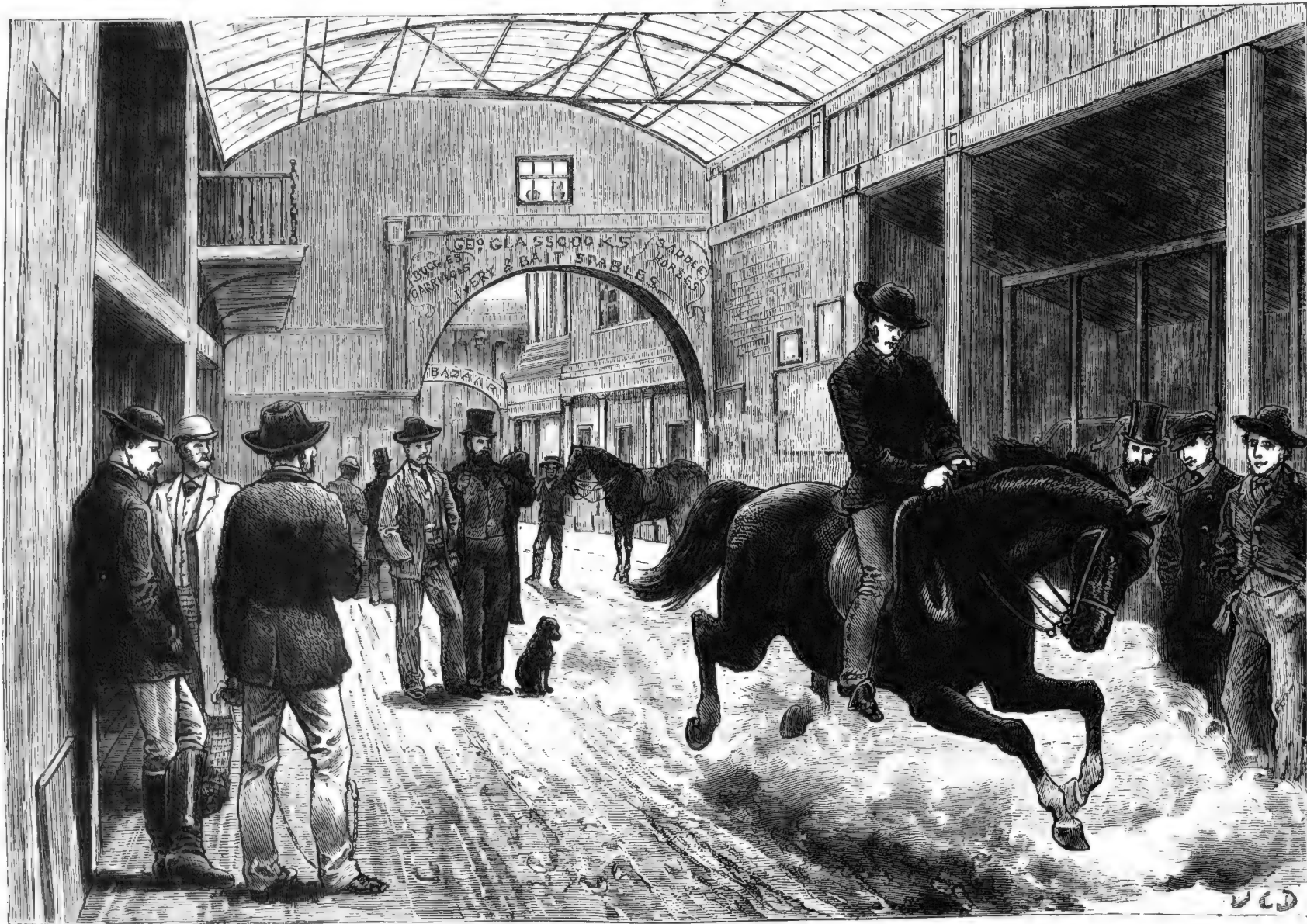
THE EXCHANGE



THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED



AT THE RACES—THE SCRATCHING SYSTEM



THE HORSE BAZAAR
MELBOURNE ILLUSTRATED

troubled with delicate appetites; any one who has been present on such occasions can bear witness to the laudable efforts they make to consume their full half-crown's worth. It is true that by some of them an apparently rash and indiscriminate use is made of knife and fork, but it's "all in the play," and no harm ever comes of it. Your ill-mannered foreigner, indeed, in attempting a monstrous knife-cut of peas, may sometimes mar the goodly proportions of his greedy mouth; not so, however, these hardy mountaineers—their is the true artistic style, and such a thing as an accident has never been heard of. But as you approach the chair and vice-chair, you feel as though you were wandering out of the desert into the city. No longer in your ear sounds the splendid unintelligible dialect of the Fells, nor do you gaze on the faces of men whose hands are rough from tillage of the soil. You are now with the *din* of the assembled banqueters. Theirs it is, when the tables are cleared, to enchant the ravished ears of the less eloquent with luminous remarks on every subject under the sun, theirs to unfold things before hidden and in darkness, and generally to put a bright and rosy complexion on everything agricultural, national, and political. Surely could but some of these orations reach the ears of the nation at large, not a few of the vexed questions of the day would be put to rest for ever. But, hark! the health of the "bonny lasses" has been drunk, and now the banquet is over. A. B.



NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—At Portland on Saturday week last a specimen of *Charocampa celeris* was captured. It measures three inches from wing to wing. The capture of this rare hawkmoth will mark 1880 in the minds of many entomologists. All the specimens captured in England could be pinned on one ordinary setting-board.—A contemporary records the curious capture of a partridge by a dog. The bird was flying very low, and the dog jumping up and snapping at it caught it.—Three scoters have recently been shot near Ely.—Six Camberwell Beauties (*Vanessa antiopa*) have been captured this season in Kent and Surrey. We have not heard of captures in other counties.—Field-fares arrived in the Midland and Eastern Counties about a fortnight ago. A considerable number were seen about the 22nd of October.—Egyptian geese have been observed on the wing near Northampton.

RAILWAYS AND ROMANCE are sometimes at issue, and romance generally goes to the wall. Englishmen, however, seldom wish the extermination of the defeated side, and the career of the Iron Horse should not be allowed to deprive us of the last English fastnesses of the picturesque. Thus we are very sorry to see the *Cambridge News* favouring a proposed railway near Derwentwater. "In Wales we have railways along the coast from Portmadoc to Aberystwith; up the mountains to Festinioglorris and Abergynolwyn; from Barmouth Junction along the beautiful river Mawddach, and elsewhere." We fancy we have met with this sort of argument before. "Once upon a time a fox lost his tail in a trap. Then that fox meeting a brother whose tail was still intact said"—but our readers will be sufficiently familiar with the rest of the story.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS were clearly and succinctly dealt with by Colonel Barne, M.P., in a recent speech at Framlingham. He advocated the laying-down of wheat land to grass, and justified the making so important a change. On the question of freedom of farmers to following rotations, and sell straw or whatever they pleased, he said it would open the door to rack sheep-running farms, but with good tenants it might be allowed. Having stated that what was wanted was a reduction of the rates and taxes on land, Colonel Barne said he was framing a Bill on the Tithe Average Question, adopting the Scotch system in opposition to the proposals of the President of the Board of Trade.

DRAINAGE AND FROST.—The thermometer has passed the fatal line which divides death from life for so many plants and vegetables. Night frosts are now to be looked for, and it will be well to remember how much sooner wet things freeze than dry. Thorough drainage prevents the accumulation of watery sap; the delicate tubes of a plant become empty when winter sleep begins, and the frost can then do but little damage. But where there is bad drainage, moisture remains unhealthy in the tubes, and frost generally means the death of the plant. Sickly plants are abnormally sensitive to cold.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY has four new Life Governors in the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Hartington, and the Earls of Durham and Northbrook.

NORTHUMBRIAN FARMERS have formed a Farmers' Protection and Defence Association. An inaugural dinner has just taken place at Newcastle, and Mr. Notter, the Chairman, announced that a leading object of the League was to defend farmers against the rich manufacturers and pitowners of the district. The meeting was well attended.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS are greatly benefited by a free application of clear liquid manure when the flowers begin to expand; the copious syringings which they should have been enjoying from the end of August should be discontinued. All condensation of moisture on the leaf or flower should be cautiously avoided. All waterings should be done in the morning. The best temperature for chrysanthemums at night is about 40°. A good compost for chrysanthemums is one half strong turfy loam, and one half leaf mould and good rotten manure. The whole should have a sprinkling of charcoal dust, and a little sharp sand may with advantage be added.

THE EARL OF SOUTHBESK has been making considerable purchases of polled cattle with which to stock his farm of Greenden. For this estate the noble earl will be his own farmer.

SALMON.—Anglers will be sorry to hear that disease is very prevalent among the salmon in the Ogwen and other streams near Bangor.

A ROYAL STAG.—While shooting in Martindale Forest a few days ago Sir Richard Musgrave, M.P., at a distance of 380 yards, fired at and killed a "Royal" stag with twelve distinct points on the antlers, and weighing after being dressed 17 st. 10 lb. This is the first and only Royal stag ever shot in Martindale.

DOGS.—A very fine and large Dog Show has recently been held at Bristol, but the attendance has been rather small, owing to the uncertain weather. With the exception of English setters and rough collies the classes generally were well filled.

DAIRY SHOWS.—The London and Kilmarnock Shows have encouraged the holding of a Show at Birmingham. A fund of 1,000l. has accordingly been raised to provide for a Grand Dairy Show next September.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—The Scotch have succeeded in securing a good potato harvest, and but for local prevalence of disease, the crop would not improbably have been the largest of the century. In Berwickshire the Victorias have been grievously affected, and Champions have likewise suffered. In Fifeshire Victorias, Regents, and Red Bogs have all shown traces of disease, while Champions, although not equally affected, have not escaped blight. In the Highlands proper but little disease has been found.

LUNG DISEASE IN STOCK is unfortunately gaining ground in England once more. A flagrant case has just occurred at Carlisle,

where animals penned with affected beasts have been dispersed about the country, not improbably with the result of developing pleuro-pneumonia in half-a-dozen inland districts. Sir Richard Musgrave, M.P., and several other local notabilities have memorialised the Privy Council that the animals which arrive in company with a diseased beast should be detained in quarantine for a safe time. We hope that the opinion of Sir Richard Musgrave, backed as it is by that of the whole agricultural Press, Liberal and Conservative alike, will not be ignored. The diseased cattle come from Ireland, so that at last we have something which we may fairly claim as a set-off against Irish grievances. Some recent experiments have shown that milk from a tuberculous cow will develop the same disease in rabbits and pigs; but the need of caution in this matter requires no emphasising. Even to the lowest classes in England there is nothing so disgusting as the thought of diseased food.

LEWES.—The ancient and picturesque capital of Sussex has set about obtaining from Her Majesty a Charter of Incorporation as a Parliamentary Borough. Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, at present holding the mediæval office of High Constable of Lewes, has charge of the petition, and if successful will probably be the first holder of the revived Saxon mayoralty, as well as last holder of the feudal Norman dignity. It is curious that so old a town as Lewes should never have been incorporated, nor do we feel quite sure that the Lewesians are well advised in their attempt to get rid of the quaint and all but unique form of local government now subsisting. The fifth of November was observed at Lewes yesterday with great spirit, as was also the case at Hastings. Sussex used to be counted a Puritan part of England two hundred years ago, and in the eastern division of the county there is still very little change.



It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Otto Trevelyan, for he has all Lord Macaulay's good points without those defects which stir up Mr. Matthew Arnold's bile. Full of life and sparkle, eminently clear and readable, he is not (like his model) for ever aiming at antitheses. His "Early History of Charles James Fox" (Longmans) is just the book to display those powers of which "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" gave such abundant evidence. Fox's life is from the first bound up with the history of his times. The state of society—reformed, as far as Court influence could reform it, by George III.; the King's friends; Wilkes and the wild enthusiasm he excited; the imminent danger in 1770 of a collision between the country and its rulers; Junius at the height of his enigmatical popularity; the King clapping his hand on his sword when there was talk of a dissolution—all this and a great deal more has to be at least as much taken into account in discussing Fox's entry into public life as his father's immense unpopularity. What Fox's maiden speech was about no one can tell; a few recorded scraps may belong to him or to his elder brother Stephen. Those were days when paper was so rigorously excluded from the Gallery that an artist, taken with the *débutant's* air and manner, had to tear off a bit of his shirt in order to sketch his likeness. Fox's father, who had richly earned his unpopularity by the bitterness with which, when he took office under Bute, he persecuted even the humblest of Pitt's adherents, and also by cynically treating the public as "a milch cow which might bellow as loud as it pleased now he had filled his pail and set the gate between himself and it," had at least the compensation of being adored at home. He had the gift of forgetting himself in others, and thus won unlimited attachment by spreading happiness around him. If only he had possessed a proper sense of right and wrong, his third son's career might have been widely different. He "spoiled" Charles; but the boy bore "spoiling." "He is a very sensible little fellow, and will learn to cure himself," was the reply to complaints of Charles's passionate temper; and a threat to destroy a watch was met with, "Well, if you must, I suppose, you must." Unhappily, in 1763 "the devil entered into Lord Holland's heart," and, taking his pet from Eton, he initiated him into high play and debauchery abroad. That he was not wholly ruined, but was able to go back to Eton, and thence to Oxford, and afterwards to study hard at that King's Gate, the very existence of which is unknown to thousands of Margate pleasure-seekers, proves great strength of will as well as of constitution. Every side of Fox's character comes out in Mr. Trevelyan's graphic pages; his love of fine clothes, and the difficulty of bringing any across from France; his betting; his home life; his strong feeling, natural in Lady Sarah Lennox's nephew, on the Royal Marriage Bill. His leaving the Ministry in 1774 closes a book which is one of the most important of the season, and which will add much to its author's already well-established reputation. Some of the scenes described—Wilkes, for instance, in the ease and dignity of City Chamberlain, and the tumult in 1771 at Lord Mayor Crosby's trial, when Lord North narrowly escaped being torn in pieces, and a bloody riot only averted by that English good humour which has so often warded off such a peril—are worthy of Macaulay at his best. The book will at once take rank as a classic.

When Signor d'Albertis tells us he was so eager to explore Papua, and to interview "the unspoiled son of nature, the savage in his primitive state, that the few minutes requisite for the *Arabia* to steam out of the harbour of Genoa seemed an eternity," he is giving a fair sample of his style which throughout "New Guinea: What I Did and What I Saw" (Sampson Low and Co.), is too magniloquent for English taste. The interest of the narrative, however, more than counterbalances this defect; and the coloured plates of gorgeous birds and numerous and excellent engravings of natives and their belongings make these two handsome volumes singularly attractive. Our Italian had a decided way of dealing with the Papuans; when some of them delayed to bring in a hornbill which they had promised he fixed three rockets in the direction of their village. His house was a very arsenal, mined all round and stored not only with rifles and revolvers, but with Orsini shells. Now and then he would explode a shell and spring a mine just to show what he could do. When he hoisted the black flag the natives were to approach at their peril; when the Italian tricolour was flying they were free to visit him. Sometimes he posed as a magician, "setting water on fire," i.e., burning spirits of wine, and lighting aniseed spirit, which he managed to blow out and drink. This feat astonished them much, while to electric shocks they were strangely impassive. Naturally such a traveller had many novel experiences; and those who have read all our books about New Guinea will still find in him much that is new. The Papuan race he thinks very mixed, remarking that some of the women were scarcely human, some pretty, even from an European standard. He recognised the Chinese type, and also that of the Aden Arab. The skulls that he collected will form the basis of safer ethnological speculations. In buying some of these he showed his usual "firmness;" in Kiwai Island he found a cluster of heads hanging in a huge "devil's house,"—a hut "artistic yet savage, simple yet grand, like the nave of a Gothic cathedral." Of these the people gave him three in exchange for a blanket, some knives, &c. "It seemed to me just that I might take the other nine;" so he took them. At another place he bought two "Bushmen's" skulls for a little tobacco; clearly the seller had no right to sell, for he tried to conceal the transaction, and another man on seeing the skulls said they were his. "I replied I had bought them with tobacco. The man

seemed ill-pleased." The notice of a Mission, with Elia, a New Caledonian, for teacher, is very gushing; unfortunately near here Signor d'Albertis had to fire 120 shots from his little steamer the *Neva* to beat off a night attack. He did it all by himself; and we hope Elia's teaching was not thereby hindered. Our author left Genoa in 1871. Most of 1875 he spent on Yule Island. Three explorations of the Fly River took him till the end of 1877; and as soon as he got back to Somerset, in the extreme north of Australia, he was brought up on a charge of murdering two Chinese who had run away and were killed by natives. His Polynesians accused him; happily his English engineer had lived through a severe illness, and proved him innocent. We are sorry he charges the magistrate, Mr. Chester, with more than discourtesy. The Italians have some idea of colonising Papua; we fear their countryman did not go the way to make things pleasant for future visitors.

Mr. G. L. Gomme, in "Primitive Folk-moots; or, Open-Air Assemblies in Britain" (Sampson Low and Co.), has gathered not only the evidence of early records but the cases of survival—Courts Leet, Courts Baron, Forest Courts, &c., in England and Scotland, and also other traditional and philological evidence. The subject is of immense importance to those who care to know something about the old village communities of which England, as well as all other Aryan lands, is an agglomeration. Sir H. S. Maine and Professor Nasse of Bonn laid the foundation of this knowledge; Dr. Hibbert has found in Orkney and in Shetland abundant facts, of which Mr. Gomme makes good use. M. Laveleye, we know, illustrates the ancient village from the Russian *mir*; Mr. Freeman bids us study the Allthing and Witan in a modern Swiss canton. Mr. Gomme brings us from the old Icelandic customs (so well set forth in Dasent's *Burnt Njal*) down to quaint survivals, like "the dumb borsholder of Chart" and "Green hill bower and procession at Lichfield." Runymede, and the gathering on Pennenden Heath to settle the dispute between Odo of Bayeux and Lanfranc, are classed as "revivals," of which there are several more in the reign of Charles I. How essential it was that popular meetings should be held in the open-air is proved by two almost identical provisions, in Hindoo and old German law, that judgments shall be reversed if made inside a house. "Fencing the Court" is a Scotch survival of the hallowed cords which enclosed the otherwise open thing. Nor is this confined to Aryans; the Jews met in the open, and made upright stones their witnesses just as our fathers did. So much evidence does Mr. Gomme collect of the connection of the old Things with the probably much older stone circles, that we almost suspect him of sympathising with the antiquarians who would "restore Stonehenge to the Danes." How the old Shire-moots became local branches of the new Witan when the shires ceased to be sovereign communities, is an exact parallel to the merging of the Icelandic independent Things in the Allthing when Grim-Goatshoe had discovered a fitting place for that assembly. Our hundreds often preserve the names of these local moots. Mr. Gomme has given us a most fascinating book, as well as a valuable contribution to a very important branch of history.

With the "Foreign Countries and British Colonies" series we English ought soon to become as good geographers as the Prussians are said to be. The new volume, "Austria and Hungary" (Sampson Low and Co.), is a very good one. Mr. Kay's account of the chaos of races in Austria being full and lucid. Hungary, by the way, is just as composite as the other member of the Dual Government; and the race-medley becomes hopeless when we read that Germans (not singly, but in whole villages) turn Magyars, or Wallachs, or Shvacks; while Shvack communities have turned Magyar, and *vice versa*. The chapter on provinces and principal towns includes Bosnia, whose inhabitants are said to be "rude, barbarous, violent, and repellent to strangers." These provinces are of various degrees of culture; in Lower Austria 94 per cent. can read; in Dalmatia only 1'6. The engravings are useful; though "A Magyar Gentleman on Horseback" savours of the theatrical. "A Street in Ragusa" is in much better style; and the Adriatic Coast, with the Dinaric Alps filling up the background, is excellent. The book deserves hearty commendation.

Mrs. Meredith was writing about Tasmania as far back as we can remember, and forty years have not lessened her love for the island and its belongings. "Tasmanian Friends and Foes—Feathered, Furred, and Finned" (Marcus Ward, London and Belfast), is as delightful as Kingsley's "Glaucus." A vast amount of natural history is threaded on to a pretty story of colonial life. The coloured illustrations are admirable—a credit alike to artist and printer; the fishes especially are enough to tempt Mr. Buckland to put himself for a while into "Mrs. Merton's" hands. That "superb dragon" (*Phyllopteryx foliatus*) fully deserves his name, and the "ruby fish" is almost equally gorgeous. But Mrs. Meredith's pleasantest experiences are with mammals; we would rather see her walking through her shrubby hand in hand with a kangaroo, or letting her bandicoots run up her sleeves, as Italian boys do white mice, than catch the superb "dragon" that ever swam. She is indignant with "Chambers's Encyclopædia" for alleging that marsupials have so little intelligence as not to recognise their feelers. On the contrary, not she alone but friends and servants testify to their ruse fidelity and attachment; even the wombat will follow its owner like a dog. It is the non-marsupials, the "tiger" and "devil," that she gives up as hopeless. We trust somebody may find out that they too can be tamed, before they go the way of the aborigines, whose destruction Mrs. Meredith defends as an act of necessity. There may be two opinions on this point; there can be but one as to the beauty and sterling worth of this splendidly got up book, which, thanks to its author and to Messrs. Marcus Ward, has come out just in time for Christmas. It will make a choice present for young people.

There is a freshness about an Italian traveller's way of looking at things which makes Signor de Amicis's "Holland" (W. H. Allen) very pleasant reading. Instructive, too, are his criticisms of the Dutch school from actual study in the different Galleries. A sadly drunken set most of the painters seem to have been, and to have come to very sad ends. Far more creditable are the poets; of whom, besides the famous Jacob Catz, Vondel, the sixteenth century tragedian, whose *Lucifer* may have influenced Milton's thought, and Bilderdijk, who died fifty years ago, and who carried the national mysticism to excess, deserve mention. Leyden, once so renowned, is, our author says, declining; with Latin love of centralisation he finds a reason for this in the number of Dutch Universities. Instead of four there should be one; but none of them will begin suppressing itself, though each wishes to suppress the others. Signor de Amicis describes with equal zest the horrible *ghetto* in Amsterdam, the two grand pictures—Van der Helst's "Civic Guards' Banquet" and Rembrandt's "Night Patrol," the want of bread and excess of meat and the paper napkins at a Dutch hotel, and the quaint manners of the Groningen peasants. He sketches the past history and glories of the country; but he deals mainly with the present. Those who want to know a great deal about Holland as it is could not have a pleasanter or more instructive guide.

RUSSIAN FORESTS BORDERING ON THE DNIEPER have been destroyed so recklessly of late that the neighbouring districts have become arid steppes, many of the important feeders of the river drying up. Thus the volume of the Dnieper has sensibly diminished, rocks and sandbanks in its bed have been laid bare by the lowering of the water, and the navigation is already interrupted—a serious disaster, as the river traverses nine provinces, materially contributing to their prosperity.

EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE.—DINING ROOM FIRE PLACES, with glassed, tiled, and painted, Bookcases, and Bed-room Furniture, carried out in the same style. Cabinets from £3 15s. to 60 guineas. An Illustrated Catalogue post free. —MAPLE and CO.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

MAPLE & CO.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.

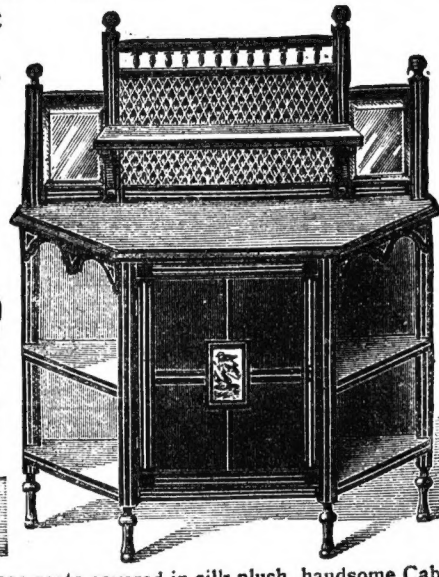
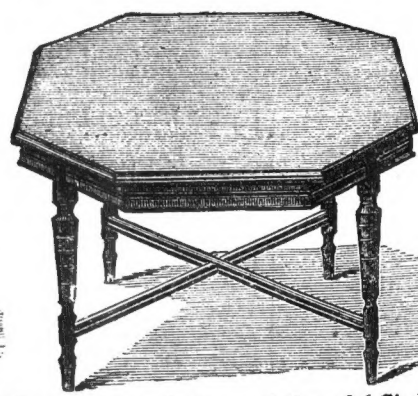
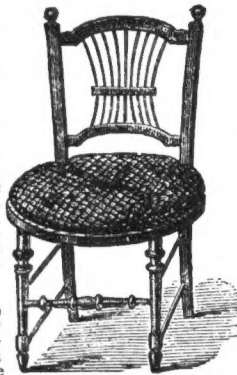
ARTISTIC CARPETS.

THE VICARAGE DRAWING ROOM SUITE.

PARQUET FLOORING.
PARQUET FLOORING.
PARQUET FLOORING.

PARQUET can now be supplied to any room without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian, Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being about £8.

MAPLE and CO. beg to state that having just fixed NEW and IMPROVED MACHINERY, they are now enabled to supply both thick and thin FLOORING at a much lower price than ever before offered. Architects are solicited to inspect the New Patterns.



The Vicarage Ebonized Drawing-room Suite, consisting of 6 Chairs and 2 Easy Chairs with loose seats covered in silk plush, handsome Cabinet with 2 bevelled Plates and Decorated Panel on Cupboard Door, also Centre Table, 16 guineas.

CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE. DRAWING-ROOM CABINETS, from £7 7s. to 50 guineas; some of these are very handsome. Glasses and Suites complete. Bed-room Sets and Dining-room Suites in the same style. Brackets and Fancy Ornaments, from 15s.—MAPLE and CO.

DRAWING ROOM DINING ROOM BED ROOM FURNITURE.

MANUFACTURERS OF BED-ROOM SUITES.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Pine, 6½ Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, Enamelled, 10 Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with plate-glass door to Wardrobe, 20 Guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, in the Early English style, with plate-glass Wardrobe, 24 Guineas.

500 BED ROOM SUITES in Showrooms, 6½ to 200 Guineas.

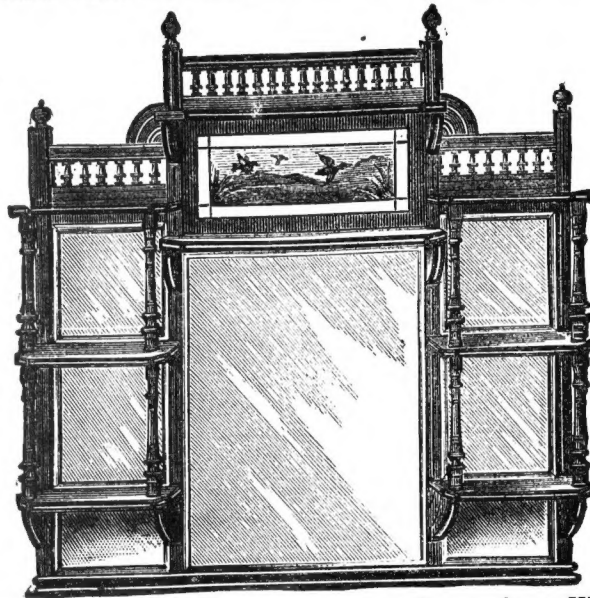
CRETONNES
CRETONNES
CRETONNES
CRETONNES
CRETONNES

5,000 Pieces in Stock. Patterns sent free.

TURKEY PERSIAN INDIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS, 10 Guineas
TURKEY CARPETS, 8 Guineas
PERSIAN CARPETS, 20 Guineas

MAPLE & CO., Importers.



Handsome Black and Gold Glass for Mantel-shelf, or to fix on Wall, with bevelled plates, and Decorated Panel at Top; 3ft. 9in. high by 4ft. wide, £5 5s.

MAPLE & CO., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

CURTAINS
CURTAINS
CURTAINS
CURTAINS
CURTAINS

The Richest and Most Beautiful Designs.

BEDSTEADS
BEDSTEADS
BEDSTEADS
BEDSTEADS
BEDSTEADS

10,000 Brass and Iron in Stock, from 8s. 6d. to 30 Gs.

For Illustrations and Price List see MAPLE & CO.'s Catalogue, Post Free.



The Gothic Chippendale Bracket, 4 bevelled plates, size, 32 in. high, 20 in. wide, £2 12s. 6d.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

ART CURTAINS.—The largest and choicest selection of all the new materials for curtains and the covering of furniture. Some of these are also used by ladies for dresses. Rich Silks, Tapestry, and in fact every artistic material in stock. Those who study taste should see these goods before ordering. Patterns sent into the country on receiving a description of what is likely to be required.

Handsome Chippendale Corner Bracket, 3ft. 2in. high, with four bevelled plates, 31s. 6d.

ART CARPETS.—Just received, a large consignment of ANTIQUE CARPETS and RUGS, which have been bought for cash by agents especially despatched by Messrs. MAPLE and CO. Some of these are great curiosities, and worth two or three times the prices asked. Also 2,000 North Persian Rugs, sizes about 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in., 10s. 6d. These are far better in quality than the Scinde Rugs at 7s. 6d.

Now ready (One Shilling), No. 251.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for NOVEMBER. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and W. SMALL.

CONTENTS: My Faithful Johnny. (With an Illustration.) Chaps. IV. Quevedo. The Natural History of Dress. Lord Macaulay and Dr. Johnson's Wife. The Burmese. By Shway Yoe. Decorative Decoration. Social Life amongst the Ancient Greeks. Washington Square. By Henry James, Jun. (With an Illustration.) Chapters XXXV. XXXVI. London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.

Now ready, crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
THE POETRY OF ASTRONOMY. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Author of "The Borderland of Science," "Science Byways," &c. London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.

Now ready, royal 8vo, price 25s.
THE POWER OF SOUND. By EDMUND GURNEY, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.

SELF-CULTURE FOR ALL. WARD AND LOCK'S UNIVERSAL INSTRUCTOR; A Complete Encyclopedia of Learning and Self-Education. Profusely Illustrated. In Weekly Numbers, 1d.; Monthly Parts, 6d. Prospectuses post free on application to the Publishers.

WARD AND LOCK'S UNIVERSAL INSTRUCTOR; or, Self-Culture for All. No. 1 now ready, price 1d.; Part I. now ready, price 6d. With Part I. is presented gratis a valuable Chart of the History of the World, printed in colours. Prospectus post free on application to the Publishers London: WARD, LOCK, and CO., Salisbury Sq., E.C.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS AND THE PUBLIC. WORD & LOCK'S UNIVERSAL INSTRUCTOR. Anticipating a considerable demand for the first number of "The Universal Instructor," the Publishers prepared a large first edition, which was speedily exhausted, and further editions have been put to press, amounting to four times the number first printed.

The orders received also for the first monthly part are so large that a second edition is already being printed.

The reprinting is being proceeded with as rapidly as possible, and orders for both Weekly Number and Monthly Part will be executed in the order in which they reach the Publishers.

London: WARD, LOCK, and CO., Salisbury Sq., E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.

Eighth Edition, cloth, post free, 32 stamps.

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.

Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

Crystal Glass. No. 1 Silver. No. 2 Silver. 18-ct. Gold.

Hunter or Demi-Hunter 6 0 0. £7 10 0. £17 17 0

Keyless ditto or Crystal 15 15 0. 25 0 0

The No. 2 Silver have movements as in Gold.

With reference to the Horseman's Watch, THE FIELD of June 5, 1875, says:

"We have never found it vary from the true time more than half a minute a week when riding two or three times, and not more than a few seconds on those rare occasions when during the seven days we have not been in the saddle more than once. WE CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND MR. JONES'S WATCH."

Highest testimonials from customers in all parts of the world.

Best ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES of every kind.

Repeater, Chronograph, and other complicated Watches, from £15 15s. to £200.

Now ready, T. A. Jones's New Pamphlet and Price List, "Watches, their Relative Merits and Uses" (illustrated), "A Guide to Purchasers." Post free, two stamps.

18-Carat GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, £4 4s. per oz.

T. A. JONES, WATCH MANUFACTURER, 352, Essex Road, Islington, London.

NOTICE.—SILVER & ELECTRO PLATE.—ELKINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Silversmiths and Patentees of the Electro Plate. Revised Illustrated Pattern Book of New Designs in Table Plate of all kinds, and new qualities in Spoons and Forks, forwarded free by post. Testimonial Plate in Solid Silver, in great variety, always in stock, and Committees provided with Designs and Photographs to suit all occasions.

Address—ELKINGTON & CO., 22, Regent Street, London; or 42, Moorgate Street, City.

SMOKE



RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES
AND
OLD RIP SMOKING TOBACCO.

LARGEST POPULAR SALE EVER KNOWN. RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES—when placed in competition with all the productions of the world they receive the medal of superiority—are made of pure, unadulterated Virginia natural-leaf tobacco, and are entirely harmless. There is an entire absence of nicotine and nitre: they are consequently delightfully aromatic and sweet.

The verdict of Cigarette Smokers of every country is that the Richmond Gem Cigarettes are unquestionably superior to all others. In boxes of 100, 5s., or 50 for 2s. 6d., and in pocket cases of 20 at 1s. If not found at your tobacconist's, will be sent post free by the Importers upon receipt of price.

We do not print the name of the Brand on each Cigarette, Ink or Bronze being poisonous when smoked or inhaled. See that every package is sealed.

MILD AND DELICATE CIGARETTE. with full aroma, should order "THE PET." They are made from the most delicately-flavoured and highest-priced Tobacco grown in Virginia, every leaf being carefully selected. Price 7s. 6d. per 100, or 1s. 6d. for a pocket case of 20. If not found at your tobacconist's, will be sent post free by the Importers upon receipt of price.

TO PIPE SMOKERS.

You will find in

OLD RIP LONG CUT TOBACCO

cool and dry smoking, strength with genuine flavour.

One correspondent writes: "The smoker may burn the tobacco to any extent. The tobacco is much too genuine and good-natured to return the compliment by burning his mouth like a lime-kiln." The London Correspondent, "Western Mail," Cardiff, Sept. 9, 1880, writes:—"Have you ever smoked 'Old Rip'? For I presume you, like unto all consumers of the midnight oil, smoke. It is quite the rage in London at present, and as I instinctively abhor anything which becomes 'the rage' in 'New Babylon,' I resisted for a time any offer to 'make one try,' at last I did, and if I did not shout out in the classic language of the ancient Greek, 'Εὐρακα,' I proclaim now that 'I have found it,' the very best, the most delightfully flavoured and pure smoke in the market."

OLD RIP LONG CUT TOBACCO is believed to be so perfect a smoking tobacco as to admit of no improvement.

OLD RIP SMOKING TOBACCO is cut from pure leaf, and is clean from dust. No stems are cut with this tobacco. It smokes cool and sweet.

OLD RIP LONG CUT TOBACCO. Price 1s. 3d. per 2 oz. packet. If not found at your tobacconist's, it will be sent post free by

H. K. TERRY and CO., Sole Importers of Richmond Gem Cigarettes and Old Rip Smoking Tobacco, 55, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

BEAUTY! GRACE! SYMMETRY! FOOT AND ANKLE. BEAUTY! GRACE! SYMMETRY!

THE ELECTRIC STOCKING GARTER.

EVERY LADY, GENTLEMAN, AND CHILD SHOULD WEAR THEM.

AS WONDERFUL as the TELEPHONE and ELECTRIC LIGHT.



They develop the ANKLE and FOOT into perfect form, support and strengthen the LIMBS, add MARVELLOUS GRACE and elasticity to the step, give GREAT EASE and COMFORT in WALKING or RIDING, maintain and excite healthful circulation, PUT AN END TO ILL-SHAPE and DWARFED LIMBS AND ANKLES, dispel GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and NEURALGIC PAINS, subdue all cramps and stiffness of joints.

This matchless invention wholly supersedes every other form of Stocking Attachment for Ladies, Gentlemen's, or Child's wear, they are worn with all the comfort of the best known Garters, not more expensive, are lasting wear. Beautiful in appearance. Adjusted in a moment to required length. The Electric Garters are finished in finest Silk and Cotton Fabric in usual Colours, with Studs and Buckle Clasps.

Like the Telephone and Electric Light, it has taken time to develop, but is now the success of the day, and so perfect in all details as to admit of no improvement. PRICE:—The Electric Garters in finest Canton Webbing, ladies' or gent's size, 2s. 6d.; in Silk, 3s. 6d. (by post 2s. 8d. and 3s. 8d.); child's size (for children up to five years) in finest Cotton Webbing, 2s.; in Silk 3s. (by post 2s. 2d. and 3s. 2d.).

Sent to any address on receipt of P.O.O. In ordering by post please state "ladies, gentlemen, or child's size." THE ELECTRIC FABRIC COMPANY, NEW BUILDING, 1, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

NOTE.—Purchasers calling at Show Rooms may test the electric current of the Garter by a Galvanometer.

WOOD-PAVING. — NOTICE. —

Messrs. HARVEY, NICHOLLS, and CO., Limited, respectfully announce that during the repair of the Knightsbridge Road, carriages most conveniently set down at their side entrance in Charles Street, Lowndes Square, and also in Sloane Street.

BRUSSELS HOTEL de SUEDE.

Rue de l'Évêque. — First-class Establishment, near New Boulevards and Place de la Monnaie.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S GLOVES.

Ladies' 2 Button Kid Gloves, from 6s. per half-dozen.

" 4 " " " 8s. 6d. "

" 6 " " " 10s. 6d. "

Gentlemen's Kid Gloves 6s. "

Single Pairs sold. Detailed list of all makes post free.

THE LONDON GLOVE CO., 45, Cheapside, E.C.

GREY HAIR.—Alex. Ross's Hair

Dye is instantaneous. Nothing can be easier to use. 3s. 6d., sent post free for 54 stamps.—21, Lamb's Conduit Street, near the Foundling, Holborn, London.

THROAT IRRITATION.

EPPE'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.

Sold only in boxes, 7½d. and 1s. 1½d., labelled JAMES EPPE and CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly, London.

FOR CONSUMPTION AND

WASTING DISEASES. The Medicinal Food, Pancreatic Emulsion, is most efficacious in arresting the waste and loss of power, while it increases the appetite and restores strength and health. Pamphlets on application.

SAVORY and MOORE, 143, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, AND OF CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The

excruciating pain of gout and rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require no restraint or diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

for CONSTIPATION, BILE, HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

2s. 6d. the box, stamp included.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

Wholesale, E. GRILLON, 69, Queen St., London, E.C.



SCALLY'S SWAN AND CROWN PURE IRISH WHISKY.

AGED THREE TO EIGHTEEN YEARS.

THE EXACT AGE OF THE CONTENTS OF EACH BOTTLE CERTIFIED BY THE OFFICERS OF H.M. CUSTOMS, DUBLIN, AND BLENDING OR ADULTERATION THEREBY RENDERED IMPOSSIBLE.

For Opinions of the Press and correspondence on average ages and "Bottling" in bond apply to

MESSRS. SCALLY and CO., DUBLIN; and 39, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.



The Sultan Easy Chair.
Spring Seat very comfortable,
for Lady's use, £1 17s. 6d.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT
(REGD.)
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON.
CARPETS, FURNITURE, BEDDING,
DRAPERY, FURNISHING IRONMONGERY,
CHINA, GLASS, ETC., ETC.

Orders per post receive prompt and faithful attention.
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.



Ebonized Early English
Occasional Table.
2 ft. 6 in. 15s.

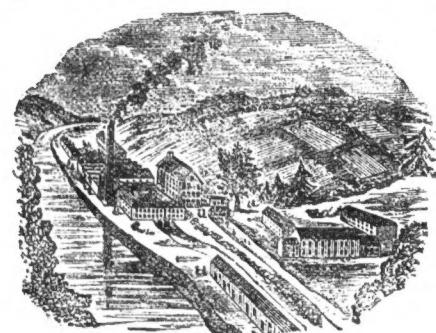
Colman's THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS
TRADE MARK BULL'S HEAD.
IN THE WORLD
BY SPECIAL WARRANT
To The Queen Mustard

BROOK'S BROOK'S PATENT GLACE THREAD.
BROOK'S SIX-CORD SOFT COTTON.
SEWING COTTONS
BROOK'S EMBROIDERY COTTON.
BROOK'S CROCHET AND TATTING COTTON.
OF ALL DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
LIST OF AWARDS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
Only Prize Medal, London, 1881.
Only First Class Prize Medal, Paris, 1855.
Prize Medal, London, 1862.
Gold Medal, Paris, 1867.

The only Diploma of Honour, Vienna, 1873.
Gold Medal, South Africa, 1877.
Medal and Award, Philadelphia, 1876, for Variety
and General Excellence of the Crochet, Embroidery
and Sewing Cotton.

TRADE MARK **"OLD BLEACH" LINENS.**



FACTORY AND BLEACH GREEN, AT RANDALSTOWN,
Or their Agents, - W. T. BURNS, Knaresborough; and BURNS & SPEER, 8, Bow Churchyard, London.

IRISH LINENS
AND CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS
JAMES LINDSAY & CO.
(LIMITED),
BLEACHERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND MERCHANTS
BELFAST.
ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

will forward to any Railway Station, carriage paid on parcels of £5 and upwards in value.
**DAMASK TABLE LINENS, DIAPERS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW LINENS,
SHIRTINGS, TOWELLINGS, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S CAMBRIC
HANDKERCHIEFS, Bordered and Hem-stitched, Plain and Embroidered,
in White and Coloured, the production of their own Looms, at Wholesale Prices.**
PRICE LISTS AND PATTERNS POST FREE
JAMES LINDSAY & COMPANY (Limited), BELFAST.

MAKE MONEY in your LEISURE TIME.-LADIES and GENTLEMEN
WANTED, in all parts, to OBTAIN ORDERS from Private Families and others for the Lightest,
the Warmest, and the Cheapest Blankets in the World, viz., HENRY'S CHARTALINE BLANKETS
(made of specially prepared and perforated paper), which are attracting some considerable attention. The
Queen says: "They are true winter comforts—light and warm." The Naval and Military Gazette says: "They are a defiance to the north wind." Liberal terms.—Address Henry and Co., Dantzic Street, Manchester.

New Pattern Books are ready for AUTUMN and WINTER, 1880, including
the MOST FASHIONABLE MIXTURES FOR LADIES.

Egerton Burnett's
Royal Serges

Prices: 1s. 2½d., 1s. 9½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d. yard.
Special Strong Make for Gentlemen and Boys, 54 inches, from 2s. 11d. per yard.



AND OTHER FASHIONABLE PURE WOOL DRESS FABRICS.
BLACK SERGES as supplied by E. B. for COURT MOURNING.
E.B.'s Superior Blankets and Rugs as supplied to the Royal Family.
EGERTON BURNETT,
Woollen Warehouse, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

THE NEW PATTERN BOOKS CONTAIN ALL THE LATEST FASHIONABLE NOVELTIES IN
COLOURINGS AND MIXTURES FOR THIS WINTER.



"Come out, you naughty girl, you'll spoil your clothes!"
"Oh, no! they are made of ROYAL DEVONSHIRE SERGE."

ROYAL DEVONSHIRE SERGE
Specially Woven for Ladies', Children's, Gentle-
men's, and Boys' Hard Wear. Prices for ladies' wear,
1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 9d., and 3s. 6d. per
yard. Extra milled and strengthened for gentle-
men's suits and boys' hard wear (new patterns
from 2s. 11d. per yard, 54 in. width). The Factors
cut any length, and pay carriage on all parcels into
London, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, or Glasgow. In
writing for patterns, which are sent post free, state
whether for ladies' or gentlemen's wear. Serges
old as used by Her Majesty's Government.

SERGES OF SPECIAL JET DYES FOR COMMUNITIES.

SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN (Sole Factors), Plymouth.
PERRY & CO'S PATENT
STYLOIDOGRAPHIC PEN.

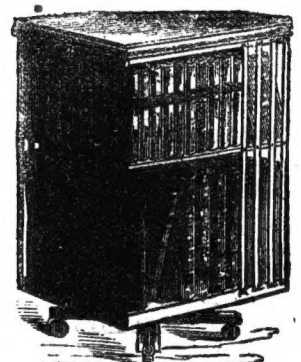
Price 10s. 6d. each.

With Sapphire Points of everlasting wear, 12s. 6d.

This is a clean and neat little writing instrument, which, when used with Perry & Co.'s Aniline Ink, may be more correctly called a
Permanent Fluid Ink Pencil for the Desk or Pocket, and in which is combined the convenience of the lead pencil and the security of the
pen and ink.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS. Wholesale at 18, 19, and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

THE AMERICAN PATENT
REVOLVING
BOOK-CASE.

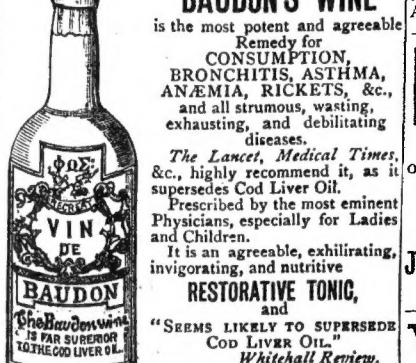


ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS ON
RECEIPT OF ONE STAMP.

Specimens of the various
sizes may be seen at

TRUBNER & CO'S,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

FLESH-FORMING WINE versus
COD-LIVER OIL.



BAUDON'S WINE
is the most potent and agreeable
Remedy for
CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
ANEMIA, RICKETS, &c.,
and all strumous, wasting,
exhausting, and debilitating
diseases.
The Lancet, Medical Times,
&c., highly recommend it, as it
supercedes Cod Liver Oil.
Prescribed by the most eminent
Physicians, especially for Ladies
and Children.
It is an agreeable, exhilarating,
invigorating, and nutritive
RESTORATIVE TONIC,
and
"SEEMS LIKELY TO SUPERSEDE
Cod Liver Oil."
Whitehall Review.
Price 4s. 6d. a bottle. Sold by
ROBERTS, 76, Bond Street, W.; CORBYN, 86
Bond Street, W., and 7, Poultry, E.C.; PROBYN,
55, Grosvenor Street, W.; and all Chemists.
Medical and Private Testimonials, &c., sent post free
from the DEPOT, 48, FINSBURY CIRCUIS, by the Agents,
PAGNY, WALLACE, and CO., who will forward any
quantity to any address upon receipt of remittance.

MRS. A. BAUER,
Children's Dressmaker and Outfitter.



"THE VANDYKE"
(REGISTERED.)
64, OXFORD STREET,
CORNER OF WELLS ST. W.

"THE AMARANT VELVETEEN"

Supersedes all others for durability and silk-like
appearance. Is not spotted by RAIN, nor injured by
HEAT. It is of PERFECT MANUFACTURE and
PATENTED FINISH. UNFADING in COLOUR,
Unequalled in Value, FIRM in PILE. To be had in
all Colours and Prices. Ask for it, and see that the word
"AMARANT" is Stamped in GOLD on the FACE
SELVAGES. Patterns and Show Cards supplied to
the Trade. - RAWSON BROTHERS, SOLE
AGENTS, 2, Blue Bear Court, Friday St., London, E.C.

WORTH ET CIE., Anatomical
Corsetière to the Courts of Europe, the Aristoc-
racy, and the Dramatic profession.

"When Nature fails, then Art steps in."
The JERSEY COR-
SET, a specialty of this
house, and recommended by
The Queen as admirably
adapted for the present style
of dress and for ordinary use.
CORSETS (patented) made
for all figures, also for embon-
point, deformities, &c. vature,
and spinal complaints.
Surgical and other Corsets
specially for gentlemen. Every
Corset made from measure-
ment and fitted before com-
pletion under the supervision
of experienced French cor-
setières. Instructions for
Country Orders and Self-
Measurement on application to
N.B.—NO Agents are appointed, and Corsets manu-
factured by Worth et Cie can only be obtained in
England at the above address.
Foreign orders receive every attention.

USE WARDE'S IT
2s. 6d. CAPILLARE 4s. 6d.

Is the only Hair Producer
and Hair Dressing combined.
It restores, preserves, pro-
duces, and beautifies the
Hair, Whiskers, Moustaches,
and Eyebrows. Harmless,
Stainless, Non-oilaceous,
Transparent. No sediment.

From all Chemists. RAIL FREE by G. A. WARDE,
Great Marlboro' St., W. N.B. 3 (small) bottles, 6s. 6d.;
(large) 12s 6d.

CHARMING CRAYON POR-
TRAITS.—Send Photo and 10s. 6d. to A. and
J. BOOL, Artists (from Royal Academy, National
Medallist), 86, Warwick Street, Pimlico, London, who
will return photo with faithful Crayon Drawing from it,
15 by 10 post free, home or abroad. 100 testimonials.
Tinted Crayons, 21s. Water-colour, 21s.; oil, two
guineas. LIFE size highly finished Crayon, £5 5s.

FINEST OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

The Subscriber begs to call attention to his Superior Blend of the above, consisting
of the products of the most noted Distilleries in Scotland, and guaranteed Five Years old.

40s. per dozen (2 gallons), Case and Bottles included.
Sent Carriage Paid on receipt of Cheque or P.O. Order.

JAMES M. DOUGLAS, Wine Merchants, 18, Howe Street, Edinburgh.
ESTABLISHED 1825.

WARNING! WHEN YOU ASK FOR
RECKITT'S PARIS BLUE,

See that you get it!
As bad qualities are often substituted. The genuine is used by the Laundresses of the
PRINCESS OF WALES AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH

THE GRAPHIC

REGISTERED.
THE ENGLISH 16 PUZZLE.
ORIGINAL-INGENIOUS-INTERESTING.
The puzzle consists of a section of a draught-board, on which are 17 black squares, placed in the following shape:-

1	2	4	7	10	12	15
3	5	8	9	11	13	17
6					14	16

On the first eight are placed white men, No. 9 is left blank; on the second eight are placed black men.
The puzzle is to move the white men to the places occupied by the black men, and vice versa, according to the rules laid down.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—"Most ingeniously arranged."—*Paper and Printing Trades Journal*.—"Inexhaustible amusement for old and young."—*Railway Service Gazette*.—"Quite enticing in its apparent feasibility and the fascinating manner in which it draws the operator."—*Shrewsbury News*.—"Looks enticingly easy of solution, but is most aggravatingly persistent in refusing to be solved."—*Design and Work*.—"Will be invaluable to chess and draught players."—*Sunday Times*.
In strong Covered Box, with Draughts and Board, 1s.

JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER AND LONDON.
And all Stationers and Toy Dealers.

CAUTION: ONLY ADDRESS—

ROWLAND WARD & CO.,

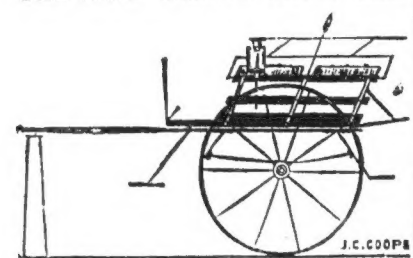


Royal Natural History Galleries,
166, PICCADILLY
(facing Bond St.)
CAUTION.—Our Mr. ROWLAND WARD is the only member of the long unvaried and experienced WARD family now left in the profession.
SPORTSMAN'S HANDBOOK. Just ready.
3s. 6d.; post free, 3s. 9d.

BRIGGS and CO.'S



A Warm Iron Transfers the Pattern to any Fabric.
Three Books of Border Patterns sent post free on receipt of seven stamps.
3, MARSDEN SQ., MANCHESTER.
CARRIAGES SUPPLIED ON THREE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.
THE MOST USEFUL CARS ARE



JOLLY and SON'S
Norfolk Game or Baggage Carts,
Movable panels for winter use; partridge galleys, hare boxes, gun case, racks, ammunition and lunch boxes. To suit any sized horse; quite the country gentleman's Carriage.
Send for price and full particulars.
Victoria Carriage and Harness Works,
NORWICH.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

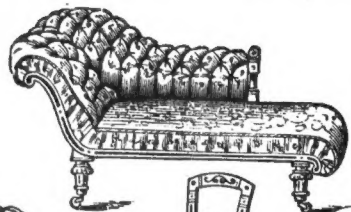
BEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND FOR GOOD, CHEAP FURNITURE
EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS BY STEAM POWER AND MACHINERY.
ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.

LAVERTON & CO.'S
CELEBRATED

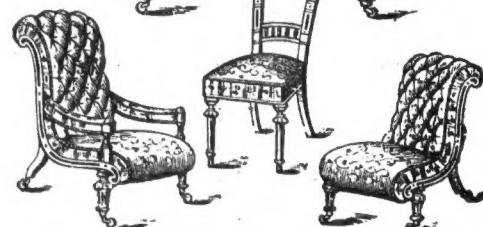
**UNIVERSAL CHALLENGE
10-GUINEA SUITES.**

SUITABLE FOR SHIPPING,

Other pattern suites
equally
cheap and good.



12 GUINEAS.
Selling everywhere and
giving
greatest satisfaction.



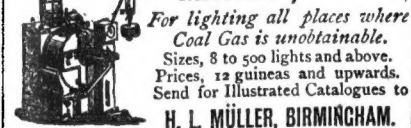
IN SOLID MAHOGANY.
OAK OR WALNUT WOOD.
Unsurpassed at 10 GUINEAS each.
The whole well Spring Stuffed with best Coppered Springs, covered in good Cretonne, Damask, or best Leather Cloth, nicely trimmed with Silk Gimp or Gilt Nails, comprising 1 Couch, 6 Chairs, and 2 Easy Chairs. Every article guaranteed strong, well-made, and durable. An inspection earnestly solicited. Such goods never offered before at the price by any house in the Kingdom. Large Illustrated Catalogues for 12 Stamps.

SAMPLES OF COVERINGS FOR SELECTION SENT FREE BY POST.
Address—STEAM CABINET WORKS, Mary-le-Port St.,
AND BRIDGE STREET, BRISTOL.

**SMOKE ZICALIOTTI'S
CANTAB
CIGARETTES (PURE TURKISH).**

**CALICOS, FLANNELS, and BLAN-
KETS,** direct from the Looms, at prime cost.
Patterns and Price Lists post free of a great variety of Household Goods. Carriage paid on £3 orders.
The MANCHESTER MANUFACTURING CO.,
Silver Street, Manchester.

**MULLER'S ALPHA "GAS MAKING
MACHINE,**



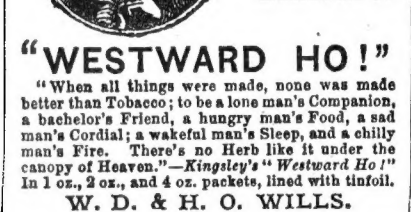
For lighting all places where
Coal Gas is unobtainable.
Sizes, 8 to 500 lights and above.
Prices, 12 guineas and upwards.
Send for Illustrated Catalogues to
H. L. MÜLLER, BIRMINGHAM.

**THE NEW
TRIUMPH CORSETS
(REGISTERED).**



PERFECT IN SHAPE, AND A COMFORT TO THE WEARER.
MANUFACTURED IN WHITE, SCARLET, AND BLACK MATERIALS.
May be obtained through all Drapers.
AND WHOLESALE ONLY—
HELBY & SONS, Portsea, Portsmouth.

**WILLS' New
Smoking
Mixture.**



"WESTWARD HO!"
"When all things were made, none was made better than Tobacco; to be a lone man's Companion, a bachelor's Friend, a hungry man's Food, a sad man's Cordial; a wakeful man's Sleep, and a chilly man's Fire. There's no Herb like it under the canopy of Heaven."—*Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"*
In 1 oz., 2 oz., and 4 oz. packets, lined with tinfoil.
W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

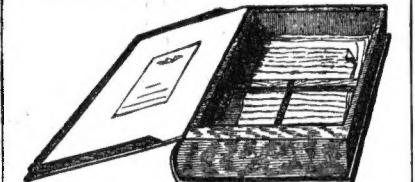
**ORIENTAL WARE-
HOUSE.**—Very large
stock of all kinds Oriental
Carpets, Embroideries, &c., imported
direct from the East, by
A. ESKENAZI BROS., 62,
late 18, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

**A PERFECT COMPANION
FOR EITHER LADY OR GENTLEMAN.
J. FOOT & SON'S
PATENT
COMBINATION POCKET SCISSORS**
will serve the purpose of TWELVE
very useful articles.
1. Button-hole Scissors; 2. Cigar
Cutter; 3. Gas Pliers; 4. Nail
Scissors; 5. Nail File; 6. Wire
Nippers; 7. Small Screwdriver;
8. Ink Eraser; 9. Paper Knife;
10. Pen Extractor; 11. Three-
inch Measure; 12. Ruler, &c.

The uses to which this most ingenious article can be applied on emergencies are innumerable. Novelty and extreme utility are its special recommendations. They give universal satisfaction, and are pronounced by the press as a "COMPANION" to be invaluable.
Sent post free in sheath, Polished Steel, 2s. 6d.; Nickel Plated, 3s. 8d.; Gold Plated, 4s. 8d. Hand-some Velvet-lined Case for Ladies' Workbaskets, 1s. 6d. P.O.O. payable Holborn (Gray's Inn).

J. FOOT & SON,
329 & 330, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

No End of Worry Saved by the Use of
STONE'S PATENT BOXES,
As recently Improved and Perfected.
FOR THE SAFE AND CRUDERLY KEEPING OF
ALL PAPERS, MANUSCRIPT OR PRINTED.



All sizes from ordinary letter size to large for
The Times or *Standard*.
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR A SAMPLE BOX,
price 2s. 6d.

**WRIGHT and BUTLER'S
PORTABLE
HEATING STOVES**
FOR
PETROLEUM.



RETAIL OF ALL IRONMONGERS.

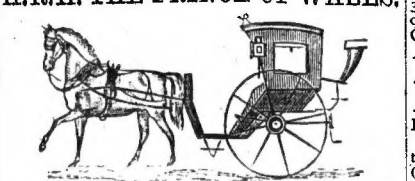
**SPEED AND BEAUTY.
A BUTTON HOLE A MINUTE.
SIXTY BUTTON HOLES IN AN HOUR.**



**WEBSTER'S
BUTTON HOLE WORKER.**

It is impossible to convey by advertisement an idea of the unique and wonderful features of this ingenious appliance for cutting and working button holes. It is so simple that a child can work a MORE PERFECT BUTTON HOLE with it than the most experienced needlewoman can without it. Every stitch is taken with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. No bricking the fingers or straining the eyes, and by its use an imperfect and irregular WORKED BUTTON HOLE is impossible. The speed and utility are marvellous. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies and seamstresses who use them say that they are worth their weight in gold. No workbasket is complete without one. Is used entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will last as long as a thimble. A Worker and Button Hole Cutter, neatly placed in box, sent on receipt of P.O.O. 2s. 6d., or if stamps in registered letter only.—WEBSTER MANUFACTURING CO., 5, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



FORDER'S PATENT ROYAL HANSON
THE SOCIETY OF ARTS PRIZE, and TEN other
First Prize and Gold Medals. Particulars post free.

**FORDER & CO., Sole Builders and
Patentees,**
7, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.
Inspection invited. And at WOLVERHAMPTON.

IRISH PEASANTRY EMBROIDERY
Handwork, Edge, &c. on Linen Cambric for
Underclothing. Sold by R. MCCARTHY, Hillsboro,
Ireland, to ladies from 6d. a yard; 3s. off the £1
discount; also Cambric Handkerchiefs. Forty years
experience. Patterns, &c., post free.



**THE NEW REGISTERED CLOCK
BAROMETER**

Height 27 inches—Width, 10 inches.



Indispensable in every
House, and undamage-
able by heat or damp.
PRICE (securely packed),
£4 3s.
The CASE is Metal
bronzed (the design being
beautifully brought out),
and forms a striking orna-
ment for the dining room
hall, library, counting-
house, &c.
The CLOCK goes 12
days, striking hours in
full, and one at each half-
hour, and is a sound move-
ment, keeping accurate
time. It has white enamel
dial and crystal glass.
The BAROMETER is
Aneroid, the kind which,
from its convenient size,
precision, and non-liability
to injury, has come into
such universal require-
ment.
The THERMOME-
TER is graduated to both
the Fahrenheit and Reau-
mur scales.
THE NEW REGIS-
TERED CLOCK BAR-
OMETER is also made
same in all respects as
above, but with a cylinder
movement, of superior
quality, jewelled in six
actions, going and striking
equally well in any position, so as to be suitable for
TRAVELLING and SHIP'S USE, as well as for all
the above purposes.
PRICE (securely packed) £4 4s.
Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of Novelties in
Clocks and Aneroids sent free on application.

J. J. WAINWRIGHT and CO.,
CAMBRIDGE STREET BUILDINGS,
BIRMINGHAM.

BREECHLOADING GUNS, RIFLES, AND REVOLVERS.



THE GUN OF THE PERIOD

MY NEW CATALOGUE is now ready,
and is the most complete one ever published by
any maker. All the unsold guns in old catalogue have
been reduced to such prices as guns have never before
been offered at, considering their class. The fact of our
having for 25 years supplied the leading makers and
dealers in the country is the best evidence of the class
of guns we make. Do not be led away with the cry
against Birmingham Guns, for while cheap guns are
made here, the best class are also made here. We are
thus able (for cash) to offer guns at prices that dealers
cannot sell at, and having a stock of 2,000 Guns and
Rifles, we can give you such a choice as no other maker
can. Breech-loading Shot Guns, 25 choke, modified
choke, and cylinder bores, 1 have 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20,
and 24 bores, Express Double barrel rifles, 377, 500,
450, and 360 bores, from 12 guineas, with Henry's rifling;
Rook and Rabbit Rifles, breech-loading, from 9s.;
Air Cane, from 40s.; Breech-loading Walking Stick
Cane, 18s., 25s., 35s., 42s.; Cartridges, from 3s. 6d. per
100; Breech-loading Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s.
Purchases and exchanges made. Send 6 stamps for
Catalogue and Illustrated Gun, Breech-loader, Imple-
ment, and Air Cane Sheets, and buy a single gun at the
wholesale price from—G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker and
Military Contractor, 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street,
Birmingham. Send for opinions of the press.

SCRAPS!! PHOTOS!!! ETC.

**250 LOVELY EMBOSSED
SCRAPS,** 1s. 1½d., or same number, much
larger, 2s. 3d. 12 Charming Chromo-lithographs for
Centre-pieces, 1s. 1½d., post free. Acknowledged the
cheapest ever offered. Photographic Scraps, from 1½d.
each, selections sent on approval. Monograms in India
Rubber, with Box, Ink, &c., complete, 2 letter, 3s.;
3 letter, 4s. 6d.; name in full, 3s. Visiting Cards, best
quality, 5d. for 25.—Address GEO. I. SPALDING and
CO., Fine Art Novelty Importers, Ipswich.

BEAUTIFUL TATTING, made by
poor gentlewomen, four yards for 18 stamps.
Patterns sent.

Also Real, Modern, and Spanish Point Lace, Honi-
ton, Guipure d'Art, Iris Crochet, Embroidery, &c.
Orders earnestly solicited. Address, Mrs. GREEN,
22, Delancey Street, Gloucester Gate, London, N.W.
Collars, Sleeves, Sets, Chemisettes, Apron Trim-
mings, Caps, Butterflies, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Bodice
and Skirt Trimmings, Antimaccassars, D'Oyleys &c.
Fancy Work for Bazaars.

FOR CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.



**FISHER'S
FOLKESTONE TRUNK**

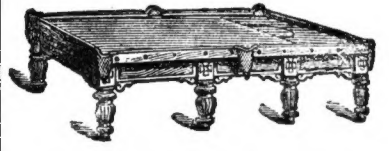
WONDERFUL FOR ITS STRENGTH.
FOR ITS LIGHTNESS.

No more excess Luggage.
CATALOGUES POST FREE.

FISHER, 188, Strand.

BILLIARD TABLES,
From 6 to 60 Guineas.

Illustrations free. Every requisite for the
Billiard Room. Best and Cheapest.



STEVENS AND SONS,
Villiers Street, Charing Cross Station.

ASPAODYNE

FOR
DIARRHŒA and CHOLERA
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.

Has succeeded in severe cases when all other medicines
have failed. In bottles, 2s. 9d., by
STARKIE, Chemist, 126, Strand.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER
OF A CENTURY this powder has sustained an
unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom
and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST article for
Cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate.

Sold in boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by
Chemists, Ironmongers, &c. Manufactured by
J. GODDARD, Station Street, Leicester.

The 'MULTIPLEX'

Gives Forty Copies of Circulars, Music, Examination
Questions, Drawings, Plans, &c.

This Copying Process has been adopted by Her
Majesty's Government, who have paid the inventor
(Mr. Fellows) £500 for the privilege of using it
throughout all their departments. No tedious washing
off. Negatives available for years. Suits all climates.
Full particulars post free.—CHARLES FELLOWS,
3, TETTERHALL ROAD, WOLVERHAMPTON.

PAIN KILLER



SON, Providence, R.I., U.S., Sole Proprietors. London
Dépôt, Great Russell Street Buildings.

BLACK SILK IRISH POPLINS.
O'REILLY, DUNNE, & CO.,
ROYAL POPLIN FACTORY, 30, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

Call Special Attention to their
NEW MAKE OF BLACK SILK IRISH POPLINS.
Patterns Post Free and Parcels Carriage Paid.
N.B.—Their Coloured Poplins will include ALL NEW SHADES for the
approaching Season.